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Poetry.

THE SAME THING IN BRIEF.

He stepped into a restaurant,
The waiter bent his head,
And listened while his customer
In dulcet accents said:

"If you have nice, fresh oysters here,
Some that are really good,
Not those packed in tin cans, you know,
But those brought here in wood,

"Just take about a half a pint,
Not too fat nor too thin,
And get a freshly scoured pan,
And gently drop them in.

"Then add a little butter too—
Not oleomargarine—
And then pour in some real cow's milk,
With just a bit of cream.

"Next place the pan upon the fire
Of bright and burning oil,
And watch it very carefully
Till it begins to boil.

"Then whip it off without delay
And pour it in a dish
That you have meanwhile set to warm;
Now do this as I wish."

The waiter bowed respectfully
And silently withdrew;
Went back, picked up the speaking tube
And loudly yelled, "One stew."
—Minneapolis Journal.

HOW TO HELP YOURSELF.

Help yourself, but not by grasping
All that's good for selfish gain,
Gather what the passing moments
Bring in reach of hand and brain;
So that, with a purpose noble,
You may hold for other's good
That which helps a poorer brother
Who may stand where you have stood.

Help yourself, but not to honors
That another fairly won;
Neither join the victors only
When the hard-fought battle's done;
For the bravest do not carry
Standards from the field of fight,
But into the trying conflict,
Bearing this: "For God and Right."

Help yourself, but not by casting
Down some noble, struggling soul,
Who has not your strength or prestige,
Battling for a longed-for goal.
God, and godlike men, will honor
Ev'ry aid to virtue given;
Help yourself by helping others,
Earning the "Well done" from heaven.
—Baltimore American.

THE MAN WHO DOES HIS WORK.

This life is a strain and a struggle;
We are born to a world of care,
And of all the scurries and woes and worries
I've had a bit more than my share.

It's idle to say that it's even,
And there's no such thing as chance,
Though one has trouble, another has double;
One scrapes for the other to dance.

And some they whine and they whimper—
That's the kind that will never be missed,
For honest labor there's always a neighbor
To lend him a helping fist.

This much I have learned for my comfort:
It's never worth while to shirk;
Blow east, blow west, the world wages best
For the man who does his work.
—The Century.

THE RUNAWAY.

'Tis now the season of the year
When little boys with notions queer,
Save up their pennies for a gun
And then away from home they run.

They want to play a manly part,
These little lads who bravely start
To seek adventures far away—
Like stories "Once upon a day."

They hope to win undying fame
By killing Big Chief "What's-His-Name,"
And so they run away from home
Expecting o'er the world to roam.

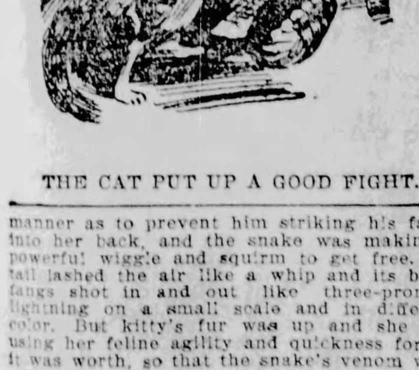
But when they walk a day or two
And find adventures far too few,
How gladly they come home again
To wait until they grow up men.
—Pittsburg News.

Miscellany.

PUSS AND A RATTLER.

William Adams, whose home is near Wilbur, Ore., heard a tremendous hissing and rattling at the rear door of his home not long since. He knew that a rattlesnake was doing the business; but the other sounds confused him. Thinking some of his children might be in danger, he ran to the door. There, militant, were three kittens of the favorite house cat and their mother. The four were entertaining themselves and each other in a fight with a rattler, the mother, of course, doing most of the work.

For awhile there were movements that would have bested a kinetoscope. The old cat had tackled the snake by the throat in such a



THE CAT PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.

manner as to prevent him striking his fangs into her back, and the snake was making a powerful wiggle and squirm to get free. Its tail lashed the air like a whip and its black fangs shot in and out like three-pronged lightning on a small scale and in different color. But kitty's fur was up and she was using her feline agility and quickness for all it was worth, so that the snake's venom went out into the air or settled in the earth. Once or twice the rattler got free and swift as an eel made straight for the little ones, but the old mother cat was too quick for the snake. She grabbed the creature by the back, about eight inches below the head, and stopped its course.

Finally, as if to put a stop to the struggle, the cat changed her grip, sunk her teeth into the round body close to the head and held them there. The rattler soon bowed his head, doubled up his back, squirmed in intricate curves too many to describe and gave up the fight. A few minutes later it lay dead, the head nearly severed from the body.

Hen That Was a Repeater.

They were talking of remarkable animals when a woman announced she once had a hen which for a long time laid two eggs a day.

"Are you sure about it?" said a man; "wasn't there some trickery? Perhaps some one put an extra egg in the nest."

"Oh, no," said the woman; "we were a little doubtful at first, but we set a watch on her."

"Perhaps," said the man, still unconvinced, "the watch was also a repeater."—Chicago Post.

He Rebelled.

Bickford—What was the trouble over at your house last night? I thought burglars had broken in.

Spaulding—No, I was ordering my mother-in-law to leave, and never cross my threshold again.

Bickford—What was the cause of your misunderstanding?

Spaulding—She said our baby got his brown eyes and the cleft in his chin from her father. You see, I have eyes and a chin of that kind myself, don't you?—Cleveland Leader.

Just an Average Baby.

"When there isn't company," said Edith, "the baby wakes up only with his eyes, but when there's company he wakes up with his mouth, too."—Judge.

A STRANGE KIND OF A GOD

An Afternoon's Experience in Old Japan.

By Robinson Locke.

One afternoon about 4 o'clock, just before it began to be dark, Tomme, our jinricksha man, ran us into one of the most peculiar sights of Kioto. Tomme had a way of springing interesting things upon us before we knew what was coming, and this was one of them. Half way up a low hill commanding a splendid view of the ancient capital of Japan, hidden from the world below by a forest of fine old maple trees, we came upon one of the most beautiful gardens seen in Japan. Wide paths, smooth and hard, wound in and out among the trees, whose golden leaves were falling fast before the December frosts, making a dazzling carpet, soft and many colored.

Along the shores of the large lotus pond, were odd shaped little trees, the dainty dwarfs the Japanese love so well, with low platforms here and there where, during the summer months the men and women of Kioto come to drink tea, gossip and enjoy the beauties of the garden and the superb view of the city ranging clear across to the low lying mountains beyond the plain below. Curiously curved old stone bridges of a single arch

THE TEMPLE AT KIOTO CONTAINING THE STRANGE GOD.

spanned numerous little brooks that ran with a gentle gurgle over the round, white stones, or fell with rippling music in pretty cascades and then flowed on down to the valley. Innumerable stone lanterns of beautiful shapes, moss covered and rusty with age, were grouped everywhere, some forming long lanes and others clustered around great pines whose sweeping branches growing out and downward seemed to be a kind of evergreen protection against the ravage of the elements. Short flights of stone steps at long intervals led upwards toward a dingy temple whose upcurving eaves and bending roof we could just see through the fast gathering twilight over the tops of the low trees that surrounded it.

Darkness was coming on and with it a peculiar feeling, not of awe, nor of reverence, but a sort of mental drifting backward, and a peopling these walks and these groves with the living images of quaintly costumed monks and warriors who had gone to their long rest centuries ago. To add to this there was wafted down from the temple the regular, pulse-like throbs of the sacred drum, or gong, and as we drew nearer the low, monotonous chant of a young priest, who was sing-songing the evening service.

Nearing the temple, whose handsome proportions could just be discerned, the glimmering lights in various parts of the interior, half revealing, half concealing the golden shrine and its glittering surroundings, the tinkling of cymbals, the deeper notes of the gong, together with the weird chant of the priest and the smell of burning incense that pervaded the place, united to make a deep impression upon those easily influenced by outward show devoid of the genuine heart-feeling.

However much we might in time have been impressed by the strange scene, there was no chance then for anything of the kind, for the irrepressible Tomme with an assurance hardly to be expected in the diffident Japanese, went up to the priest, who, kneeling on a square rug, was busily tapping the gong with one hand, going over his rosary with the other and keeping time to the chant he was industriously warbling, and in the most imperious manner wanted to know if we could see the image kept in the great golden shrine.

The priest said never a word, but went on with his service.

Tomme repeated his request and was beginning to become a bit impatient at the priest's lack of courtesy in not answering him, when another sanctimonious looking individual appeared, and to him Tomme appealed with better results.

Slipping on over our shoes some cloth sandals, always carried in the rickishas for an emergency like this, we were ushered into the temple, whose main altar, after a number of candles had been lighted and placed in their appropriate positions, appeared very fine, its chief point of interest being a golden box about three or four feet high, on each of the four sides of which were silken curtains.

Inside that box was the shrine containing the famous golden image of Amida, the idol of Boundless Light, one of the most powerful of all the eight million Japanese deities.

The fame of this particular Amida comes from a peculiar circumstance, thoroughly believed in by the devout.

It seems that this monastery was originally founded some time in the ninth century, but was restored a hundred years later by Eikwan, whence it took the name it is known by to-day, Eikwando.

While the priest Eikwan was there (he died in the year A. D. 1111) he used to spend his time walking around the gold image of Amida, the same one now in the shrine, repeating a certain formula, "Namu Amida," over and over again. One day to his great amazement he heard his name pronounced low and soft twice or three times, and looking around he saw the image with its head turned looking at him over its left shoulder. Almost overcome at this manifestation of divine pleasure Eikwan fell prostrate to the ground and remained there in holy ecstacy for a long time. When he arose at last and looked at the image, its head was still turned in his direction, and so it has remained from that day to this.

Of course there can be no doubt as to the correctness of this story, for there is the image with its head turned to one side, while all other Amidas sit passively staring straight ahead.

While Tomme was regaling us with this narrative in his funny pidgin English the priest over in the corner had finished his service and departed, the gong refrain being kept up by another priest on a large and deeper-toned instrument whose notes, low and mellow, seemed to come from some far-off place. Meantime a large wax candle, lighted, had been placed before the left side of the gold box containing the shrine, and then after admonishing us to silence, the priest in charge, kneeling on a prayer-rug gently pulled a long string that slowly rolled up the silken curtain that concealed the golden shrine and its glittering image from the curious gaze of the common throng of worshipers.

Very slowly and deliberately the curtain rolled up until at length there stood before us the identical golden image that, 800 years ago, turned its head in answer to Eikwan's supplication. It was only two and a half feet high and was fairly well carved, the pose of the turned head being especially natural and life-like. With the background formed by the richly wrought golden shrine it looked a very pretty plaything.

When the priest thought Amida had looked upon us long enough he allowed the drapery to unroll as slowly and as impressively as the proverbial final curtain at the end of a thrilling melodrama's fifth act, where the heroine, after innumerable scenes of suffering and sorrow dies happy in the arms of her ever-faithful lover. All that was needed to make the comparison fit was the wailing of some fiddles down in the orchestra and the half stifled sobs of impressionable young women in the front rows.

Then the priest disappeared for an instant to return with a bandage over his mouth, and holding in one hand a long handled fan with which he extinguished the big wax candle in front of the shrine.

The bandage over his mouth?

That was to prevent his profane breath from reaching the sacred image up in its gold box.

The lighted paper lanterns, red and white and black, swayed gently in the evening breeze as we passed under them on our way back to the hotel, and seemed to twinkle merrily as though they knew all about that golden Amida and thought of it all, just as we did.

A RAILROAD STORY.

They were brothers, Dan and Joe Moriarity (pronounce Moratty, please) and both were conductors on the Erie road.

Dan was and is still a straightforward, exemplary man, and Joe—well, he is eccentric.

Joe spoke with a rich southern accent that jarred against his name. He liked his liquor, was a man of the old school, and Masonary and the greatness of his brother Dan were his hobbies.

When he was not on the road he was generally installed in front of some congenial bar dilating on the noble qualities of his "brother Dan," or lauding the ancient and honorable society of the compass and square.

If a stranger happened to be in the saloon Joe would eye him sharply and then:

"Are you a Mason, sir?"

If the man answered in the affirmative he was asked to have a drink. If he replied in the negative he was quietly but coldly dropped by Joe.

Although Joe was warm tempered, he was usually good-natured.

His brother Dan was somewhat swell and he did not relish Joe's continuous complimentary remarks about him, because generally they were part of Joe's passionate orations while he was loaded

"ARE YOU A MASON, SIR?"

to the guards. Just how the Masons took to Joe's friendship could not be learned.

But Dan was set against it.

Joe finally got so loose in his habits that he was generally about as full when on duty as when off.

Dan remonstrated with him, telling him he would get killed, but all advice and protests were in vain, and Joe held on to his job when sober men were getting "fired" all around him.

Finally Dan's patience gave out, he could not induce Joe to quit, he seemed to be proof against discharge, and Dan didn't want him to be killed.

One day Joe went staggering by his brother to take out his train.

Dan was thoroughly aroused. He went immediately to the superintendent's office.

"If you don't discharge that brother of mine you are going to have one of the damndest wrecks that ever happened," said Dan, as he rapped the official's desk with his fist.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Musical Corpse.

Askins—That was a lively song that Miss Screechly sang, wasn't it?

Grimshaw—It was—before she killed it.—Judge.

THE THREE DISGRACES.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Author of "Dear Lady Disdain," "Red Diamonds," "Camiola," Etc., Etc.

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Crichton Emlay was some few years ago a young and promising writer of novels and short stories, whose path of fiction led him mostly into the tangled alleys and amid the deadly nightshade bowers of the sensational romance.

He was fairly successful in his work—he had hopes of greater success—he enjoyed his craft, and he liked life generally, and he looked on the social world as a vast and inexhaustible reservoir of materials for short story, study of character and exciting incident, and for the more prolonged emotion of the three-volume novel. But he had as yet no experience of his own in anything romantic; he had only once been really in love, and this love affair was of the most unpromising nature possible even for a novelist. The girl he loved was a young Russian woman of great rank whom he had met during a season's visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow.

It was the first and only visit he had paid to Russia, and he had gone there in quest of materials for a novel about Nihilists and dynamite, and all that sort of thing. After he had got there and studied St. Petersburg and Moscow, he did not seem to see his way to any story of the kind. No dynamite crashed anywhere along his quiet road. He enjoyed himself much, however; he had good letters of introduction, and was well received in society, and there he met the daughter of Prince Vassili, and straightway fell in love with her.

The father of the princess was a great noble who was understood to have advanced views in politics, and was therefore looked upon with a little disfavor in court, but whose rank, wealth and social position made him a brilliant figure in the life of St. Petersburg, and perhaps even more in the life of Moscow. He had two daughters, both beautiful, graceful and clever, and it was with the elder of the two that Emlay fell in love.

But Emlay never told her of his love—never had a chance of making such an avowal, and would not have made it even if he had had the chance. What could a struggling London novelist have to do with the elder daughter of the great Prince Vassili? The princess smiled on him, was kind to him, and seemed to like him, but Critchon Emlay kept his love to himself, and he finished his holiday and came back to London, and made studies of the Princess Marie, under various forms of fiction, principally in short story and was sadly convinced that they were very poor attempts indeed at portraiture, although he got much praise from many papers for his charming and delightful heroines. The princess was becoming only a shadow to him, but yet she was a shadow which stood ghost-like at the gateway of his heart and, as ghosts have often done, prevented any other form from passing in.

Suddenly there came news to London which interested the public slightly, but which absorbed the attention of Crichton Emlay. The Prince Vassili had fallen into terrible disgrace. He had been said to be connected with some revolutionary plot. He was traveling abroad with his wife and two daughters when the plot—if there was a plot—was discovered. He had not ventured to return to Russia and stand his trial, and nobody, it appeared, now knew where he was. He had been heard of last at New Orleans, and an application was actually made by Russia to the United States for his extradition.

But there were two difficulties in the way—first, the Russian government were not able to say where he was to be found, and, next, the government of the United States would never entertain the idea of giving him up unless it could be proved that his plot, whatever it might be, involved murder as well as politics. So the demand was dropped, and the whole subject soon faded out of public memory, so far, at least, as England and the United States were concerned. It was remembered very keenly still in Russia.

Crichton Emlay was living in a picturesque and somewhat aesthetic suburb of London, on the farther verge of Chelsea. The houses were all of the intense Queen Anne order, and the red-brick and the white-edged windows gave the place a decided stamp of self-conscious superiority.

A good many artists and authors lived there. They were rising men as yet; they were not risen men. Risen men would have taken themselves off to some more distinctly fashionable quarter. There were some rising doctors there too, and some rich city men, who liked to be regarded with a taste for the picturesque and the artistic.

Crichton lived in a little flat in Tennyson Terrace, and just opposite to him were the Robert Browning Gardens. In the Robert Browning Gardens had stood for a long time an unoccupied house with a sort of huge breastplate on it, and an inscription thereon in letters of white paint on a background of black, proclaiming that the house was to be let or sold, concluding with a reference to certain agents who were willing to take charge of the letting or the sale. Every morning as he was dressing and glanced across the road Emlay observed the announcement, and began wondering who had lived there, and why they had gone away, and who would fill their vacant places, and whether it would ever be any concern of his if the house were soon again occupied or remained as a howling wilderness for ever. And, behold, one morning he arose and looked out of his window and the entablature was gone, and it was borne in upon his mind that a new comer was arriving at last.

Crichton felt a sort of languid interest in the movement. He found himself asking of his own soul the question, "Will it turn out to be a matter of any personal concern to me?" And the answer came promptly back—"No, of course not—not the slightest personal concern. Why should it? How could it? What can it matter to me who comes or who goes in the houses around me? I don't know at this particular moment who is my next door neighbor, and I don't want to know. In fact, I think I would very much rather not know."

But this time, somehow, he felt strangely curious, inquisitive and interested. Other things, however, called off his attention, and he forgot all about the expected occupants of the house over the way. Some days passed, and he had not seen or heard anything about his neighbors. He did not even know whether the new neighbors had taken up their abode in the house just opposite to him.

Emlay was accustomed to have an early ride in the park every morning. It was one of his luxuries, and he could not do without it. He often met in the park a near neighbor of his, the sturdy General Drinkwater, who lived in Tennyson Terrace. One particular morning General Drinkwater and he found themselves riding side by side.

"I say, Emlay," the gallant General said, "do look at your opposite neighbors."

"What neighbors? And where?" Crichton answered, somewhat puzzled.

"Those three women—don't you see—there on the walk, just coming towards us."

"I see three odd-looking women, but how are they neighbors of mine? They certainly are very odd-looking."

"Don't you know anything about them?"

"N'ary thing."

"Well, you won't be long in that blessed state of ignorance. Why, man, they have taken the house right opposite to you—in Robert Browning Gardens. I saw them the very first day they came into the house, and I never saw such odd-looking creatures in my life."

"You seem to be always on the lookout for beauties, General," Crichton said with a smile. "Well, I suppose boys will be boys."

The good old General grinned. He liked to be chaffed in that sort of way.

"Didn't come in for much beauty there," he said.

The women did certainly look very odd, and more than odd. Two were tall and one was short. The tall were girls, the short was an elderly woman. The girls wore huge hats, with whole flower-beds disposed on them. Their dresses were garish, with ribbons of various gaudy colors. Their skirts trailed on the ground at one side, and were surprisingly tucked up at the other. The tucked-up side made an astonishing display of red silk stocking and yellow shoe with shiny buckle. The tall girls had veils drawn closely over the upper part of the face, and the lower part of the face was unmistakably painted—daubed rather. The lips were like some kind of cherry paste. The chins had a touch of white pigment. The eyes, so far as could be seen, shone deeply under dye of some kind. The two girls appeared to have superb figures, as far as such dress could allow the figure to be fairly seen, and yet their movements were curiously awkward and ungainly. Sometimes they waddled and sometimes they minced and sometimes they strode. The shorter and elder woman had her veil up and her eyes beamed through spectacles. When Emlay saw them now, for the first time, an odd idea occurred to him. "They certainly can't be called the Three Graces," he said to himself. "Perhaps one might call them the Three Disgraces." They were curiously on his mind as he rode home, and he set himself to study them.

Nobody ever seemed to visit their curious household. An elderly lady, presumably the mother of the girls and presumably too the woman he saw in the park, was often seen at an open window reading or knitting. An elderly man left the house every morning punctually at nine, and returned every evening punctually at six. This was no doubt the father of the girls. General Drinkwater told Crichton that he had heard the father was a rich old Jew doing business somewhere in the region of Petticoat Lane, but the locality seemed to be rather a surmise of the gallant general's, and to have come up from his sudden dislike of the new residents. General Drinkwater was not by any means alone in his dislike. Most of the neighbors grumbled at the sight of the three women.

Chrichton saw them very often; passed and repassed them on the Chelsea Embankment. They were always patrolling there. They never seemed to know anyone. People stared at them, turned round and looked after them. They did not seem to mind in the least. One day Crichton passed quite near them, and the taller of the two girls sent a sudden flash out of her eyes—Crichton could just see the light of the eyes through the veil—as if she recognized him. Then the light of the eyes shrank back into the shelter of the veil again and Chrichton assumed that he must have been mistaken when he thought the girl had looked at him with any meaning in her expression.

"They surely are not English girls," he thought, and yet he could hear as he passed that they were chattering English to each other. "Polish Jewesses," he said to himself. "These Polish Jews and Jewesses can learn to talk any language like natives."

He began to wonder whether the materials of a story could be got out of them and this thought distinctly quickened his morbid interest in them. In any case his interest, morbid or not, was not destined to be allowed to die utterly way. As for instance——

"Mr. Emlay! Mr. Emlay!" cried a pretty, young married woman to Crichton at an evening party in Chelsea. "I do so much want to ask you about your opposite neighbors. Who are they? What are they? And can nothing be done to get rid of them? Must we always have them with us—like the poor?"

The questioning lady was the young wife, the second wife, of the leading clergyman in the locality, and she caught hold of Critchon at what was called a "neighbors' party" in that part of Chelsea.

The quarter was getting rather proud of itself. It was becoming artistic, literary, and even smart. There were three or four peers who had taken to living there, and some influential members of the House of Commons. These "neighbors' parties" were meant to bring together all the best people. To be invited to them argued that you belonged to the best circle—the inner circle of social life in that region. The smart people of the quarter were very proud of their peers and peeresses and other distinguished folk, and naturally Mrs. St. Bosworth, the pretty, bright-eyed wife of the church dignitary, was very careful about the reputation of the whole place.

"My dear Mrs. St. Bosworth," Crichton explained, not without a smile, "I am afraid I can't tell you anything about them; I don't know who they are, or where they came from."

"But you have seen them—now come, you must have seen them."

"Oh, yes, I have seen them more than once."

"Well, and what do you think of them? I want to know."

"They are very odd, certainly, and curiously made up, and painted, I suppose."

"Painted? Yes, and glazed, I should think. The paint seems put on with a sweeping brush. Have you noticed their petticoats?"

"Yes," Crichton answered with due gravity, "I couldn't help noticing their petticoats."

"Well, and what do you make of them?"

"Of the petticoats?"

"Nonsense; no; of the women."

"I don't know; I really can't make anything of them."

"Well, I have had them watched," Mrs. St. Bosworth said triumphantly.

"You have had them watched?"

"Certainly I have. Do you think I intend to allow this neighborhood to be disgraced by these frights? Do you know that I call them the Three Frights?"

"I was inclined," Crichton said timorously, not quite knowing whether the earnest little lady would see the point of the joke, "to call them the Three Disgraces."

"Three Disgraces? Yes—well, how is that? Oh, yes, I see—of course, I see—the Three Graces—the Three Disgraces. Very good, I am quite willing to adopt it. I think it is much better than my Frights. Yes, I have had them watched. I felt it was my duty."

"Not really! And what have you found out?"

Mrs. St. Bosworth shook her head in a disappointed way.

"To tell the truth, I have not been able to find out anything against them; no, not a word."

She seemed like one wronged by fate.

"No? But you must be very glad of that."

"Yes, of course one must be. My husband is very glad, but he is naturally a much better Christian than I. Oh, yes, he is quite glad, but I am afraid I was only thinking whether we couldn't get them out of this neighborhood. You see we really are very select just here, and there are lots of places where these Three Frights—oh, I mean these Three Disgraces—would not be minded at all. I think it's rather hard on us, don't you?"

Then some other people joined in the conversation, and Crichton Emlay easily contrived to escape. But he began to find himself curiously interested in the Three Disgraces. He could not keep them out of his mind. He was impressed in an uncanny sort of way. Even the talk of Mrs. St. Bosworth, so harmlessly frothy and narrowly ingenuous as it was, impressed him more and more with this strange sense of perplexity in a problem which had no call on him for solution, and with a business which was absolutely no concern of his. Who on earth were these Three Disgraces? And in any case what did it matter to him who they were?

So he was thinking as he walked slowly along the Chelsea Embankment on his homeward way. It distressed him that he should have to waste any of his thoughts on these absurd ungainly women, and yet it seemed to be fated that he must feel an interest in them.

"Can it be," he asked himself as he walked home that night, "that I am blessed by fortune with the chance of making a sensation story out of them?"

Full of that hope he trod the Chelsea Embankment. The night was warm and soft in early summer, one of those rare delicious nights which make us unwilling to understand what the earlier writers in prose and poetry meant when they pictured the charms of an English June.

Emlay wore a light grey coat over his dress suit, and he remembered with a curious flash of recollection that he had worn the same light grey coat one warm evening when he was returning from a dinner party in Moscow, and when he first began to realize that he had fallen in love with her. How far away it seemed, that time—and yet the light grey coat was not old. There was not anything like an interval which could have allowed the Princess Marie to change in appearance, to lose any of her charms. He was thinking of this when he found himself almost unconsciously under the windows of the house which was occupied by the Three Disgraces!

There were lights in the drawing-room windows, lights somewhat softened and suppressed. The windows of the drawing-room were partly open. The rest of the house was in darkness. There was singing heard from the drawing-room, but the tone of the singing, like the tone of the light, was somewhat subdued. Still, Crichton Emlay, who had positively stopped to listen before crossing the street to his own home, could distinctly make out that it was the singing of music-hall minstrelsy belonging to London and to Paris. The songs were now in English and now in French.

"These Polish Jewesses," he thought to himself, "that is the only sort of thing they care about;" and he was on the move to cross the road and go home to his own den.

The house of the Three Disgraces had, like all the other houses in the terrace, a balcony in front of its drawing-room windows. Crichton suddenly "became aware," as the old poets put it, of a woman's figure standing in the balcony. The woman was looking down into the garden and up and down the street.

Had she seen him? He hoped not, for he had undoubtedly been listening; and, although it was very harmless listening, yet it might seem rude, and the poor Disgraces would perhaps be sensitive to such sort of attention. Or perhaps they would not mind—perhaps they would rather like it—people of that sort were not usually over sensitive. But anyhow, whether the women or the woman liked it or did not like it, Crichton felt abashed at the idea of being caught in a listening attitude. He drew himself into the shadow and waited for the woman to go back into the house.

But she, standing in the balcony, began to sing, or crone, in a low voice, a little French song which he knew only too well. It was a song which he had heard the Princess Marie sing, and had never heard sung by anyone else. It was sung now in a voice exquisitely sweet, soft and plaintive, so low that there was "nothing liv'd 'twixt it and silence." And our poor friend Crichton started, as if from common-place and prosaic life he had suddenly found himself set down in a land of blissful enchantment, and he said to his beating heart, "It is the Princess Marie!" And he advanced involuntary from the shadow, and with his movement the figure disappeared from the balcony.

For a moment he stood there and could not move. In another moment the door of the house was opened, and a woman came gliding, not running, towards where he stood. She spoke a few hurried words in Russian. Crichton had picked up enough words in Russian to know what she was saying.

"At last, at last, you have come!" were her words. Then she drew close to him, and then shrank back with a look of disappointment and alarm. It was the elder of the two girl-Disgraces; there could be no doubt about that. There in the bright soft moonlight Crichton could see the face raddled with rouge and made ghastly white with paint. But he had heard the voice and the song, and he saw the eyes, and he knew it was the Princess Marie.

"Why have you come here?" she asked him in a quivering, low-toned voice, and yet in a voice thrilling with emotion.

"Do you know me?" Crichton asked in a tone as low as her own.

"Yes, I know you; of course I know you! But it is not to the purpose whether I know you or not. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you. I know you by your voice. You are the Princess Marie."

"Hush! hush! for heaven's sake—no names here! Why do you come here? You do not come to watch us—to spy on us?"

"Oh!" he positively started with horror and resentment at this cruel stab. The girl's voice softened.

"No," she said, "you brave English gentlemen do not act the part of spies. And besides, I know you, and I liked you—we all liked you—my father and all. I was waiting for my father here to-night. I sang that little song as a signal that he might come, for I thought your figure was his. Now I know that he will not come to-night. So go away—do not stay another moment—do not ask me any questions, but go away."

"Am I never to know? I might be able to serve you."

"Some time, perhaps, but not now. Good-night."

She almost pushed him from her. He gave one last look into her face—that painted, desecrated face, that bewildering masquerade, for he could not doubt that it was a planned and purposed masquerade, and planned for a good purpose. He left her without glancing back, and hurried to his home.

There was one comfort—the street was absolutely deserted. Even already the lights were out in the drawing-room of the Three Disgraces, and all the other windows that he could see on either side of the street, save for some few bedroom windows, were quite in darkness. He was convinced that neither Tennyson Terrace nor Robert Browning Gardens could have seen anything of his sudden meeting with the Princess Marie. He sat up late that night, and smoked many pipes, and racked his brain vainly in attempts to guess at some explanation of this marvelous mystery. His sleeping night was a night of phantom-haunted and bewildering dreams—about rescues, by him, of the Princess Marie.

Next morning he received a short and simple letter, written in the hand apparently of a house-maid, and containing the words: "Can you be in Battersea Park to-day at twelve—near the pond? If so, I may see you." It was signed "Mary."

Crichton had not the slightest doubt as to the identity of the writer, and he took good care to be in Battersea Park at noon that day, and not far away from the pond. He saw nursery-maids go by with perambulators, and he saw romping little girls and boys, and elderly women with baskets, but he did not see any of the Three Disgraces; he did not see the Princess Marie.

He was growing disappointed, perplexed, and angry. Then there came along one of the pathways near to him a young woman looking like an overworked governess, in a cotton frock and a shabby shawl. She was reading a book as she tramped along. He saw that she was reading through green spectacles. All his life long Crichton had detested green spectacles when worn by women. But as the girl passed him she lifted the green spectacles for a moment, and he saw the bright eyes of the Princess Marie!

"Good morning, Mr. Emlay," she said, in words that had only the faintest trace of a foreign accent in them. "I see that I must make myself known since you did not recognize me."

"I knew your eyes," he stammered.

"Not through the spectacles; oh, no, I might have passed quite unknown to you if I had not lifted the spectacles. Well, will you walk with me for a little? The lady who employs me is not likely to be anywhere about here to-day, and she will never suspect that her nursery governess is walking with a young man."

"Are you really playing the part of a nursery governess, too?" he asked, in utter amazement.

"Yes, that is one of my parts. But I am only a nursery governess who gives lessons on certain days of the week, and this is not one of my days, and so I feel quite safe. Do you want to know why I have asked you to meet me here, just now?"

"I am deeply anxious to know. I am deeply interested in you."

"Thank you; I am very glad to hear it. I asked you here because I do not want you to be seen coming to our house, and I want to tell you, since you have found us out, why we are playing these extraordinary pranks. How you found us out I have not the least idea; but it is only too certain that if a friend could find us out an enemy would be still more likely to get at us through any disguise."

"I did not find you out," he stammered; "it was all the merest matter of chance."

"Did you think us very horrible? You know I saw you often and often as you passed us on the Embankment. We were all greatly amused at meeting you."

"Then you recognized me?"

"Recognized you? Of course we did. Why should we not know you on the Chelsea Embankment as well as in Petersburg or Moscow? You were not disguised. We were."

"You were, indeed," he said, emphatically. "I never should have known any of you—no, not even you," he added, with a certain deeper tone in his voice, as he glanced at her and her green spectacles.

"Well," she said, hastily, and yet gravely, "we had to be disguised. Our one great object was to avert suspicion as to my father's whereabouts. He could be safe nowhere but in London, and he could not be safe even in London if we did not take some means to prevent anybody from guessing who we were. So we thought it all out, and we decided that our best plan would be to make ourselves conspicuous and ridiculous. Any women would be willing to hide in obscurity for their fathers' sake—not many women, we thought, not many women who had lived in society and in fashion, would be supposed likely to make public and ridiculous exhibitions of themselves for any purpose. Obscurity would never have sheltered us; to be publicly ridiculous was our only safeguard."

She turned to him with panting breath.

"Your idea was that the brilliant and fashionable Princesses Vassili would never be supposed by anyone to have turned themselves into the frights of a London suburb?"

"Yes," she said, with a certain hesitancy, "that was our idea, and so far it has been successful. But your discovery frightened us; not about you—oh, no, not about you—but about others—about enemies keener-sighted, yes, far keener-sighted than you. We had to choose between the risk of timid obscurity and the risk of flaunting ostentation. We thought it all out, and we made our choice. So far, as I have told you, it has succeeded. But now that you have recognized us, we begin to be afraid."

"Yes, but of what are you afraid? Do you really believe the English government would consent to hand over your father to his political enemies in Russia?"

"Oh, no, we don't suppose anything of the kind. You don't quite understand our fears. What we do fear is that unauthorized and officious service may be rendered here to the Russian government; there might be a secret capture—a kidnapping—oh, yes," and her cheeks turned deathlike pale, "even an assassination, which some of the base understrappers of the Russian police might believe would we welcome to the Czar and Russian government. Oh, my friend, I can tell you that such things are not uncommon in the dismal story of our political movements in Russia. What is my father? Why he is only what you here would call an advanced reformer, a man who thinks but of the welfare of his country and of his people and of every good government." Her eyes kindled and flashed. "I am proud of my father!" she said, in a triumphant tone, and she sent a sidelong defiant glance at Crichton.

"You have good right to be proud of him," Crichton said fervently; and he had not the slightest doubt of the truth of what he was saying. He did not know much of the movements in which Prince Vassili was engaged, but he knew that he was talking to Prince Vassili's daughter, and he knew that he was in love with her, and that was enough for him.

"Can I help you in any way—any way whatever?" he asked. "I will do anything—run any risk——"

"Oh, no," she answered gently. "There is no risk that you could run—or any Englishman. You cannot help us, you can only give us your sympathy."

"Oh, for that," he exclaimed, "you have all my sympathy, and much more than my sympathy—and you must have known that long ago."

"Dear friend, is this a time for talking of things like that?"

"No, I admit it; it is not the time. But may not the time come?" he asked, with passion in his voice.

He had crossed the border, and he was glad of it. He had forgotten his own comparatively obscure position, and he had ventured to make love to the Princess Marie. For the time he did not remember that the Princess Marie was an obscure exile in London, watching over the life of her imperilled father.

"You are a strange young man," the princess quietly said; "most people seek their friends when the friends are in prosperity. You wait to proclaim your friendship until the friends are in obscurity, and in danger, and in disgrace."

"Then the time may come?"

"If we get over this, the time may come. Now, good-bye. It is not proper that a nursery governess in green spectacles should be seen talking too long to a young man in Battersea Park."

"One moment before I go. What is your hope for your father?"

"He has the warm friendship of the Czarewitch—who is working heaven and earth for him—without success so far. Now good-bye until——"

"May I not see you?"

"No, not for the present."

"Good-bye; don't forget me."

"Forget you?"

So they parted.

Some months afterwards the newspapers announced that the Prince Vassili, against whom some unjust accusations had been made, had been quite restored to the favour and confidence of the Czar, and that he and his wife and daughters had returned to St. Petersburg. They had been living, it was added, for a long time in an obscure exile, nobody knew where. Now they had gone back to their splendid home in Petersburg, and would after a while return to their estate at Moscow.

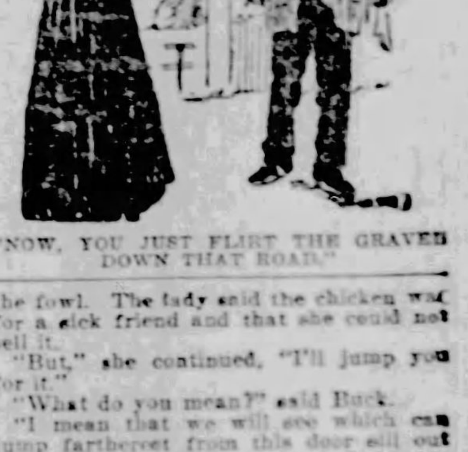
The society papers soon after announced that the brilliant young novelist, Mr. Crichton Emlay, had gone to Russia on a visit to the Prince Vassili.

Before long the society papers will have to make another announcement—the announcement of a marriage between Mr. Crichton Emlay, the brilliant young novelist, and the Princess Marie, daughter of Prince Vassili, of Petersburg and Moscow.

(The End.)

STORY OF KILGORE.

Relating stories of the late "Buck" Kilgore, of Texas, a correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says that during the war he was ordered home to assist gathering up some deserters. One evening about dusk he was out in the country in quest of a deserter who had been off the "layout" for a year. He was very hungry and very weary. He called at the house by the roadside, and there he found a woman just taking from the spit a nicely broiled chicken. The savor of the fowl made him ravenous. He had a Mexican dollar in his pocket, which he had carried for years, and to which he was much attached, but he was bound to have that chicken, and he pulled out the dollar and proposed a trade—the coin for



"NOW, YOU JUST FLIRT THE GRAVEL DOWN THAT ROAD."

the fowl. The lady said the chicken was for a sick friend and that she could not sell it.

"But," she continued, "I'll jump you for it."

"What do you mean?" said Buck.

"I mean that we will see which can jump fartherest from this door sill out into the yard and the one of us that beats shall have both chicken and dollar."

"All right; that suits me exactly," said Buck. The dollar was placed on the dish beside the chicken and his gun was leaned against the wall by the door, and Buck slung his arms and made a tremendous leap of over 12 feet. He recovered with difficulty, and when he turned to the door there was the lady with his cocked gun in her hands, with the butt against her shoulder and her finger on the trigger.

"Now, you just flirt the gravel down that road, young man, or I'll make buzzard's food of you before hell can singe a gnat," she ordered.

There was shoot in her eyes, and "buck and ball" in the gun. So "Buck" flirted the gravel," his bosom swollen with impotent rage and his mouth overflowing with eloquent profanity.

By this time it was dark. Over in a field "Buck" spied a gin house. He went to it and climbed into the loft, laid down on the floor and soon was fast asleep. After a time he was awakened by voices down below. He listened and made the discovery that one was a female voice, and a moment later he realized that she was relating the "jumping" episode to her companion, who gave vent to peal after peal of laughter. There were the chicken and his dollar, which he could see by the light of the tallow dip. Peering about he saw his gun also. There was a big hole in the floor of the loft and just as the man took hold of the dish to eat the chicken "Buck" plunged through that hole and seized his gun. Before they recovered from their astonishment "Buck" roared out: "Madam, you just flirt the gravel back home, and as for this gentleman, he and I will flirt gravel to the office of the provost marshal. He is the deserter I have been after for a week."

There was shoot in "Buck's eye now. The woman left. "Buck" recovered his dollar, ate the chicken and before midnight surrendered his prisoner to the provost marshal. It was worth a journey across the continent to hear "Buck" tell the story.

A Strong Prejudice.

"They carry their prejudices to an absurd degree in Chicago."

"How is that?"

"Why, the feeling against Tanner is so strong that they have quit wearing tan shoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Scurvy Trick.

"It was an outrage—a cold outrage—that lynching," said Colonel Stringer.

"All lynchings are," replied his friend.

"But particularly this one," protested the colonel. "A few of the exclusives got the man and took him out and hanged him without letting any of us know a thing about it."—Philadelphia North American.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Sec. Foster and Bonds.

"Did or did not the government under Harrison's administration contemplate issuing bonds to keep up the gold reserve, and did Secretary Foster order the plates engraved to print the bonds?"—C. F. L., Middletown, Kan.

We published the facts twice during last year's campaign. Here they are again. Please cut out and preserve. The statement was made by Hon. Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury under Harrison, to the editor of The Blade personally:

After the election of Cleveland in November, 1892, all wise business men began to prepare for the expected change to a low tariff. As it would affect all classes of goods, merchants were anxious to dispose of stocks on hand, not only of imported goods, but of American-made goods which would be affected by a low tariff. Wholesalers did the same thing. Hence, the demand for imported goods fell off, the imports were reduced, and consequently the amount of duties received at the custom-houses was largely reduced. Very little gold was received by the government, instead of a goodly share, as had been the case before, and as is the case now, when the Treasury is offered more gold in payments than it cares to have. There was also, in the winter of 1892-93, a good deal of selling of American stocks and bonds held abroad, and gold was exported to pay for them; and this gold was drawn by brokers from the Treasury.

Secretary Foster feared, if this went on, that all the "free gold" would be drawn out of the Treasury, and the $100,000,000 gold reserve then be drawn upon. He was familiar with the provision of the act of 1875 giving the Secretary of the Treasury authority to sell bonds to keep up the gold reserve. But he knew that the government could borrow money at a much lower rate of interest than was provided for in that act.

So he had a bill prepared giving the Secretary of the Treasury authority to issue 3 per cents bonds, and for a shorter time than provided for in the act of 1875, and had it introduced in Congress. Thinking it would pass, he ordered the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to prepare plates for such bonds. But President Harrison was opposed to passing the bill, as he believed his administration could get through without any bond issue. Congress did not pass the bill, and Secretary Foster had work on the plates stopped. They were not yet completed, and the unfinished plates were destroyed. The event proved that Harrison was right, for the gold reserve was not touched until Cleveland came in.

The bonds issued by Cleveland were printed from the old plates, engraved in 1875. Had Foster's plates been completed, they could not have been used by Cleveland, as they were not for the kind of bonds provided for in the act of 1875.

Headstones for Soldiers.

"An old soldier, one of the 25th O. V. I., died, a bachelor, and without money enough to bury him. Although suffering from many of the consequences of a soldier's life, he scorned to ask for a pension so long as he could in any manner support himself, because he knew of many undeserving ones who had obtained pensions. We, of course, managed to bury him; but we could not get a gravestone and are yet unable to do so; but were told that the government provided them. This soldier served five years, was a second lieutenant, was honorably discharged and invariably highly spoken of as a soldier. How shall I proceed to have him given that small token of respect by the country he served so faithfully?"—Questioner, Cleveland, O.

Address a letter to the "Quartermaster General of the United States Army, War Department, Washington, D. C.," giving the soldier's age, rank, company and regiment, with the date and circumstances of his death, and ask to have a headstone sent. State the point to which you wish it shipped. The stone will cost nothing, but you will have to get it, on its arrival, and put it in position.

Rare Coins, Etc.

"Will you please give dates and premiums on the quarter and half dollars of the United States?"—C. H. Y., Canton, Minn.

It would take too much space to print such a list. Of the half-dollars, those issues which sell for $1 or over, are these: 1794 and 1795, $1; 1796, fifteen stars, $20; 1796, sixteen stars, $22; 1797, $20; 1801 and 1802, $2; 1806 over 1809, $1; 1815 over 1812, $1.50; 1838, $5; 1852, $1; 1853, without arrow-heads at side of date, and without rays back of eagle, $3 (those with arrow-heads and rays bear no premium); 1866, without "In God we trust," $1.

The quarters which sell for $1 or over, are these: 1796, $2; 1804, 2; 1823 over 1822, $25; 1824 over 1822, $1, $1; 1827, $25; 1853, without arrow-heads at date, and no rays behind eagle, $1 (those with arrow-heads and rays bear no premium).

Pension Questions.

"Was any law enacted by Congress prohibiting a soldier's widow from drawing his pension after his death?"—T. N., Harbor Springs, Mich.

You have evidently made a mistake in framing your question, for any soldier's pension stops at his death, and nobody can have it continued to him or her. What you mean, we suppose, is to ask if there is any law which prevents a soldier's widow from getting a pension after his death.

The widow, if married after June 27, 1890, can not get a pension under the provisions of that law, but only if she was married to him before that date. But, if married after that, she can get a pension under the old law, if her husband's death came as the result of sickness traceable to disease or wounds received in the service.

Old Subscriber: There is no reward to any one for reporting a fraudulent pension claim. It is his duty as a good citizen to report all such cases.

"A soldier enlisted in October, 1861, served 118 days, got sick and was sent home on a sick furlough, got no discharge and never was able to return to his company. Is there any bounty due him?"—Old Subscriber.

No, there is no bounty due, for he did not serve long enough. He can, however, get a discharge, by making a proper application therefor.

Drowning of Pharaoh.

"Will you please tell me if there is any scripture to substantiate that Pharaoh, king of Egypt, was drowned in the Red sea. If so, please refer me to the passage."—H. H. E., Johnson City, Tenn.

While the record of the event in Exodus xiv:23-28 does not state that Pharaoh was drowned with his hosts. Neither does it so state in the song of Moses, Exodus xv:4 and 19, and the answer of Miriam, 20-21. Nor yet does Paul say so, Hebrews xi:29. See also Deuteronomy xi:4. But Psalm cxxxvi:15 says, "But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea."

Silver as Legal Tender.

"A teacher here told his pupils that silver dollars could be legally received in payment of debts to the amount of $5 only, dimes to the amount of $2, nickels to the amount of $1, and coppers to the amount of 25 cents. Is this true?"—D. F., Moyer, Pa.

Silver dollars are full legal tender in any amount; halves, quarters and dimes up to $10; nickels and cents to 25 cents. Your teacher is just nineteen years behind the times. The Bland law, which went into effect February 28, 1878, declares that silver dollars "shall be a full legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

Smoke Rising or Falling.

"Will you please explain the difference in the conditions of the atmosphere when smoke rises and when it falls to the ground?"—J. K., Windsor, Ill.

Smoke rises when it is lighter than the atmosphere. If, after it cools, it falls to the ground, it is because the atmosphere is lighter than it. When the air is saturated with moisture, as it is when a rain is coming, the moisture is precipitated on the solid particles of the smoke, rendering them heavier than the atmosphere, and they sink to near the ground.

Whisky Insurrection.

M. M. G., Lexington, Ky.: The "whisky insurrection" was confined to Pennsylvania. Congress, having passed a law imposing duties on stills and on spirits distilled in the United States, the distillers and their adherents or sympathizers rebelled against the measure and brought about a disturbance of such a character as prompted Washington, who was President at the time (1794), to order out 15,000 troops. Only three lives were lost in the suppression of the insurrection.

The "Wicked Bible."

Teacher, Phoenix, Ariz.: The "Wicked Bible" was the name given in an edition of the Bible published by Baker & Lucas, of London, in 1632, because the word "not" was omitted in the Seventh Commandment. The printers were called before the high commissioners, and had to pay a heavy fine, and the whole impression was destroyed.

Sugar.

"Please tell me when sugar was first known and used."—C. M., Normal, Ill.

Exact information is lacking. Sugar is supposed to have been known to the ancient Jews. Strabo says it was found in India by Nearchus, admiral of Alexander, 325 B. C.

But, according to a later authority, it appears that the knowledge of sugar has been traced back away into the darkness of the past. The Chinese have been acquainted with it, according to the Fortschritte der Industrie, for more than three thousand years. In A. D. 150 it was prescribed by the doctor, Galenus, as a remedy for certain diseases. The refining of sugar was practiced in England about 1659. The story runs that the secret of sugar making was brought to Sicily by a Venetian merchant, who bought it from the Arabs for a hundred thousand crowns.

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food. The blood is employed to carry nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. No medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is because it is the one true blood purifier. Hundreds of people are alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine by thousands.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Roof Cement.

A. J. R., Battle Creek, Mich., will accept thanks for the following:

"The recipe for roof cement by J. W., of Kidder, Mo., would last twice as long if thickened with fine sand before applying. What I have always used is paint thickened with fine sand, and have never had a failure. I have been young but now am old, and I have never had to apply the second time."

The Swartwout Case.

J. H., Reedtown, O., has our thanks for this answer to a recent query in the Bureau:

"Swartwout (pronounced Sar-toot), was a collector of the port at New York under Martin Van Buren. He was a defaulter to the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars. Occasionally the President called on him for a settlement, but was phenomenally patient. This was because Tammany needed money to keep the dominant party in power; and the Democratic leaders held off until enough money could be stolen from the city to pay a part of the defalcation. He was finally removed, but the loss to the United States government was nearly $250,000.

"Price was also a heavy defaulter; but the case differed from others in the fact that, after being threatened with removal about a dozen times, he resigned and recommended his successor, who was promptly appointed.

"During Van Buren's administration the losses by political rascality, amounted to about $4.50 on each thousand dollars, twice that of any other administration. Hayes' administration was the cleanest known, being about 19 cents on each thousand dollars."

Crests and Coats-of-Arms.

R. D. S., Irvington, N. Y.: There is no law in the United States that governs or restricts the use of armorial bearings or crests; every person is a law unto himself or herself. You need not, and in fact you cannot if you would, enter your assumed arms either at Washington or at a state capital. Armorial bearings mean nothing here; few persons are entitled to them at all; a few persons may be entitled to crests; but most of the arms displayed are used because they look pretty.

Receiving Stamps.

"Please tell me whether postmasters everywhere are obliged to stamp, with a receiving stamp, each letter and postal card before it is distributed. By a 'receiving stamp' I mean one which shows the place and day of receiving the card or letter."—M. C., Burlington, Iowa.

Yes, they all are. The following extract from Section 509, Postal Laws and Regulations, specifies what offices must do so:

"Every postmaster, the gross receipts of whose office amounts to $500 per annum, and every postmaster of a separating office, upon the receipt of mail will immediately place the postmark of his office on the back of every letter therein received, showing the date and the hour of the day when the letter was received; and every postmaster whose office is not a separating office, the gross receipts of which are less than $500 per annum, will immediately upon receipt of the mail, backstamp the month, the day of the month and the year upon the back of every letter therein received, using the postmarking stamp for that purpose. The value and importance of this practice are so great that failure to observe this rule, if continuous or repeated after notice, will be ground for removal from office.

"But the above order is not intended to cover direct packages and those made up for delivery for railway postoffice lines, in transit, which may be pouched and connected through postoffices."

The following additional order was issued by the First Assistant Postmaster General on May 14, 1897:

"Legible postmarking of mail matter is of the greatest importance to the public as evidence before the courts, in business transactions conducted through the mails, and in fixing the responsibility when mail matter has been improperly handled by postmasters and other employes. * * * Much of the postmarking, especially in the smaller offices, is a reflection upon the postal service. The department considers a failure of duty in this respect a serious matter, which must be remedied at once."

Miscellaneous.

H. H. D., Oriole, Ind.: There is no such book published.

M. T., Potsdam, N. Y.: No statistics of the kind you ask for have ever been collected.

H. L., Monroe, Ia.: The $2 watch The Blade has been advertising has a short wind, like any ordinary watch.

A. L., Minneapolis, Kan.: We are sorry to say we do not know where the poem may be found. We do not recall ever seeing it.

H. H. D., West Milton, O.: We do not know. Don't waste time on that form of "catch" advertisements. It won't pay you.

R. J. R., Rockford, Ill.: The reason the hand-hole of a boiler is not made square is that it would weaken the boiler more than if in circular shape. An oval hole allows more easy access than any other shape.

J. R. J., Handley, W. Va.: To publish your request would be free advertising for the manufacturers, and so violate the rule given at the head of this department—not to ask where you can buy anything, or sell anything. Get a druggist to order for you.

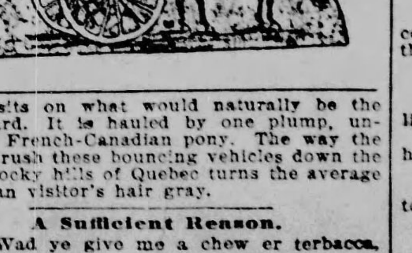
E. L., Milford, Ill.: To ask for a copy of The Blade two years old is to ask an impossibility. We never have them further back than a month or two. And, as we do not recall the article, we could not find it unless you gave the date of the paper.

H. L. K., Covert, Mich.: The constitution of the United States is generally given in school histories. Probably the teacher of the school in your town has an United States history containing it. Andrews' "Manual of the Constitution of the United States" is a little book explaining it, clause by clause, and costs only a dollar or so. Write to the American Book company, Cincinnati, O., and ask its price.

C. H. B., Pittsfield, N. H.: There are so many different duties about a newspaper office that it is hard to decide what you want to know. There is the editor in chief, managing editor, telegraph editor, state editor, city editor, and his staff of reporters; the circulation manager and his assistants; the foreman, compositors, mail clerks, pressmen, stereotypers, etc. Perhaps you refer to a compositor who is employed only as a substitute when one of the compositors is not working. He is called a "sub," which is simply an abbreviation for "substitute." There is no special name for ordinary business penmanship.

A QUEER VEHICLE.

The calash is the national vehicle of Canada, and the French-Canadian of Quebec has stuck to his calash, one of the most primitive vehicles on the continent. It is a two-wheeled rig, the box swung on big leather springs. The



driver sits on what would naturally be the dashboard. It is hauled by one plump, unkillable French-Canadian pony. The way the drivers rush these bouncing vehicles down the steep, rocky hills of Quebec turns the average American visitor's hair gray.

A Sufficient Reason.

Pat—Wad ye give me a chew er terbacca, Mike?

Mike—Oi would.

Pat (after a pause)—Then why don't ye?

Mike—Because Oi haven't any. Oi would if Oi could.—Pick-Me-Up.

IN LETTER BOXES.

How Pickpockets Dispose of Stolen Pocketbooks.

The postal clerk thoughtfully drew a row of dollar signs on the rotary shirt bosom which had come through the mail marked "printed matter," as a pair of boots wrapped in a newspaper had previously been.

"Yes, it is true," he replied, "we would

IT IS A FAVORITE WAY PICKPOCKETS HAVE OF DISPOSING OF THE ARTICLES.

know every time a holiday or big celebration like Logan day occurred, even if we were shut off from every other means of knowing, by the number of pocketbooks that have been dropped on that day in the letter boxes. That is the proper method now among the light-fingered fraternity for disposing of the inconvenient evidence of their guilt. If they were to throw the purse into an alley it would be a suspicious action that would be noticed at once, but by wrapping it in a piece of paper, they can walk boldly up to the nearest letter box and drop it in, a sight so common to the passersby that no one's attention is attracted. Every time there is an unusual crowd the number of purses found increases—pickpockets can work best in a pushing, elbowing crowd. So there are more rifled pocketbooks after Decoration day than even on a pleasant bargain day, more in the downtown districts than in the outskirts, and more in the vicinity of ball parks, race tracks and conventions than elsewhere.

"The greatest number of these are the long wallets of the kind that is carried in inside pockets, and there are rarely stripped of the negotiable paper or of anything but actual money. Anything else is likely to prove evidence against the one who lifts the purse. We find checks and drafts, notes, memoranda and all kinds of trinkets untouched. One time there was $3,500 of good bankable paper that had not been disturbed. Often there is a note to the loser, his name sometimes being added, showing that he was known. They tell him 'not to be sore,' 'giving to the poor is lending to the Lord,' or 'don't mind this, Willie,' which is adding insult to injury."

FOUGHT A WOODEN INDIAN

Harry Warwick Thought He Was About to Be Scalped.

"Take him off, help, murder! Oh, where are the police!" were cries that hurried Policeman Rose, of the Bedford avenue station to the corner of Havemeyer and North Sixth streets, in Williamsburg, early yesterday morning, says the New York Herald. There he saw two figures on the ground in front of Mrs. M. Smith's candy store. The object on top was a wooden Indian, painted and bedecked in war fashion. Underneath the figure was Harry Warwick, 25 years old, of No. 119 Roebling street.

"Hurry, man, take him off," shouted the frightened Warwick. Rose disentangled the two, and then forgot his dignity by laughing. It was because Warwick after a careful survey of the figure on the ground, asked, almost breathlessly, "Do you think he's hurt much? Have I committed a crime?"

Matters would have been arranged amicably had it not been that Warwick became indignant when Rose told him the Indian was of wood. "What made him jump on me like that?" argued Warwick. "I was going along minding my own business when that thing laughed and moved toward me. I struck out with my fist and hit him between the eyes. Then he jumped on me and held me down on the sidewalk and punched me."

The man would not be convinced to the contrary, even though the policeman held his hand on the image. The policeman barely missed being hit by an upper cut Warwick aimed at his former enemy. The man was in earnest now, and the policeman was kept busy warding blows off himself and saving the figure. A crowd was beginning to gather, so Rose arrested Warwick and locked him up. Later in the day he was bailed by friends.

—Coughs, colds, pneumonia and fevers may be prevented by keeping the blood pure and the system toned up with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AN AMIABLE GREENHORN.

Mrs. G——, of Staten Island, had in her employ a greenhorn, says Harper's Bazar. Her only qualification for the position of waitress which she possessed upon her arrival in this country was a pretty face. She was voluble of speech and slow of comprehension, and many a housekeeper would have given her marching orders at the end of the

BRIDGET SPILLED NOT A THING.

first week; but Mrs. G—— thought there were the makings of a good servant in her, and so kept her.

After the girl had been with her a month, and had learned how to serve soup without spilling it down the backs of the diners, Mrs. G—— gave a dinner, to which were invited two very dignified people, in whose home everything ran with the smoothness of a chronometer, and she was naturally anxious to approximate that smoothness in the service of her dinner.

For two courses everything went as heart could wish. Bridget refrained from speech, spilled not at thing, was attentive to the wants of the guests and looked as pretty as a fresh young Irish girl can, which is saying a great deal.

But when she removed the fish and attempted to take it downstairs to the kitchen, she tripped on the top step, and with a scream and a series of bumps and crashes she and the fish accomplished the descent.

Mrs. G—— and her family vainly tried to keep from laughter. There was such a "cheerful bumpy sound" in her down-going. The two dignified guests were as adamant. They evidently heard nothing. But even their risibles were not proof against what followed. Mrs. G—— sat irresolute for a moment, hoping that the girl would not require assistance. And she did not. In the richest of accents a voice came up the basement stairs:

"Did yo hear me? Fell arl the way downshtairs an' landed on me fut loike a burrd."

Adaptability.

So you asked her if she could be happy without money?"

"I did."

"Was her answer encouraging?"

"Not exactly. She said she was sure she could; that she had always preferred buying things on credit."—Washington Star.

No Chance for Him.

Visitor—What are you crying about, my little man?

Little Willie—All my brothers hez got a holiday, and I hain't got none.

Visitor—Why, that's too bad! How is that?

Little Willie (between sobs)—I—don't go—to school yet.—Collier's Weekly.

When Kitty Laughs.

When Kitty laughs, her boisterous glee
Brings instant, echoing mirth to me;
When Kitty frowns, my soul is shook
With terror—Kitty is our cook.
—Detroit Free Press.

"To tell the truth my mother has lived with one foot in the grave," writes Mrs. Eugene Stantzenberg, of No. 1604 Walker Ave., Houston, Texas, in a letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.

"With a most thankful heart I will tell you about the wonderful cure effected in her case. She has been a perfect wreck for seven long years. No words can describe what she has suffered. She could not sleep on account of severe pains. She tried every doctor around here and spent hundreds of dollars without benefit. After hearing of your wonderful remedies I wrote to you. My mother has taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and six of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and is now perfectly cured. Please receive the heartiest thanks and blessings from my father and seven children for saving the life of dear mother. May God bless you and your Institution, is the wish of your friend."

Tens of thousands of women have found complete and permanent relief from obstinate and seemingly incurable disease by using the wonderful remedies referred to above. The "Golden Medical Discovery" possesses the peculiar property of nourishing and vitalizing the blood with the life-giving red corpuscles which build up healthy flesh and muscular strength.

In the special weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organs, the "Favorite Prescription" is a perfect and positive specific. It is the only scientific medicine prepared for that purpose by an educated physician and specialist in that particular field of practice.

For weak and nervous women these two medicines taken conjointly constitute the most marvelously successful course of treatment known to the medical profession.

For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., at the head of a splendid staff of associate specialists, graduates from the leading medical universities of America and Europe.

TEUTON'S BICYCLE RIDE.

By reason of his jovial personality he has become a feature of bicycle riding on the Boulevard, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Despite his 200 pounds, he is an enthusiastic wheelman, and he boasts of the fact that he paid nothing to learn how to manipulate his machine. He is a German and a prominent real estate agent. It is about two months ago that he purchased his wheel and a fashionable bicycle suit. What happened subsequently is best told in his own language.

"I don't go to no academy," he remarked, with pride in his voice. "I went right oudt on dot Boulevard at Sixtieth street and wheeled dot bicycle up to Seventy-second street. Of course, I had just 162 falls before I got dere."

This would make thirteen falls to each block he traversed. A rider cannot mount and fall off his machine more than thirteen times in any one block.

"But den the droubles commenced," continued the real estate agent, who referred to Seventy-second street and the hill that begins there.

"I yust ask some mens to hold dot bicycle while I climbs on him. I tell dem dat I had too much beer. I got on and den I got dot bicycle started down hill."

It seems that at the bottom of the incline are four car tracks and a street in which there is considerable traffic.

"I do my best to stop dot wheel," continued the agent, "and he only goes faster. I try den to fall off, thinkin' dot be easy, anyway, but I couldn't even do dat. Down at the foot

"I SHUT MINE EYES AND HOLD ON."

of dat hill dere was a blockade of two cars an' some wagons. Four bicycle policemens was between me and dem cars and wagons, talkin' mit themselves. Dot bicycle, he begins to fly and den I say to mineself, 'dis is a case for God to take care of,' and I shut mine eyes and hold on."

The agent burst first into the crowd of patrolmen much after the fashion of a tornado and seized one, who was seated on his wheel, around the neck, with that instinct that makes a drowning man seize a straw, and held the police officer with a grip that Muldoon, the wrestler, might envy.

"Dot copper," the agent went on, "was surprised. I took him mit me. 'Where in thunder did you come from?' he hollered. 'From heaven,' I say. It was no use to worry. I say to the cop to shut his eyes and we hit together. 'Let me go, you fat-headed chump,' he yelled. Den he grabbed de hind wheel of my machine, just the minute we hit dem car horses. Dot settled it. We knocked dose horses down and pulled dot driver over dot dashboard. De other policemen had scorched after us and couldn't stop, so dey joined dot excitement. Dere was troubles for awhile. When we got untangled I didn't get arrested by making a promise dot I don't ride a bicycle in dose city limits no more."

It seemed that when the blockade was broken the agent walked home "leading" his wheel, as cyclists call it, and boasted to his wife that he had spent a most enjoyable afternoon. His wheel had not been broken. The next morning he could not get out of bed. One knee had swollen to the size of a watermelon, his face had numerous black and blue spots on it, and he could not move his limbs. In three weeks he was able to get about.

"And it didn't cost me a cent to learn to ride dot bicycle," he remarks.

UP-TO-DATE POLITICIAN.

A ward politician was given $50 during a recent primary election and told to use it where it would do the most good, says the Ohio State Journal.

"See here," said the defeated candidate,

"I USED EVERY CENT OF IT."

after the election, "you didn't use that money as I told you."

"Oh, yes I did," said the ward politician. "You told me to use it where I thought it would do the most good."

"But the boys say you did not use it at all," growled the defeated candidate.

"I used every cent of it," insisted the ward politician, "and I bought the best wheel I could find for the money."

Half Calf.

She smiled. "Oh, yes," she said; "I read him like a book."

That was to say she had skipped none of the love portions, and naturally saw his finish.—New York Press.

REALISTIC PERFORMANCE

It was the turn of Miss Elita Proctor Otis of the Schiller stock company to tell a story, and this was her effort:

"You ask me for some incident of my career that has left a lasting impression on my mind. I have not had a very eventful life on the stage, but I have had one or two experiences of the character that you describe. Shortly after succeeding Carrie Turner in The Crust of Society, in the role of Mrs. Eastlake Chapell, the company I was with reached Cincinnati. I was very well received and everybody said nice things about me, but the most signal compliment and at the same time the most unwelcome one, came from an individual whose name has slipped my memory, but whose face often recurs to me. You remember the play tells the story of a woman of the 'crust' who endeavored to beguile a wealthy and honorable young fellow into marrying her. His friends try to prove

"HE SPRANG FROM HIS SEAT WITH A REGULAR WARWHOOP."

to him that she is not worthy and that he would be making a fatal mistake, but she succeeds so well in her designs that every weapon they use against her she turns against its users, and to the very last moment her triumph seems certain.

"Well, the duplicity of Dumas' brilliant schemer wrought very strongly upon the feelings of an individual who occupied a seat in the orchestra. He was not used to the theatre, very evidently, for his clothes were not those of a city man and he bore marks of the cattle pen. It was found out afterward that he had come to town with a shipment of hogs from the wilds of Kentucky and had included 'doing the theatre' in his round of dissipation.

"Well, at the moment when Mrs. Eastlake Chapell's success over her lover seem assured, he sprang from his seat with a regular war whoop, and declared in language very much more forcible than elegant that he would be eternally and completely something or othered if he would see a blank, blank, blanketed woman take advantage of a fellow that way as long as he had a gun on his person. With that he drew a huge pistol from his pocket and started for the stage. In the confusion I don't know just what happened, but the curtain was rung down and the man was carried out somewhat forcibly. We managed to get through the performance all right, but my nerves were pretty well shattered."—Chicago Times-Herald.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

BRILLIANTS.

Oh, Summer was a winsome thing
When first she left the lap of Spring!
All garlanded and dew-impearled,
The jeweled darling of a world!

But now she's yellow, dry and parched,
With brazen heavens over-arched—
We'll welcome Autumn's newer wiles
And turn our backs on faded smiles!

Yet when October's leaves are red,
We'll mourn June's blossoms lying dead!
I think in world of endless bliss
Souls will look back and sigh for this!
—Annie E. P. Searing.

When I was a freshman, old age did appear
A reverend and beautiful thing;
For knowledge must gather as year follows year,
And wisdom from knowledge should spring.

But I found the same years that supplied me with knowledge
Took the power to digest it away,
And let out all the store I had gathered at college
Through leaks that increased every day.

So I said—and think not I said it in jest
(You will find it is true to the letter)—
That the only thing old people ought to know best
Is that young people ought to know better.
—Anon.

Kingcup and cowslip overspread
The meadows with a maze of gold,
The crofts are emerald-carpeted,
The thorns their creamy flakes unfold.

Laburnums shimmer, lilacs shower
Eddies of prodigal perfume,
A rose is flushing into flower—
'Tis May, 'tis May, the month of bloom!
—William Toynbee.

Little Jesus, wast thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven and just like me?
Didst thou sometimes think of there
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look into the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 't would distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst thou ever any toys
Like us little girls and boys?
—Francis Thompson.

Free to Our Readers—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

As stated in our last issue the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The New York World publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from disorders peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of WEEKLY BLADE who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

Facts, Fads, Fancies.

Piques will be worn very extensively in corn-flowered blue, green and other colors, as well as in pure white. In some instances the cord runs vertically and with it is a wide stripe bearing satiny dots. In others the cord runs across, in the old way, and dots, fine stripes, embroidered flowers and the like are shown on the surface. A clover leaf is embroidered at rather wide intervals on one white pique, the design being also in white. Other devices are wrought in white upon white backgrounds.

One of the choicest of the season's hats is a medium shape in fancy green straw. Two frills of green satin ribbon enveloped in a white accordion-plaited puffing of chiffon are set about the crown and at the back is a huge bunch of purple violets. The brim is turned up under lilies of the valley and at each side is a pouf of green ribbon veiled with white.

Batiste nebuleuse is the title of a new trimming displayed in triangular forms adaptable to jackets, revers and other arrangements. It also comes in lengths for flouncings and the like. The batiste is silk-mixed and gauzy, as its name implies, and about its edges are hemstitched tucks of colored batiste, or tucks to match on navy or green batiste.

A dainty effect may be secured on a white-figured navy blue foulard or challis with a triangular ornament of this kind having navy tucks. It may be gathered full on the shoulders and caught at the waist line, the arrangement suggesting a fichu.

Wool chiffon is a very soft, nearly transparent textile, which is really a member of the barege family. It displays printed flowers in various colorings on contrasting grounds. In some instances the surface is tinted and the color seems to have been extracted to produce the flower form. Thus, on a heliotrope ground the flowers are white, with merely a suspicion of the ground color.—The Delineator.

IT IS EASY TO TELL.

People are not apt to get anxious about their health soon enough. If you are "not quite well" or "half sick" have you ever thought that your kidneys may be the cause of your sickness?

It is easy to tell by setting aside your urine for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, pain or dull ache in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder need doctoring.

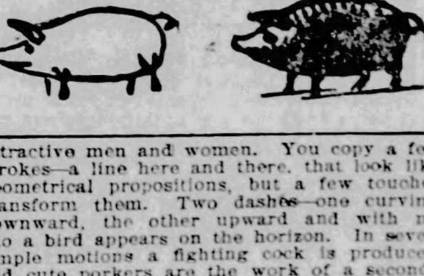
There is satisfaction in knowing that the great remedy Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, fulfills every wish in relieving weak or diseased kidneys and all forms of bladder and urinary troubles. Not only does Swamp-Root give new life and activity to the kidneys—the cause of trouble, but by treating the kidneys it acts as a tonic for the entire constitution. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price 50 cents and $1.00. So remarkably successful has Swamp-Root been that if you wish to Prove its great merit, you may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

SKELETON SKETCHES.

Hope has at last arisen in the hearts of the people who have long yearned to be artists without having the ability to draw a line which is straight or a curve which is not hump-backed.

A new system has been invented. The pupil begins with orthodox straight lines and

dreary curves, but he finds these taking living shapes—dogs, cats, elephants, lions and human beings spring out on his drawing board with magical rapidity. The attraction is as great for the grown-up pupil as for the youngster. At one moment you are utterly unable to draw and in ten minutes you are executing lively dogs, prancing horses and



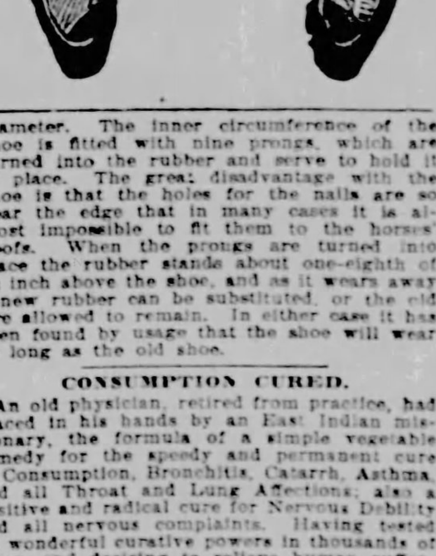
attractive men and women. You copy a few strokes—a line here and there, that look like geometrical propositions, but a few touches transform them. Two dashes—one curving downward, the other upward and with no ado a bird appears on the horizon. In seven simple motions a fighting cock is produced and cute porkers are the work of a second.

The pupil acquires a suppleness of hand that enables him to do speedy work. It is a short cut to the art of sketching and is really useful. There is a resemblance in method to the work of the impressionistic artist but instead of employing eccentricity the commonplace is made use of.

RUBBER HORSESHOES.

Horses whose owners are rich enough may wear rubber tired shoes.

The entire shoe is about three times as thick as the ordinary steel or iron shoe, but it is not heavy, as a large portion of it is hollowed out to make a groove in which to set the rubber tire. The tire is made of very hard rubber and is about half an inch in



diameter. The inner circumference of the shoe is fitted with nine prongs, which are turned into the rubber and serve to hold it in place. The great disadvantage with the shoe is that the holes for the nails are so near the edge that in many cases it is almost impossible to fit them to the horses' hoofs. When the prongs are turned into place the rubber stands about one-eighth of an inch above the shoe, and as it wears away a new rubber can be substituted, or the old tire allowed to remain. In either case it has been found by usage that the shoe will wear as long as the old shoe.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Double-Ender.

"I believe," said Mr. Cumso, pettishly, "that a woman would stand looking into a mirror all day!"

"Not if she saw you over her shoulder, love," responded Mrs. Cumso, sweetly.

And for two seconds a tender smile stole over Mr. Cumso's face, at the expiration of which time he suddenly gulped, snorted and went out, slamming the door with undue force.—New York Press.

Entomological.

The caterpillar's full of sense;
He has no foolish buzz,
But he keeps the moth, with skill immense,
From nibbling at his fuzz.
—Chicago Record.

A Sure Sign.

Biggs—That man over there is a physician.

Diggs—How do you know?

Biggs—I heard him say that he didn't enjoy good health.—Chicago Record.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Husk or Hoose.

H. M. B., Pennsylvania: Yes, grown cattle are subject to husk or hoose (verminous bronchitis), but it is confined principally to calves. Sheep are also subject to the disease. It does not affect the milk of cows. Sheep and young cattle graze more closely than grown cattle, and swallow the eggs of the worms (strongulus) being picked up while grazing. Stock should be kept from low, wet and undrained pastures.

Enquiries About Millet.

W. S. B., Iowa: The millet to which you refer is a desirable forage plant. The stems become hard, injurious and indigestible, and when the seeds are fully ripe, if fed will founder more promptly, it is claimed, than corn. The editor cannot give you the value of the seeds as compared with corn. If too freely used, or moldy, the seeds will cause diabetes. As the question of millet is one that should interest all farmers the editor will be pleased to hear how the broom corn, or hog millet, will compare in feeding qualities with other kinds, and if they have experienced bad results from feeding ripe millet seed.

Mare Keeps Poor.

W. F. W., Arkansas: Your mare ten years old, is suffering from indigestion. Examine her teeth carefully to see if they are decayed, or if they are uneven, so that she can not masticate her food properly. If teeth are decayed they should be extracted; if uneven they should be filed. A good treatment will be: Give the mare water always before meals. Give her a dose of 15 ozs. raw linseed oil. Afterward, give in equal parts this: Baking soda, powdered ginger and powdered gentian, stir well together and give a heaping tablespoonful dose twice a day before feeding. It is best administered by dissolving each dose in a half pint of water, and giving it as a drench.

Sugar Cane Seed for Feeding.

M. A. L., Nebraska, wishes to know the value of sugar cane seed for feeding stock as compared with corn. Also, is it good for milch cows, or will it affect the flow of milk? Will some reader of The Blade kindly give the information required. The leaves and stalks of sugar cane are fed with profit to cattle, as they are fattening food.

Lump on Cow's Jaw.

D. J. N., Kansas: Your cow has a disease known as lumpy-jaw. The remedy is 1 drachm of iodide of potassium in a pint of fresh water every morning, unless the cow gets to running too much at the nose. If she does, stop giving the medicine for a day or two, and commence again. It may be given through a common drenching horn. Every dose should be made for immediate use. The outer coat of the skin may pull off a little, and the cow may run at the eyes and nose, but this should cause no alarm, as the cow will fatten under the treatment if given wholesome food. An ounce of the medicine in drachm doses generally effects a cure, although in some cases it requires more.

Received.

From U. S. Department of Agriculture: Farmers' bulletin, No. 59, Bee Keeping, by Frank Benton, M. S., assistant entomologist; tells all about how to make a success of the bee industry, with illustration of hives, extractions, etc. Recent Legislation on State Forestry Commissions and Forestry Reserves.

Bulbs, Plants and Seeds for Autumn Planting, 1897: Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Cortlandt st., New York. The frontispiece contains a group of flowers embracing a new and rare peony and lilies of new and beautiful varieties, true to color. The back cover shows Peter Henderson's rainbow collection for winter flowers in the house, and spring flowers in the garden. The colors are brought out in natural beauty and are very attractive. The catalogue contains an exceptionally fine list of bulbs, plants and seeds from which to select.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cherry Culture.

A bulletin of the Delaware Experiment Station is devoted to the cultivation of cherries. Among other things it says: The cherry will thrive in a variety of soils, but it reaches its highest development in one naturally light, dry and loamy; in a soil retentive of moisture, but which never "sours." The sweet cherry will flourish on soils too dry for other fruits, but the sour varieties require more moisture to develop their best cherries. The orchardist must have recourse to underdraining if the soil is not naturally dry, but on light, dry knolls, otherwise favorable to cherry culture, the moisture holding capacity of the soil can be increased by the addition of vegetable matter, and by judicious surface cultivation. The writer has in mind a knoll in Eastern New York, ideal for the sweet cherry, but which was too dry and thin for the growth of the trees. The mechanical condition of the soil has been changed by turning under crimson clover and by frequent cultivation to a deep retentive loam, adapted to the highest development of the fruit in the dryest seasons.

In 30 years the vigorous varieties of sweet cherries may attain a height of from 40 to 50 feet, with arms spreading on either side from 15 to 20 feet. The varieties of sweet cherries should stand not less than 30 feet apart each way. Closer distances result in interlacing branches, difficult picking and spraying and a large amount of decayed fruit. In Western New York, the sour varieties are set at various distances, ranging from 12x12 to 18x18 feet. Later plantings place the trees 18x18 feet for the spreading Montmorency and Early Richmond, and 16x16 feet for the more bushy Morellos.

Propagating the Varieties. — Cherry trees are usually set two years after budding. The trees are budded in the nursery as yearlings, the sour cherries mainly on the Mahaleb, and less on the Mazzard, and the sweet varieties almost entirely on the Mazard. If the grower contemplates the cherry business on a large scale, the writer believes it of great importance that he select buds from trees with uniformly heavy bearing tendencies, and send them to a nurseryman to be budded for the future orchard. Every fruit grower appreciates the fact that some trees of his orchard always bear, others occasionally bear, while still others never bear. It is universally known that the tendencies in a bud are transmitted to the plant resulting from its propagation. The present system of propagating fruits from bearing trees, non-bearing trees, and nursery rows must tend to deteriorate varieties, which can be maintained and improved only by selecting buds from trees whose fruit is superior to that of the entire orchard. The subject of the maintenance and improvement of varieties through bud selection will be treated in a subsequent bulletin.

Flax is an Exhaustive Crop.

Some Western farm journals are wondering why flax is not more grown than it is. The reason is that it is a very exhaustive crop and can only be grown profitably where fertility is little regarded or where there is good markets for both fiber and seed. It is a good sign for western farmers that flax growing as it was practiced a few years ago is going out of their farm rotation. The stalk and fibre were always thrown away. Only the seed was marketed, and this sold so low that the raw seed, or, better still, flaxseed meal, was one of the cheapest fertilizers that can be used. Not until we have mills for making linen cloth and conveniences for separating the fibre from stalk will flax growing be profitable in this country. When both seed and fibre can be sold the crop will pay for the heavy manuring it requires to keep the land fertile.—American Cultivator.

Peaches Without Down.

The Baltimore American is responsible for the following:

William P. Winter, a retired carpenter, has entered heart and soul into the wizard business with remarkable results. In a cozy little yard back of Mr. Winter's home grows a peach tree that has produced annual crops of luscious fruit for a number of years. Two years ago Mr. Winter grew weary of the conventional covering of the peaches in his limited orchard and determined at least to produce a peach minus that objectionable nap or down.

He began a series of experiments, and that year produced a peach clothed in the ordinary raiment of the banana; but, not satisfied with the result of his startling assault on nature, he has succeeded in producing a crop, which is just now ripe, that looks for all the world like a tree full of apples. The skin of the fruit is perfectly smooth, and of a dark red hue, shading gradually into a yellow that Mr. Winter claims is a remnant of the banana skin.

"Next year," said he, "I will have an orange skin on them."

The method employed by Mr. Winter to produce these startling results is a profound secret, and he is preparing to copyright the scheme. Grapevines, as well as peach trees, tremble before the skill of the ex-carpenter, and among the curious things that thrive in the rear of Mr. Winter's yard is a vine of this sort that bears at this time ripe grapes as sweet as honey and unusually large, half-ripe grapes, blossoms and buds, which Mr. Winter expects to ripen by Christmas.

Poultry and Bees.

The Farmer's Voice has the following:

If honey granulates it is pretty safe to say that it is pure.

Moths do not trouble strong colonies of Italian bees very often.

Keep comb honey in a moderately warm room through the winter.

It is rarely profitable to try to keep a small colony through the winter.

Keep one drake for every three ducks to insure fertile eggs next spring.

If you intend to move your bees do so at once before cold weather comes.

Honey is the only luxury that man gets given to him at practically no cost.

Greasing a hen's comb and wattles prevents freezing through getting water on them.

A hen is never sick when her comb is bright red and her eyes have a lively look in them.

The hen that is first into the feed in the morning is the one that if oftenest on the nest.

Keep the hives ventilated, for this is necessary to health. Bees cannot thrive in a damp hive.

It requires about thirty pounds of honey to feed a good colony of bees through the winter.

The hen that has practically finished moulting by October 1 is the one that lays eggs in the winter.

If your fowls be pure bred, do not cross them whatever may be gained in the first cross will be lost in the second, and they will soon be mongrels. Aim for constant improvement along all lines.

Look after those cracks and crannies in the poultry house before winter comes. Every one of them is a threat of croup.

Go into the poultry house some evening and grease the legs of every fowl with lard. This will prevent scaly leg, or stop it if it is already started.

Put your honey in an attractive shape before offering for sale. There is hardly a product of the farm that is so carefully scrutinized by the purchaser.

Dirty eggs are not choice eggs. Keep them clean by having clean, fresh nests, and buyers will have no suspicion of them. It soils your reputation when you offer soiled eggs.

Gather a barrel or two of road dust for dust baths during the winter. Keep a wide, shallow box full of the dust in the poultry house all winter. The hens will appreciate it.

Supply the home market before shipping to a distant one. It is often surprising how much honey can be sold at near-by places and in the country around the place where it is produced.

Take care of empty frames of comb during the winter. They will save the bees much time when the honey flow begins. Every pound of comb represents the labor of gathering ten pounds of honey.

To make hens moult more speedily, feed them lean meat. A teaspoonful of sulphur for a dozen fowls, mixed with their feed and given twice a week, will also help them through this trying season.

Wheat is always a safe food for chickens. It can be fed as soon as it can be swallowed. Meat may be given at any time, but with care that it does not prove laxative. For fattening, corn yet stands at the head.

Autumn usually finds one's stock of poultry too large for their accommodations. We will find many not quite up to the standard; these should by all means go, however promising they may seem. Keep the breed at its best.

Put clean, white eggs up in packages, with your name and the date of packing them upon them, with a guarantee that they are fresh. You will soon find that people appreciate your efforts, and will be willing to pay you a little extra for your carefulness.

Spraying to Destroy Lice.

Every reader knows the composition of kerosene emulsion, as it has been given repeatedly, and many of them have had experience in the work of spraying. Now, kerosene emulsion is sure death to lice, and is much cheaper than unadulterated kerosene. While it is understood that by spraying the poultry-house twice a week with the emulsion, thoroughly saturating the floor, walls, roosts, nests, pans, fences, etc., lice will be destroyed, yet it is not an easy matter to get the lice completely off the bodies of the hens. Dipping them in the emulsion is not satisfactory, for unless extra care is taken that the emulsion is perfect (no free kerosene) the hens will come in contact with the kerosene that floats on the top, if unmixed, which is very irritating to their bodies. To avoid this, have an assistant hold the fowl by the legs, head down, and spray the emulsion well into the feathers, completely saturating the bird, wiping off the head and face and turning it loose. Every louse will be destroyed. Do this once a week until you are satisfied that your object is accomplished. Always anoint heads with a little melted lard or vaseline each time.

When you actually deluge the poultry-house with solutions for destroying lice, and finish a hard day's work in so doing, you must not conclude that you have settled the lice problem. Those who combat lice make only a partial attempt. There is no such thing as getting rid of lice by one effort. Lice must be kept out; and as the multiply rapidly the work necessary for cleaning the premises of their presence must be done as regularly as cleaning a stable, though not so frequently. The easiest way to get rid of lice is to first deluge the house with the kerosene emulsion. In two or three days do it again. Then once a week the house may be lightly sprayed with the emulsion. Always dust with air-slaked lime after the house has dried off. If this is done regularly, the work of keeping down lice will be a simple matter and require only ten minutes' time.—Poultry Keeper.

Treatment for Kicking Cow.

Pass a one-fourth inch rope five feet long around the cow just in front of the udder and tie tightly on the cow's back directly in front of the hips. When kicking is attempted the cow will fall over, and will seldom try a second time. This is rather severe treatment and is not recommended except as a last resort. Try kindness at first, especially with young heifers.—Cor. American Agriculturist.

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Talmage's Sermon.

THE SALOON EVIL.

Dr. Talmage Finds it the Subject of an Eloquent Sermon.

Washington, Oct. 18.—In a unique way Dr. Talmage here discusses the dissipations of the day, and eulogizes the great reformer of the past and present. His text is Acts xxviii, 15: They came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns.

Seventeen miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and, in our time, part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No! There were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhallad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphes on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village, where Paul's friends came to meet him, namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the seacoast to that place; the one from Actium, and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village, houses of merchandise, and mechanics' shops, and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomach disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them, coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns? After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea, and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson waves of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the Three Taverns, namely: before they go out, and after they come in. That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailor's preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown he said: "All the machinery of the drunkard making, soul destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it, they say: 'You can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill! and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying, "the trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil.

That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the seaports of Actium and Puteoli, is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year 1837, the steamship Home went from New York for Charleston. There were about one hundred passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been summering at the Northern watering places, and they were on their way South, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharves of Charleston. But a little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A lifeboat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled it into the sea, and the mother leaped after it. The sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk.

Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise, or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea captain. But not until the judgment day when the sea shall give up its dead, and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigantines, men-of-war, and ocean greyhounds have been lost through captain and crew made incompetent by alcoholic dethronement. Admiral Farragut had proper appreciation of what the stimulus was to a man in the navy. An officer of the warship said to him: "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning? Not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully." The admiral answered: "I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I needed rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at 2 o'clock in the morning, and at 8 o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." The Three Taverns of my text were too near the Mediterranean shipping.

But notice the multiplicity. What could that Italian village, so small that history makes but one mention of it, want with more than one tavern? There were not enough travelers coming through that insignificant town to support more than one house of lodgment. That would have furnished enough pillows and enough breakfasts. No; the world's appetite is diseased, and the subsequent draughts must be taken to slack the thirst created by the preceding draughts. Strong drink kindles the fires of thirst faster than it puts them out. There were three taverns. That which cursed that Italian village curses all Christendom to-day—too many taverns. There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns on every block; aye, where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that reinforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rummeries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are three taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is there are in another sense Three Taverns now, the gorgeous tavern for the affluent, the medium tavern for the working classes, and the tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people beginning with the first come down through the second and come out at the third.

At the first of the three taverns the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side tables, under pictures approaching masterpieces. The patrons pull off their kid gloves and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income—but their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change taverns, and they come down to tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the castor standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, coculus indicus, plaster of paris, copperas and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day at this tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving away.

That tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered, and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters the tavern the third; a red light outside; a hiccoughing and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about 2 o'clock in the morning, and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised, and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him up and put him in the ambulance, the wheels seem to rumble with two rolls of thunder, one of which says: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says: "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth fire and with brimstone."

I am glad to find in this scene of the text, that there is such a thing as declining successfully great Tavernian temptations. I can see from what Paul said and did after he had traveled the following seventeen miles of his journey, that he had received no damage at the Three Taverns. How much he was tempted I know not. Do not suppose he was superior to temptation. That particular temptation has destroyed many of the grandest, mightiest, noblest statesmen, philosophers, heroes, clergymen, apostles of law and medicine, and government and religion. Paul was not physically well under any circumstances; it was not in mock depreciation that he said he was "in bodily presence weak." It seems that his eyesight was so poor that he did his writing through an amanuensis, for he mentions it as something remarkable that his shortest Epistle, the one to Philemon, was in his own penmanship, saying: "I, Paul, have written it with my own hand." He had been thrown from his horse, he had been stoned, he had been endungeoned, he had had his nerves pulled on by preaching at Athens to the most scholarly audience of all the earth, and at Corinth to the most brilliantly profligate assemblage, and been bowled upon by the Ephesian worshipers of Diana, tried for his life before Felix, charged by Festus with being insane, had crawled up on the beach, drenched in the shipwreck, and much of the time had an iron handcuff on his wrist, and if any man needed stimulants, Paul needed it, but with all his physical exhaustion, he got past the Three Taverns undamaged, and stepped into Rome all ready for the tremendous ordeal to which he was subjected. Oh! How many mighty men feeling that they must brace up after extraordinary service, and prepare themselves for other service, have called on the spirit of wine for inspiration, and in a few years have been sacrificed on the altar of a Moloch, who sits on a throne of human carcasses. It would not be wise, or kind, or Christian to call their names in public, but you call them out of your own memory. Oh! how many splendid men could not get past the Three Taverns.

Notice that a profound mystery is attached to these Italian hostelries. No hotel register tells the names of those who stopped at those taverns; there is no old account book as to how many drank there; there is no broken chalice or jug to suggest what was the style of liquid which these customers consumed. So an awful mystery hangs about the barrooms of the modern taverns. Oh! if they would only keep a book upon the counter, or a scroll that could be unrolled from the wall, telling how many homesteads they have desolated, and how many immortal souls they have blasted. You say that would spoil their business. Well, I suppose it would, but a business that cannot plainly tell its effect upon its customers, is a business that ought to be spoiled. Ah! you mysterious barrooms, speak out and tell how many suicides went out from you to halter, or pistol, or knife, or deadly leap from fourth-story window; how many young men, started well in life, were halted by you and turned on the wrong road, dragging after them bleeding parental hearts; how many people who promised at the marriage altar fidelity until death did them part, were brought by you to early and ghastly separation; how many madhouses have you filled with maniacs; how many graves have you dug and filled in the cemeteries; how many ragged and hungry children have you beggared through the fathers whom you destroyed.

If the skeletons of all those whom you have slain were piled up on top of each other, how high would the mountain be? If the tears of all the orphanage and widowhood that you have pressed out were gathered together how wide would be the lake, or how long the river? Ah! they make no answer. On this subject the modern taverns are as silent as the oriental Three Taverns, but there are millions of hearts that throb with most vehement condemnation, and many of them would go as far as the mother in Oxford, Mass., whose son had been long absent from home and was returning, and at the tavern on the way he was persuaded to drink, and that one drink aroused a former habit, and again and again he drank, and he was found the next morning dead in the barn of the tavern. The owner of the tavern, who gave him the rum, helped carry his body home, and his broken hearted mother afterwards telling about it, said, "It was wrong, but I cursed him; I did it. Heaven forgive him and me."

But what a glad time when the world comes to its last Three Taverns for the sale of intoxicants. Now there are so many of them that statistics are only a more or less accurate guess as to their number. We sit with half-closed eyes and undisturbed nerves and hear that in 1872 in the United States there were one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four breweries, four thousand three hundred and forty-nine distilleries, and one hundred and seventy-one thousand, six hundred and sixty-nine retail dealers, and that possibly by this time these figures may be truthfully doubled. The fact is that these establishments are innumerable, and the discussion is always disheartening, and the impression is abroad that the plague is so mighty and universal it can never be cured, and the most of sermons on this subject close with the book of Lamentations, and not with the book of Revelation. Excuse me from adopting any suh infidel theory. The Bible reiterates it until there is no more power in inspiration to make it plainer, that the earth is to be, not half, or three-quarters, but wholly redeemed. On that rock I take my triumphant stand, and join in the chorus of hosannas.

One of the most advantageous movements in the right direction is taking this subject into the education of the young. On the same school desk with the grammar, the geography, the arithmetic, are books telling the lads and lasses of ten and twelve and fifteen years of age, what are the physiological effects of strong drink, what it does with the tissues of the liver and the ventricles of the brain; and whereas other generations did not realize the evil until their own bodies were blasted, we are to have a generation taught what the viper is before it stings them, what the hyena is before it rends them, how deep is the abyss before it swallows them. Oh! boards of education, teachers in schools, professors in colleges, legislatures and congresses, widen and augment that work, and you hasten the complete overthrow of this evil. It will go down. I have the word of Almighty God for that in the assured extirpation of all sin. But shall we have a share in the universal victory? The liquor saloons will drop from the hundreds of thousands into the score of thousands, and then from the thousands into the hundreds, and then from the hundreds into the tens, and from the tens to three.

The first of these last Three Taverns will be where the educated and philosophic and the high-up will take their dram, but that class, aware of the power of the example they have been setting, will turn their back upon the evil custom, and be satisfied with the two natural beverages that God intended for the stimulus of the race—the Java coffee plantations furnishing the best of the one, and the Chinese tea fields the best of the other. And some day the bar room will be crowded with people at the vendue and the auctioneer's mallet will pound at the sale of all the appurtenances. The second of these last three taverns will take down its flaming sign and extinguish its red light and close its doors, for the working classes will have concluded to buy their own horses and furnish their own beautiful home and replenish finely the wardrobe of their own wives and daughters, instead of providing the distillers, the brewers, the liquor sellers with wardrobes and mirrors and carriages. And the next time that second tavern is opened it will be a drug store, or a bakery, or a dry goods establishment, or a school. Then there will be only one more of the three dissipating taverns left. I don't know in what country or city or neighborhood it will be, but look at it, for it is the very last. The last inebriate will have staggered up to its counter and put down his pennies for a dram. Its last horrible adulteration will be mixed and quaffed to eat out the vitals and inflame the brain. The last drunkard will have stumbled down its front steps. The last spasm of delirium tremens caused by it will be struggled through. The old rookery will be torn down, and with its demolition will close the long and awful reign of the mightiest of earth's abominations. The last of the dissipating three taverns of all the world will be as thoroughly blotted out as were the three taverns of my text.

With these thoughts I cheer Christian reformers, and what rejoicing on earth and in heaven there will be over the consummation. Within a few days one of the greatest of the leaders in this cause went up to enthronement. The world never had but one Neal Dow, and may never have another. He has been an illumination to the century. The stand he took has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of thousands from drunkards' graves. Seeing the wharves of Portland, Me., covered with casks of West Indian rum (nearly an acre of it at one time), and the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century ago. The good he has done, the homes he has kept inviolate, the high moral sense with which he has infused two generations, is a story that neither earth nor heaven can afford to let die.

Derided, belittled, caricatured, maligned, for a quarter of a century as few men have been he has lived on until at his decease universal newspaperdom speaks his praise and the elogiums of his career on this side of the sea have been caught up by the cathedral organ sounding his requiem on the other. His whole life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 2 he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministries, and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think there was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. Multitudes enter heaven only because of what Christ has done for them, the welcome not at all intensified because of anything they had done for him. But all heaven knew the story of that good man's life, and the beauty of his deathbed, where he said: "I long to be free." I think all the reformers of heaven came out to hail him in, the departed legislators who made laws to restrain intemperance, the consecrated platform orators who thrilled the generations that are gone, with "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." Albert Barnes and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden-tongued patriarch Stephen H. Tyng was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much derided and gloriously useful "Washingtonian movement" was there, and John Stearns and Commodore Foote and Dr. Marsh and Governor Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend, Alfred Colquitt, the Christian Senator, and hundreds of those who labored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth, were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

God let him live on for near a century, to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good, can do for a man in this world, and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But he will come back again! "Yes," say some of you, with Martha, about Lazarus to Jesus. "I know he will rise at the resurrection of the last day." Ah! I do not mean that. Ministering spirits are all the time coming and going between earth and heaven—the Bible teaches it—and do you suppose the old hero just ascended will not come down and help us in the battle that still goes on? He will. Into the hearts of discouraged reformers he will come to speak good cheer. When legislators are deciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, he will help them vote for the right and rise up undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained, and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away. O, departed nonagenarian! After you have taken a good rest from your struggle of seventy active years, come down again into the fight, and bring with you a host of the old Christian warriors who once mingled in the fray.

In this battle the visible troops are not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyesight given where the patient had been without the optic nerve, the sun obliterated from the noonday heavens, the law of gravitation losing its grip as Christ ascended; and as the gospel campaign began with the supernatural, it will close with the supernatural; and the winds and the waves and the lightnings and the earthquakes will come in on the right side; and our ascended champions will return, whether the world sees them or does not see them. I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms, and play harps, and breathe frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post-mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied; and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free!" There may be bigger worlds than this to be redeemed, and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw; and the discipline gotten here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world; and perhaps some other constellation. But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, will not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphed. Church militant and church triumphant, but two divisions of the same army—right wing and left wing.

One army of the living God,
At his command we bow.
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—Mrs. Joseph Peterson, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Coughs and colds need not be endured; they can be cured, and that quickly.

Many mixtures are temporary in effect, but Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a permanent remedy.

The oil feeds the blood and warms the body; the hypophosphites tone up the nerves; the glycerine soothes the inflamed throat and lungs.

The combination cures. This may prevent serious lung troubles.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

"LOUDER, MIKE, LOUDER."

There is not an orator in the West whose tones are more silvery and sonorous than those of the Hon. Mike G. Moran. When he raises his voice to emphasize a point in a heated argument, or to add to the strength of an appeal, great volumes of sound pour forth from his

"LOUDER, MIKE; DIDN'T CATCH THE LAST SENTENCE."

lungs and seem to fairly engulf every other noise, says the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald. Nothing can be heard then except the tones of the Hon. Mike's mighty voice as it rolls forth and fills the air with its volume. This peculiarity has caused no little envy among his brother orators, and he is frequently the victim of their jokes and banterings.

Some years ago the Hon. Mike was billed to speak at a celebration in this city, along with Judge Harris Landers, of Brookfield. Judge Landers could not be present, so he did the next best thing—put up a job on Moran. By a preconcerted arrangement a telegram was to be handed to the eloquent Hon. Mike, when he had reached a climax in his oration, with instructions to read it. The time came. The orator was in the midst of an impassioned appeal to his countrymen of the Emerald Isle, to "Rise up! Shake off the shackles of British misrule, and let the banners of the Emerald Isle wave full and free upon the glorious, life-giving, exhilarating breezes from the—" His voice had risen to high tide and the tones reverberated from alcove to alcove in the hall until it resembled the mighty roar of Jupiter's heavenly artillery. Both arms were outstretched in an expansive gesture to the assembled throng and he shook his wavy locks like the ferocious king of beasts tosses his shaggy mane when angered. Just at this juncture the telegram was passed to him from the wings. Without a moment's hesitation, and without lowering his voice or changing his attitude, the brilliant orator unfolded the missive and began to read to the audience sitting breathless and enchanted. Slowly and distinctly his stentorian tones fell upon the ears of the listeners:

"Brookfield, Mo., Nov. 13, 1890.—Hon. Mike Moran, St. Joseph, Mo.: Louder, Mike; didn't catch the last sentence.
"HARRIS LANDERS."

A Weak Stomach.

"I have been troubled for two years with a weak stomach. I tried numerous prescriptions but found no relief. After taking the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt much better. I continued its use, and when I had taken three more bottles I felt perfectly well." Mrs. M. H. Wright, Akron, Ohio.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

FOUR LEGGED CHICKEN.

They have a good many curious things over in India and occasionally some of them find their way to this country. The latest to reach Philadelphia is now in the possession of Prof. Babu H. Sukhi, whose birthplace was Agra, in India, but who for several years has claimed Philadelphia as his home. It is a chicken. Seen from in front it looks like a plain, ordinary pullet of the Plymouth Rock variety. But it isn't ordinary by any means. As in the case of other members

BETTER THAN A CAT WITH TWO TAILS.

of the poultry family, the chicken stands on two legs. That is, when it wants to. When it takes a notion to stand on four, however, it can do so, for it has them. Growing from the top of each of its normal legs is another leg, not so large, quite, as the normal leg, but just as perfect. When the chicken stands erect the extra legs project at right angles to the other legs to the first joint. From that point they hang downward terminating in a pair of perfectly formed feet.

The possession of four feet is not the only unusual feature in which Prof. Sukhi's curiosity rejoices. It also has two well-developed tails.

A Solemn Thought.

"No, I wouldn't take that piece of antique furniture at any price," said the shopper. "It—it is inhabited."

"And who knows," said the dealer rolling his eyes and rubbing his hands, "but what the ancestors of them bugs came over in the Mayflower in this here very piece of furniture?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Struck It Rich.

"Nan made a fortune at the seashort this summer."

"How?"

"She plunged boldly into the undertow and rescued a drowning millionaire."—Chicago Record.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

WORK REALLY BEGUN ON THE GROUNDS FOR THE FAIR OF 1900.

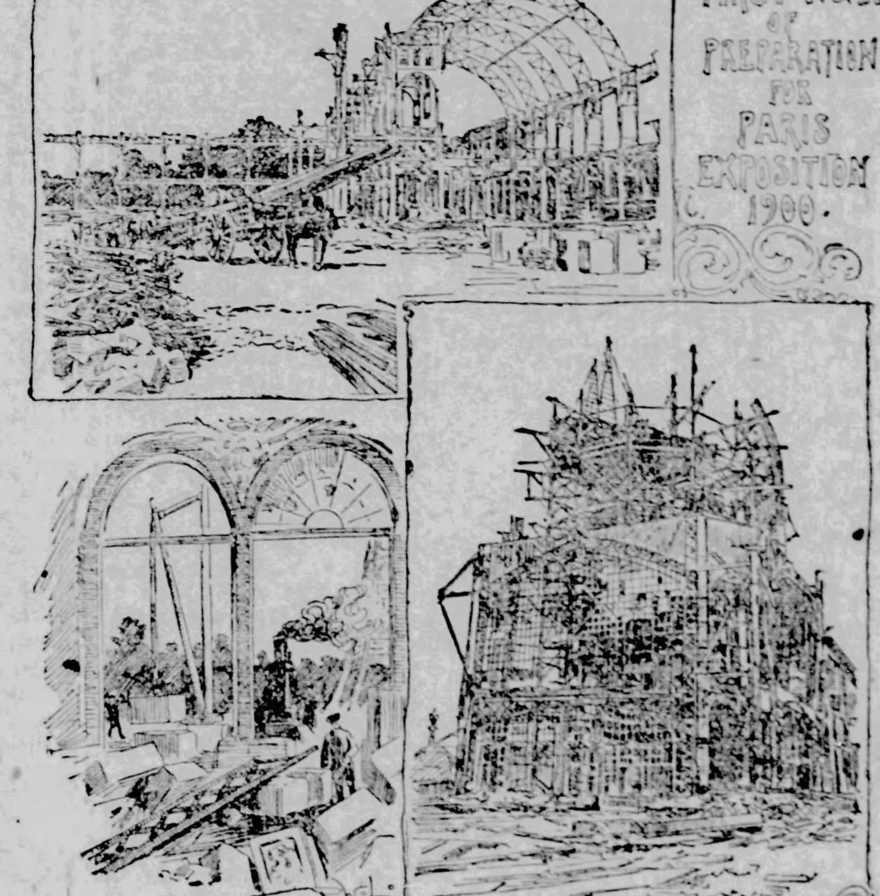
Color and Brilliancy to Be the Prevailing Note—Every Country Except Egypt Has Applied for Space.

Paris, Oct. 8. — In an interview the other day with one of the leading authorities of the international exposition of 1900, to be held in this city, he made prominent two essentials of the exposition. They might be called the two keynotes, or, if the figure is not accurate, the individual keynotes of two compositions. One of them is color and the other is novelty.

When a representative of the exposition management told me that color and display were at all points to mark the buildings of this fair, I could not but wonder if this decision were not the outcome of another, and that other the decision of the managers of the Columbian fair, splendidly performed, to make that fair the summing up of all human effort in nobility of design and magnificence of realization. We may look for the most brilliant display of color on the buildings of the world's fair in 1900 ever seen in such an exhibition, and we may leave it to the French that these colors be brought into harmony.

Unique Features of Interest.

Of the second feature of the fair, its novelty, the statement was made that it must contain no special features ever



produced before—it must be unique novelty, it must stand alone. There is to be no midway plaisance, no Ferris wheel, though there will still be the tall tower of Eiffel standing in its accustomed place at the end of the Champs de Mars. Yet there will be no dearth of unique features, and those who love artistic novelty will find it in Paris in 1900.

One of the novel features of the exhibition will be a street of theatres, called rue Paris. In these theatres, which will be small and yet elaborately fitted up with scenery and accessories of all kinds, will be presented plays by living French dramatists under the direction of the playwright himself. This will give an admirable opportunity for the study, contemporaneously, of the present-day writers of the French play.

A Trip to Constantinople.

In one building, which will be quite large, perhaps 200 feet square, will be taken a trip to Constantinople. By aid of the principle involved in the cinematograph or the kinetoscope elaborated, the visitor, sitting in his chair, in this building, will see passing before him all the main features of a trip from Paris to Constantinople. This certainly will answer for novelty, and it promises to be a feature of peculiar interest. It will require no small amount of ingenuity to collect the views and arrange them in connected form so that one may have something like continuity in this strange journey in a chair. The building will be called the "Marcorama."

In electrical matters the exposition management proposes to go to the limit. The electrical decorations of the buildings will be very elaborate and beautiful, and here the same note of color will be predominant. The revolving restaurant, from which panoramic views of Paris may be had while you eat, has been already noted in America.

Perhaps one of the most practical features of the exposition will be its representation of the development of industries. Not alone in the French exhibit will this be shown, but all nations will be asked to so shape their exhibits that the same scheme may be preserved. Take, for instance, a piece of woolen cloth. The complete processes by which this cloth became wearable will be illustrated. The sheep will be there, cared for and tended by their shepherds. The sheep will be shorn for the visitor; the wool will be washed, carded and spun, the garment not only woven in the piece, but made up into garments after the most approved modern methods. From the sheep's back to man's back will be the course. So in all departments of life every conceivable product of the skill and invention as well as the art of man will be in this way illustrated.

Nearly Every Nation Has Applied.

Every civilized nation on the globe save Egypt has made application for space for national exhibits, which include, of course, under the ruling of the administration, the industrial exhibits from those countries. Why Egypt did not ask for representation I am at a loss to know. I have endeavored to locate the exact place where the building of the United States will be placed, but at this writing this cannot be told. However, it can be stated that it will be on the south bank of the Seine, between the Eiffel tower and the new palace of arts, which is to be erected on the grounds of the old palace of industry of the fair of 1889. There is a long stretch of the Seine between these two points, which will be given up for the national buildings, and for many pavilions of various types. It is to be hoped that the building of the United States may be well placed, for on the location no less than on the architecture will depend a good deal the significance of our exhibit. No governmental building is to be erected save under the inspection of the superintending architect, Mr. Bouvard. This is in a sense a censorship of architecture. As noted at the outset of this letter, there is to be color and brilliancy at every point. Nothing is to be allowed in the way of buildings or adornment on the grounds of the exposition of 1900 which interferes with the harmony of the whole. So that no nation will be allowed to erect its buildings until after the plans have been submitted to the superintending architect. It is intended, however, to allow each nation the widest possible latitude in style of architecture consistent with the rule of harmony. And the management of the exposition believes that in no way can this rule of harmony be enforced save by an inspection of all plans of buildings to be erected on the grounds.

European Nations and America.

While the opening day will not be for two years and a half—April 15, 1900—yet there is little enough time left it would seem for the government of the United States to make decision as to all preliminaries and begin at the earliest possible moment the preparation for an exhibit. It can be taken for granted that the nations of Europe realize as they never realized before the tremendous scope and power of America and they are going to show the United States in this world's fair what they can do.

The exposition of 1900 will cover practically the same space as did the one of 1889, though there will be 270 acres of ground instead of 240 in '89. The work of the demolition of the buildings is now well under way. The central dome I photographed a day or two ago—a sorry spectacle it makes in comparison with its stately outlines eight years ago. The beautiful fountain in front of it facing the Eiffel tower has but little left to mark it save a few broken and dismantled statues and a half-dozen dilapidated looking black dolphins once spouters of beautiful jets of spray. The central dome as such has wholly disappeared now, only the heavy framework of one-half of it remaining when I made the photograph of the demolition, and the destruction is rapidly going on. The connecting building between the main dome and the long machinery hall will also be torn down and the machinery hall of all the buildings on the grounds of 1889 will remain. This will be remodeled in various ways to suit the demands of the exposition exhibits.

Tearing Down the Old Buildings.

The palace of fine arts and the palace of liberal arts to the right and left of the central dome facing the Eiffel tower, will soon be memories, for the contracts for the demolition have already been let and before snow flies, or, to be more precise, before the winter rains of Paris begin, the major portion of these buildings will be in ruins. The view through the vast arches of the Eiffel tower looking toward the central dome is hardly what is was in 1889.

The buildings to be erected in place of those torn down will be much handsomer and more ornate and the brilliancy of color noted above will here be shown at its best.

The work of razing is under way also on the grounds of the palace of industry, which was one of the leading buildings of the red exposition, situated near the Champ Elysees, in a different part of the city. Here, where the exhibitions of the old salon have been held these years, the contractor is making an exhibition of how quickly he can pull to pieces the great iron beams of this big building, and the whole field looks as though a cyclone had struck it.

The grounds are enclosed by a high board fence, inside of which you may not go unless you have a permit. On the location of the old palace of industry at the point there is to be erected a pair of buildings under the general name of the palace of art. These are to be one in reality and are to be permanent. The sum of $4,000,000 will be spent in their construction. They will be the repository of the finest art treasures of France, and here will be held the salons of coming years.

The workmen are rapidly carting away the refuse, and great pile drivers are at work all over the grounds preparing for the foundations of the buildings.

What the Exposition Will Cost.

This exposition is not going to cost the people of France, and of Paris particularly, a tidy sum. The government appropriated $4,000,000 and the city of Paris $4,000,000 more. This comes out of the regular taxes. With this sum the permanent building of the palace of arts will be built, using up half of it, and it will stand as a permanent investment, so it can hardly be called an expenditure of the exposition. Sixty million francs, or $12,000,000 will be raised by lottery. In point of fact, it may be said to be raised practically already, for 2,500,000 of the 3,500,000 tickets have already been sold. These tickets sell for 20 francs each, and they entitle the holder to 20 admissions to the fair during the exposition, participation in all the drawings of the lottery from date of issuance, participation in all the various lotteries that will be held on the grounds during the exposition, with other privileges in the way of admission to exhibits to which the general gate ticket will not admit.

Raising Money by Lottery.

The exposition management on the 60,000,000 francs of the lottery make a clear per cent in interest of 3,000,000 francs, which sum goes to the prize fund, so that in the end the exposition will clear the whole 60,000,000 francs if the tickets are all sold, and as noted, there seems to be little question of this, for with the exposition opening over two years away, over two-thirds of the tickets have been disposed of. The prizes are many, ranging from 500,000 francs in a few capital prizes for some semi-annual drawings, down to small sums. The offer to any one interested in lotteries is a very alluring one, and the avidity with which the French people have picked up the tickets, indicates how much interest they are taking in it.

In addition to all this, there will be the regular revenue derived from the general admissions, which will go, of course, to help pay the large daily expense. All in all, if you grant the French premise that the lottery is to be desired, the scheme seems a capital one, but I believe there are few people in the United States outside of the inveterate gamesters who regret that the lottery scheme of the Columbian fair was killed.

Taken all in all, the exposition of 1900 in Paris promises to be of peculiar interest, novel and brilliant in the extreme, wholly unapproaching the Columbian fair in point of magnificence, splendor of architecture, scope and dimensions. The one, it seems to me, will capitally illustrate the character and traits of the one republic in its dash and brilliancy, while the other stood as an unapproachable token of the power and the dignity and the possibilities of the most important republic of history.

The Old Gambler's Longing.

He was a broken-down gambler, a relic of a bygone era. After watching the men who were at work with axes for some time he went up to one and inquired:

"Aren't those cedar logs over there?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to cut into them pretty soon?"

"Not till to-morrow."

"I'll be around."

"You can't carry any of the wood away."

"I don't wish to. I merely wanted the transient satisfaction of handling a few red chips once more."—Washington Star.

Power of Flattery.

"I guess Jim can get away for that fishing party all right."

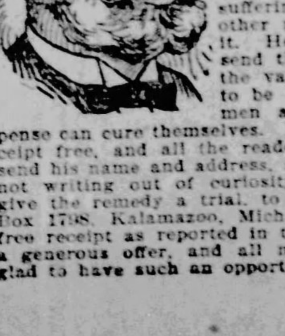
"What makes you think so?"

"I was up to his house last night. His wife used to be an amateur elocutionist before they were married, and he asked her to recite! She'll never refuse him now."—Savannah Bulletin.

MEN CURED FREE

A Wonderful Opportunity.

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge, and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty. Mr. H. C. Olds, who cured himself after many years' suffering, wants to let other men know about it. He will, therefore, send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used, so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends this receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address, stating that he is not writing out of curiosity but wishes to give the remedy a trial, to Mr. H. C. Olds, Box 1798, Kalamazoo, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in the papers. It is a generous offer, and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity as this.



The Sunday Sc

LESSON V., OCTOBER 31, 1897.

Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck.

Golden Text: Be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—Acts 27:25.

(Acts 27:13-26. Memory verses 21-25.)
Read Acts 27.

13. And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence, they sailed close by Crete.
14. But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon.
15. And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive.
16. And running under a certain island which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat.
17. Which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven.
18. And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship;
19. And the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship.
20. And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away.
21. But after long abstinence, Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss.
22. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship.
23. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve,
24. Saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cesar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.
25. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.
26. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island.

Illustrative Applications.

And when the south wind blew softly (v. 13). But, genial and propitious as it seemed, it was a deceiving wind. It carried them into the track of the awful storm. And they were doing this various sailing precisely against the warning of the apostle. Here is a picture of frequent human life. How pleasantly blow those south winds of beginning evil habits, especially of seductive dissipations! But how strong and steady are the warnings against them! The Bible, conscience, home training, the sad experiences of others, fling forth danger signals. But the young man says the wind is soft, despises warning, lets himself be blown along, and then—how the tempests of retribution gather and smite and wreck! How many a man, cast in middle age upon the Malta of shattered health and broken prospects, bewails the pleasantly blowing wind of cajoling temptations yielded to in youth!

And when the ship was caught, and could not face the wind, we gave way to it, and were driven (v. 15). The saddest sight at sea is a vessel beyond the mastery of its crew. The saddest sight in life is a man who has lost the mastery of himself; and there are such men, captured of appetite, simply driven. I know nothing in literature sadder or more significant than the self-bewailing of Charles Lamb, the gentle Elia: "Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering of some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin—could he see my fevered eye, fevered with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of this death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler outcry, to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

And as we labored exceedingly with the storm, the next day they began to throw the freight overboard; and the third day they cast out with their own hands the tackling of the ship (vs. 18, 19). Here is illustration of the imperious necessity of choice—the yielding of the less valuable, valuable though it be, for the more valuable. Frequently we can not have lower things if we would have higher. The student must cast over listlessness and laziness, pleasant as these may seem to him, if he would win scholarship; the Christian must lay aside the hindering weight, as well as the besetting sin, if he would reach conformity to Christ. Quaint Matthew Henry's comment brings the fact out well: "Any man will rather make shipwreck of his goods than of his life; but many rather make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience than of their goods." But, in the light of eternity, how foolish such choice! Yet each man has sometime to choose between loss of lower values and safety of the higher. This is the doom of life. The wisdom for this life and the next is to choose the higher always.

And when neither sun nor stars shone upon us for many days (v. 20). Let us be thankful that, though this may be true of men sometimes physically, it is never true spiritually. One undimmed and unsetting sun, one bright and morning star, shines through all the mist and wrack of tempest and of trouble. Nothing can put out the light of the life, death, resurrection, teaching, help, sympathy, of our Lord and Saviour. He is steady comfort and direction for us in the night darkest and most tempestuous. Old sailor Rodgers, in George Macdonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" (Harper & Brothers), puts it well: "You see, sir, I never was good at knowin' right from wrong like. I never was good—that is, at tellin' exactly what I ought to do. So, when anything comes up, I just say to myself, Now, old Rodgers, what do you think the Lord would best like you to do? And as soon as I ax myself that, I know directly what I've got to do."

And now I exhort you to be of good cheer (v. 22). There is no more valuable service in life than to be the minister of cheer. And we all can be if we will be. A tone, a look, a word, will impart it. On a bitter day a little fellow was selling papers. A young lady stopped to purchase one, but she did it in a gracious way of sympathy, saying kindly to the little fellow, "You must be very cold." "I was till you passed by," was the swift and requisite answer. It is a great art and gift to so carry ourselves that we shall help and hearten those we touch, even the lowliest.

For I believe God, that it shall be even so as it hath been spoken unto me (v. 25). Ah! here is the nurse of cheer and of a noble and contagious courage—faith. But Paul had an angel to speak to him, you say. Yes; and it is very beautiful to notice that God's angel knew where to find him, even though the apostle, storm driven, did not know where he was himself. But God's promise is as good as his angel, and you have multitudes of promises. Take a promise applicable to your case, and say what the apostle said: "I believe God, that it shall be even so as it hath been spoken unto me." That is faith, and such faith shall make you strong and calm yourself, and full of help toward others.

"His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises."

—Weyland Hoyt, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

A Misfit Victim.

She—What is meant by "going from bad to worse?"

He—Getting married a second time.—Cleveland Leader.

A Trying Hour.

"Don't you think that Miss Frizzly is a perfect poem?"

"Blank verse, I should say. I put in an hour trying to talk to her."—Detroit Free Press.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

There is a clever young man in Washington, says a writer in the "Post," whose profession—I won't tell you what it is—has put him in the way of obtaining various privileges. He is, for instance, a "dead head" at the theatres. He travels on passes, he sends express packages on a frank, and he marks personal telegrams "D. H." very frequently.

HE SHOWED THE LETTER WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE.

In fact he writes "D. H." very frequently. Not long ago he sent a short story—for he is of a literary bent—to a magazine which is issued as a supplement to a great metropolitan weekly. In due time he received a very flatering letter from the editor thanking him for his contribution. It had been accepted with thanks, as well suited for publication in a magazine which gave to its readers only the very best fiction obtainable. The young author showed the letter with pardonable pride, and one day a friend asked him how much he had been paid for th story. Then he remembered that the letter made no mention of pay. Of course it was an oversight. He wrote to the editor asking when he might expect a check. The answer he received was brief and to the point:

"Dear sir," it ran, "we do not pay contributors. You marked your story D. H., and we have published it."

Age and Enthusiasm.

When a man tells you that another man is an enthusiast, you can generally feel sure that the other man is less than 50 years old.—Somerville Journal.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1897.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE..........Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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OCTOBER SUBSCRIBERS.

There remains only about a week longer for some of our subscribers whose time expires this month, to accept the special proposition we have made them—the majority HAVE accepted. We believe the remainder know a good thing when they see it, and will come in before November 1st.

UNCLE SAM'S COSTLY EXPERIMENT.

The agitation for the restoration of the silver dollar to free coinage sprang up very shortly after the value of the bullion in that coin became less than a dollar. The primary agitation was started by those interested in silver mining. The greenback doctrine, that "the stamp of the government" gives value, irrespective of the value of the thing stamped, had found many deluded followers among the American people, and these individuals readily swallowed the fallacies of the silver mine owners, and gave the silver movement a large following.

The battle between a stable standard and a depreciating and fluctuating one should have been fought out then and there. But a policy of temporizing and of compromise was adopted. The Bland act was passed by Congress over the veto of President Hayes, who deserves more credit than has yet been given him for his sturdy opposition to the unsound money scheme.

From Feb. 28, 1878, when the government of the United States began to purchase silver bullion under the operation of the Bland act, to Nov. 1, 1893, when the Sherman silver law of 1890 ceased to be effective, the national treasury bought 459,946,701 fine ounces of silver, and paid for it in gold, or its equivalent, $464,210,262. That silver to-day is worth on the market $237,792,444. Thus since 1878 the American people have lost $226,417,818—the cost of the statesmanship of Bland, Weaver, Warner, Mills, Jones, Teller and their fellow-blunderers in national finance.

The government of the United States has thus lost the enormous sum of $226,417,818 by its paltering with unsound finance. It will not do to say that every silver dollar passes as the equivalent of a gold dollar. That merely dodges the point. The gold dollar carries its value with it, in the worth of the bullion it contains. The silver dollar does not. It carries a fraction over 40 cents of bullion value, and the remaining 59 or 60 cents is a liability of the government, just as much as the redemption of a greenback dollar is a liability. Some day Uncle Sam will be called upon to make it good, and he must do it when the time comes.

TARIFF NOT RETROACTIVE.

The Dingley tariff law, as amended by the Senate, was passed by the House of Representatives on the afternoon of July 24, and received the signature of the President at 4:06 p. m.

The Treasury department held that the statute was operative from the beginning of the day on which it went into effect. This follows the old legal rule that the law does not recognize fractions of a day, and that no matter at what hour a bill is signed, it is operative from the beginning of that day.

This question was an important one to many New York importers. They were rushing goods across the ocean to take advantage of the lower rates of the Wilson bill, and a vast volume of imports were entered at the New York customhouse on July 24. Under the ruling of the Treasury department they would have to pay the Dingley duties on these.

So one importer, who brought in a cargo of raw wool on that day, made a test case before the United States board of general appraisers. He contended that as his wool was entered before the hour the bill was signed, it ought to come in free, as wool was on the free list of the Wilson bill.

The board has sustained his view. It declares that as the Dingley law was not signed by the President until 6 minutes after 4 o'clock, it was not operative before that minute, and that all goods imported on that day prior to that hour and minute are to pay duties under the Wilson law.

The case is now to go to the Supreme court of the United States for final decision. It will be of interest to have the question settled finally, although there is no sympathy with the importers affected by it, as any decrease of duty they may thus obtain will simply go into their pockets, and not benefit the people who buy the goods imported that day. It is probable that the Supreme court will confirm the decision of the board, as it seems clear that the law should recognize fractions of a day, and such recognition is proper and reasonable.

FIFTY MILLIONS MORE.

The Treasury Department has issued a statement which presents facts entirely overthrowing the silverite assertions of a shortage of currency. The volume of money in circulation in the United States is to-day nearly $100,000,000 more than a year ago, yet there has been nothing added by way of unlimited coinage of silver dollars. The gold has increased during the year from $478,771,490 on October 1, 1896, to $528,098,753 on October 1, 1897, an increase of over $50,000,000.

This makes an interesting showing in view of the assertions from every Popocratic stump last fall to the effect that there was a shortage in our circulating medium, and that the same was constantly shrinking and would continue to shrink until the whole country would be bankrupt, unless free coinage were adopted.

It is believed the jury will find Luetgert guilty if for no other reason than to keep him off the stage.

SENATOR HANNA.

The silver Democratic campaign in Ohio has resolved itself into a simple game of mud slinging at Mark Hanna. Much of it is a repetition of the slanders of a year ago. For instance, it is represented that Mr. Hanna claims that he nominated and elected McKinley—that he made a President; that he is extremely ambitious to remain in political life; that he has complete influence over President McKinley, and can control his official actions; and much more of the same sort.

It should be apparent to every thinking man that the people of the United States nominated and elected William McKinley. The panic of 1893 came in June. By the time the November elections came round, the voters began to understand, all over the nation, what a mistake they had made in electing Cleveland President in 1892, and putting the Democratic party in power. In every state which held an election in the fall of 1893, tremendous Republican gains were recorded, the protest of the people against the industry-killing policy of the Democrats.

The Wilson law was passed in 1894, and its working brought out in bright contrast those of the McKinley law. The injury it inflicted upon our working people and our industries made men long for a return to the substantial prosperity of 1891 and 1892 under the McKinley law. And naturally they turned to William McKinley, the leading defender of the protective policy which that law embodied, as the leader in the battle for a return to protection.

The Congressional elections of 1894 swept the Democrats from power in the House of Representatives, and Republicans began to align themselves for the Presidential struggle two years later. Every one knows that, all over the Union, they turned to McKinley as the leader. Other men were spoken of as candidates in their own states or sections, but outside of them they had no following. McKinley was the only man who had a following everywhere in the party, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

With this sentiment pervading the masses of the Republican party, all that was needed was organization. And as the time for the national convention drew on, McKinley, overwhelmed by an avalanche of letters from enthusiastic Republicans all over the country demanding his leadership, appealed to his friend of years, Mark Hanna, to marshal the unorganized hosts. The latter acceded to the request, but not because he craved the duty. His matchless talent for organization brought order out of chaos, and the will of a vast majority of the Republicans of the Union was carried out in the nomination of McKinley at St. Louis.

Mr. Hanna was then anxious to relinquish political work, and to go back to his own private business; and it was only at the urgent request of McKinley that he consented to take the position of national chairman, and conduct the campaign of last year. To this request was added the demands of business men elsewhere. They were tired of hard times, and deeply anxious that the conditions on which alone they could do business should be restored by the election of a President and Congress pledged to a protective tariff and the maintenance of sound money.

McKinley was triumphantly elected, and then Mr. Hanna had another call upon him when Mr. Sherman's appointment to the State department left a vacancy in the Senate from Ohio. President McKinley was anxious to have Hanna in the Senate. And from all over the country urgent appeals to Governor Bushnell to appoint him came from the business world. He was appointed, and in his campaign for election to the Senate by the next legislature he has behind him the great mass of the industrial and business interests of the country.

It is a fact that Senator Hanna's candidacy to-day is but because of his yielding to these demands from all over the country, and the anxious desire of the President that he shall remain in the Senate. This is the simple fact in the case, despite all the falsification of the Democratic press.

As to the alleged influence he exercises over President McKinley, any man who is acquainted with the latter's career knows that he is not a weak man. He is careful and conservative, taking time to make up his mind, and doing nothing that does not seem to him just and right. He is not a man to be held in leading strings, and he never has been. He has known Mark Hanna well and closely for many years, and he esteems him highly. No one knows better than he the utter falsity of the atrocious statements made by the Democratic orators and press concerning Mr. Hanna. And there is no possible reason why any Ohio voter who esteems and regards McKinley because of his clean and honest life and sterling integrity, should hesitate for an instant in giving Mark Hanna his hearty support.

JUDGE FOSTER'S DECISION.

The decision of Judge Foster in the Kansas City live stock exchange is, perhaps, misunderstood by many. There seems to be a hasty impression that it is a blow at all exchanges and boards of trade, no matter in what they deal or how they are conducted. This is not correct.

Judge Foster's words do not bear any but a limited interpretation, when he refers to exchanges and boards of trade in general. He says that the methods and aims of many of them "are not altogether beneficial to the business and commerce of the country;" and he further qualifies this by saying that "a properly conducted agency" for buying and selling "is demanded by the business interests of the whole country." The point of Judge Foster's decision is that such agency shall not restrain trade or discriminate among buyers or sellers.

The testimony before the court showed that the rules of the Kansas City live stock exchange prohibit its members from dealing with any person violating its rules, or who refuses to become a member. Stock raisers can not ship their stock to non-members, because the latter are obstructed by these rules in disposing of them. That is to say, the exchange endeavors to monopolize the entire business of buying and selling live stock at the Kansas City stock yards. This, Judge Foster decides to be prohibited by the United States anti-trust law. He does not say that all boards of trade and exchanges attempt the same thing. He says such an attempt is illegal as the law now stands, and that the Kansas City organization has been guilty under the law. That is the full scope of his decision.

Of course Tom Taggart was elected mayor of Indianapolis. No other result was expected. Taggart is an old Ohio boy. Here is where he learned to smile.

SILVER ISSUE DISAPPEARS.

One of the interesting developments of the campaign which is now within three weeks of its close is the absolute disappearance of the silver issue. One year ago it was the leading feature in the campaign. Three months ago it was determined by the silver leaders that it must be a leading issue in the campaign of 1897 wherever state and local campaigns were to be made. In Ohio, in Iowa, in Kentucky and in sundry other states it was made the leading, it may be said, the chief feature of the Democratic platform in 1897. In Maryland, the astute Gorman, seeing the turn of public sentiment against the issue which was so popular a year ago, adroitly shelved it in the platform which the state convention framed less than ninety days ago. In New York it was adopted by a segment of the Democracy. In Massachusetts the George Fred Williams element of the Democrats adopted it. In Ohio Virginia, Kentucky, Iowa, Nebraska and other states it was made, as already indicated, the chief, and in many cases, the sole issue of the state platform.

All this happened within the past four months. In that period the Democratic conventions in a half dozen leading cities in the Union made the free and unlimited coinage of silver the chief feature of their platforms, and in every state adopted declarations which pointed in that direction to say the least. Within thirty days of that action on their part the Republican Congress passed the Dingley protective tariff law, a Republican President signed it, and it became the law of the land.

What was the result? Factories started up all over the United States. Where thousands and hundreds of thousands of men were unemployed, where labor had been without occupation, suddenly the smoke of factories made its appearance, the busy hum of industry was heard, laboring men by the hundreds of thousands found employment, the demand for the products of the farm increased, and prosperity prevailed among not only the laboring men in the manufacturing centers, but among the farmers of the country. Prices advanced. Not alone the price of wheat in which there was a "shortage abroad," but the price of corn and rye and barley and wool and tobacco and everything which the farm produces.

Simultaneously with this advance in farm prices silver went down. An ounce of silver, which in June, when Democratic conventions were assembling, was worth 60 cents, dropped by September 1 to 51 cents, and did that in the face of a continuous and vigorous advance in prices of all farm products. Everything produced by the farm advanced in those short months of June, July and August, and while this was happening silver dropped 15 per cent. in value.

The result was a paralysis of the silver issue. It had been made the leading feature of state platforms in nearly all of the leading states in which campaigns were to take place. The platforms were made and could not be recalled. Yet, before the campaign could open had come a fall of 15 per cent. in the price of silver and a large advance in the prices of farm products.

As a result there was nothing to do but to dodge—in fact abandon—the silver issue, although it had been made a leading feature of the platforms. Advice from all the states in which campaigns are in progress show that this programme has been adopted. As has already been indicated, Chairman Jones and other leading lights in the silver organization have advised the abandonment of silver as an issue. And that advice is being adopted. The leading advocates of the silver cause are rigidly excluded from the states in which campaigns are in progress. A strict quarantine has been established against Mr. Bryan, Mr. Towne and the other statesmen whose voices have been exclusively devoted to the service of the silver trust during the past two years.

This rapid transformation in political issues by the party which a year ago was compelled to abandon its time-honored principles of free trade, and the simultaneous reaching out for new issues which then threatened the peace of the commonwealth and destruction of law and order are the subjects of comment and attention and anxiety among statesmen here and among the most thoughtful men of all parties. If these developments mean the abandonment of fiatism and the free silver cause, of the disintergrating Democratic party as conceded, what it means as to the future of its "principles" nobody is yet able to determine.

A CAMPAIGN OF LIES.

The silver Democratic campaign in Ohio has degenerated into a systematic dissemination of falsehoods by wholesale. John R. McLean is desperately anxious to break into the United States Senate, and consequently Mr. Hanna is the target for these lies. The senator is followed over the state by correspondents whose misrepresentations of his meetings are glaringly incorrect. Mr. Hanna is assailed at every turn by some new lie, intended to deceive the voters of the state.

The latest one is the cock-and-bull story of his alleged connection with the pending sale of the Union Pacific. The facts in that case are these: The government claim against that road is $53,000,000. The line is to be sold to the highest bidder. Attorney General McKenna determined to guard the interests of the government as far as possible, and obtained a guaranteed bid of $50,000,000 for the property. This prevents any combination to get it at a tithe of its real value. It will be sold to the highest bidder, and any man or any combination of men can bid thereon. The government can lose little or nothing, even if no higher bid is received than the guaranteed one, and the probability is that the road will sell for a much higher figure.

Senator Hanna has promised to reply to this latest falsehood within a day or two. Then some other lie will be sprung, and so on to the end of the chapter. We hold too high an opinion of the intelligence of the voters of Ohio, and of their belief in fair play, to suppose that the mud-slinging and wholesale lying will deceive them.

FAMINE FORESHADOWED.

The situation of the mass of the goldseekers who thronged to the Klondike region without proper provision for their subsistence during the winter is a fearful one, if the facts be as stated. It is said there are 8,000 people in Dawson City, while the total supplies on hand are only sufficient for the support of 1,000. It is calculated that all the food on hand will be exhausted by January 1. There will be nothing left for the four months and more which must intervene before supplies will reach them. Starvation will then face 8,000 souls.

The Yukon is frozen, and supplies can not reach Dawson by boat until the latter part of next May, at the earliest. The Chilkoot pass is already impassable because of snow and storms. An effort is under way, we believe, to break a trail through via Dyea, but the chances for this are very poor. The storms of that unhospitable region are as much worse than a Dakota blizzard as the latter is worse than an Ohio snow storm. The 8,000 find it impossible to get through to reach civilization, and the causes which prevent their getting out operate quite as powerfully to keep relief trains from getting in.

Unless the throng at Dawson City are all to perish from famine early in the new year, prompt relief measures must be inaugurated. And the time is short. The government is already anxiously discussing plans, but it will not do to discuss them too long. The chances, unfortunately, are against the success of any expedition; but the effort should be set on foot as quickly as possible, in order that starvation may not get in its work because of unavoidable delays in forcing an entrance into the realms of the Arctic ice-king.

SAMPLE OF M'LEAN'S METHODS.

The true nature of John R. McLean, his burrowing, mole-like methods of work, and the boldness with which he undertakes a piece of political fraud, are all well illustrated in the effort to project the Negro Protective ticket into the Ohio campaign, in the hope of turning the colored voters of Republican affiliations into a by-path.

There was, and is, no disaffection among the colored voters. They are not feeling that they have been treated with injustice in any way. But McLean got a few hirelings to issue a call for a convention. His henchmen over the state secured men to go as delegates. The convention nominated a ticket, and called on the colored voters to align themselves along the color line in support of a ticket put up to help his Senatorial ambition.

The next thing was to get the ticket placed on the official ballot. It required 10,000 signatures to obtain this. McLean's hirelings all over the state circulated petitions; but as they could not secure enough signatures of colored voters, they had the papers filled with those of white Democrats, who wrote themselves down as being colored men.

The facts as to these signatures are just coming to light all over the state. In Wyandot county, for instance, the petition has 150 signatures. Not a negro is among them, but every signer is a Democrat, including the chairman of the Democratic county committee, and the Democratic members of the board of election supervisors, including the clerk. A similar state of things is true all over the northwestern corner of the state—in fact, all over Ohio.

It has always been one of McLean's delusions that the colored people of Ohio are in a chronic state of discontent. Every effort that has been made in Ohio to create political dissensions among them has coincided with some effort of McLean's to break into political life. This is the most energetic move he has yet made in that direction, and it marks his anxiety to get into the United States Senate. Having discovered, through the failure of previous efforts, that the colored voters of Ohio can not be induced to vote the Democratic ticket, he has now created a separate party for them, with a ready-made ticket, and expects them to support it. Every colored Republican who votes the Negro Protective ticket casts half a vote in aid of McLean's Senatorial ambition.

The scheme will fail. The colored men of Ohio are not to be caught by such a device. Those of them who cherish political ambitions know that separate political action by negroes can not enable them to be realized. They know that such a party will always be in a hopeless minority; and they understand full well that party divisions must be on principles, not on race lines. Hence the Washington city boss will find his scheme impracticable, and the money put into it wasted.

JUSTICE FIELD RETIRES.

At last it is authoratively announced that Justice Stephen J. Field will soon retire from the supreme bench. The rumor has been started so many times that not until the official announcement was made yesterday did the people realize that at last this most remarkable man had decided to retire to private life.

Stephen J. Field is no ordinary man. He is now 81 years old, and has occupied a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court for more than a third of a century. He was appointed associate justice in 1863 by President Lincoln, and sat in all the important cases growing out of the war and the entangling legislation of reconstruction days.

He is a man of brains. He went upon the bench fully equipped for its great responsibilities. Some of the most important decisions rendered by that great tribunal were written by him. It is doubtful if a more profound and conscientious man ever donned the judicial ermine. In all the years of his public service his integrity was never questioned nor his ability doubted. He was a man of strong character. He knew not personal fear. It was the wisdom of a Lincoln which gave him to the country. He is a Democrat, but as a judge he was without political bias. The country wishes him that peaceful rest to which his long years of labor entitle him.

AMERICANS AS RAILWAY MANAGERS.

The directors and stockholders of the Grand Trunk railroad held a meeting in London Thursday. One of the directors made an attack on the directory because an American is in the position of general manager. He thought an English road should be managed by an Englishman. This was a thrust at General Manager Charles M. Hayes, of the Grand Trunk. The president of the Grand Trunk, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, replied and eulogized Mr. Hayes and said what English roads needed is more Americans as managers.

It is a high compliment to American push and brains to have Englishmen admit that they are better managers of even English railroads than are Englishmen themselves. Americans know this, but it is gratifying that this is conceded by English capitalists. In this instance it is all the more gratifying to citizens of Toledo as Mr. Hayes is well known here, being formerly general manager of the Wabash. He is one of the brightest railroad men on the continent and is very successful as manager of the Grand Trunk.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Wheat values have remained practically stationary for a week, each decline or advance having been met with a corresponding reaction. The fact is a little remarkable, as the coarse grains have in the same time been quite weak and the timely rains inthe United States and in the Argentine averted for the moment the disasters which seemed to confront the growing crops. Though it is conceded that that the rains in this country came too late to add materially to the seeded acreage of winter wheat, they nevertheless helped the crop that had already been seeded, and which, on account of the long-continued drouth, was in a critical position. Leading authorities contend that the seeded acreage of winter wheat in his country is much below that flast year. For this reason it is vital that no disaster befall it before next harvest, if wheat values are to remain near their present level. Despite the large receipts there appears to be no material accumulation of stocks anywhere, as the daily and weekly reports are liberal. Future deliveries continue at a discount, thus offering the foreign buyers a premium for delaying purchases beyond immediate needs. This, it would seem, would prevent any overstocking of cash wheat by buyers in the consuming countries, and would make the situation encouraging to owners of the property.

Corn has lost 2 cents in price within the week. Holders are fearful that the dry condition of the new crop will result in an early and heavy marketing of the new grain by necessitous owners. Such a movement, of added to the already burdensome stocks of corn in leading centers, would increase the difficulties of the holders, and many of the latter have deemed it prudent to shift the responsibilities to other shoulders.

All the banks in Chicago and the middle west have more money than they can find channels in which to make safe and profitable investment. The last reports of the national banks showed big reserves for which there is no adequate demand at the present time. This will prove of advantage to business men, however, when a demand springs up. In the east reserves are small and interest rates are high. In all classes of trade reports are favorable, particularly in the steel and iron line. Railroads are purchasing new equipment and orders for cars and locomotives are larger now than at any time in the last few years. Collections throughout the country are excellent and wholesale merchants are beginning to receive the benefits of the prosperity which has come to the farmers through bountiful harvests and good prices.

A notable judicial career will come to an end with the retirement of Mr. Justice Field from the bench of the Supreme court of the United States. He has sat on that bench for over 34 years, his term of service exceeding that of Chief Justice Marshall, who had hitherto held the record for length of service on the bench in the court of last resort. Prior to that he had served for over five years and seven months as the chief justice of the Supreme court of California, so that his judicial life covers in all a period of over 40 years. He has voiced the decision of the courts with which he has been connected in over a thousand cases, so that it will be seen, his life has been a laborious one. His term of service on the Supreme court bench has covered a most important era, in which the great questions growing out of the civil war and the reconstruction periods came before the court of last resort. All who are familiar with the reports of the court's decisions are well aware that Justice Field has borne his full share of the work of the great federal tribunal during his term of service, and all can join with the President and the other members of the court in commending his work and in wishing him a long enjoyment of his honorably earned repose.

It is not surprising that Justice Field should wish to retire from the Supreme court bench. He has occupied a seat upon it for a term longer than that of any other justice since the government was established, and as he is now an old man, past his eightieth birthday, he naturally desires to withdraw from active service and make way for a younger judge. The selection of Attorney General McKenna as his successor is now generally expected, especially as he comes from Justice Field's judicial circuit. He has had considerable experience upon the bench, and would doubtless make a creditable record in the Supreme court.

President McKinley has decided to appoint a special commissioner with plenary powers to carry into effect the reciprocity provisions of the new tariff act. This determination is owing to the fact that the regular force of the state department is at present so overcrowded with pressing business that serious delay in carrying out the provisions of the law would result if, in addition to the usual routine work of the department, its officers were required to carry on the special examinations and negotiations necessary; and, as it happens, the pressure for action in reference to those provisions has been great, not only within the United States, but abroad. The President has appointed as special reciprocity commissioner Mr. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, wha has already served as minister to Austria-Hungary and to Germany, as well as one of the commissioners at the conference held at Berlin concerning Samoan affairs. Mr. Kasson also served as a member of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives, in which capacity he acquired familiarity with the tariff question in its various aspects.

According to advance reports from Washington the annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions will show that there were over 13,000 more pensioners on the roll at the close of the last fiscal year than there were at the end of that preceding. This increase is understood to be owing to the fact that the Commissioner tok up and disposed of a number of old claims for arrears of pensions which he found on file when he took charge of the office. Others of those claims remain to be passed upon, and it is intimated that the number likely to be allowed will at least meet the reductions on the rolls which may be occasioned by death during the year. The Commissioner expects, however, that after the year 1898 the number will begin to drop, and that once it does it will decline rapidly. One reason for the fact that pension payments continue at their present high figure is found in the opportunities which the law offers to women to secure pensions by marrying old soldiers. Commissioner Evans expects to recommend a change in the law which will prevent those marrying soldiers hereafter from drawing pensions after the deaths of their husbands.

The wife of the Governor of West Virginia, who has been on trial for forgery, has escaped through a disagreement of the jury. This is less satisfactory than acquittal, but it relieves her husband of the disagreeable dilemma in which he would have been placed by conviction. The general belief, indeed, is that she is at least morally innocent of the charge. But even if it had been the other way, and the Governor had pardoned her, only very stern moralists indeed would have condemned him severely. The example of Brutus may have been magnificent, but it was not attractive.

According to the statistics given by Commissioner of Navigation Chamberlain, the merchant fleet of the United States has never been so efficient as during the last fiscal year. The total documented tonnage at the end of the year was 4,769,020, the largest tonnage for twenty-one years, except in the year 1893, when it was 4,825,071 tons. It was, of course, considerably less than the total recorded at the period of our largest tonnage, which was on June 30, 1861, when there were 5,539,812 tons recorded. The steam tonnage on June 30 last amounted to 2,358,558 tons, and the sail tonnage, including canal boats and barges, comprised 2,410,462 tons. The course of construction for the year indicates that at the end of the current fiscal year the steam tonnage will for the first time in the history of our merchant marine exceed the combined tonnage of documented sailing vessels, barges and canal boats. The total construction for the year, 891 vessels of 232,233 gross tons, was the largest annual output since the year 1891. For the first time in the history of the country more tonnage was built on the great lakes than in all the rest of the country. The government's average annual expenditures for maritime purposes, including river and harbor improvements amounted to $21,000,000, toward which foreign shipping, though conducting three-fourths of the foreign carrying trade, contributed only $600,000.

The most serious problem confronting the delegates to the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at New Haven is how to secure an increase in the funds available for the work of the organization. An enterprise like this requires an ever-growing liberality on the part of the churches, and for several reasons it has been hard, the last few years, for them to keep up the old supply of money. Times have been adverse, and a widespread doubt has risen as to the efficacy of foreign missions even under favorable conditions. How wellfounded this doubt is need not be discussed here, but it is undeniable that discouraging report shave been made by people who ought to be familiar with the subject and that these reports have had their influence. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that in his last magazine article Mr. Stanley declares that although it usually takes about eight years for an African mission to make much real impression on the natives, the influence of the Church on the development of the Dark Continent has been very great.

Russia, it is understood, has put in force more stringent laws and regulations in reference to the preservation of seals than any other of the countries interested. This fact has been discovered as the result of communications made by the Russian delegates, now at Washington, to the State Department. The Russians have established a zone thirty miles wide around the seal islands belonging to the empire. The seals found within this zone are regarded as exclusively Russian, and no one except the inhabitants of the islands can take a seal within those limits. British or Japanese sealers cannot operate within the limits of this zone except to buy skins from the inhabitants of the islands. The Russians themselves are prohibited from killing female or pup seals. For the enforcement of the regulations the thirty-mile zone is patrolled by a fleet of government ships, which are prompt to seize any foreigners attempting to operate within the zone. It is understood that Russian intends not only to maintain the protective regulations already made, but to carry them further by increasing the width of the zone considerably, and that her position will be made known at the coming conference, in which she is to be represented.

It appears to be safe to count on a falling off of from seventy-five to a hundred million pounds of wool in the Australasian clip this year, and according to facts and figures given in the Bulletin of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers our own clip will be somewhat smaller than the previous official estimate of 259,000,000. But with a total supply in the country, including domestic and foreign wool held over, of 702,000,000 pounds there ought to be ample material for the use of all our woolen factories until anither clip comes in. We must allow, however, for the underconsumption of the recent hard times, which will now naturally be made up for to some extent if prices are not put too high, and also for the professed purpose of the manufacturers to make all the cloth that was imported under former tariffs.

The King of Korea has proclaimed himself Emperor. The act is considered as a repudiation of any remaining claim by China of a right of suzerainty over Korea.

The most conspicuous fact of recent European history is the rise of Russia to the first position among the continental powers. Until the battle of Sedan and the demolition of the second empire, France had occupied that position. But the disasters brought upon her by the war of 1870 gave Germany the control of the destinies of Europe. As long as Bismarck remained chancellor of the empire, the new ruler was everywhere recognized as supreme. No nation of the continent dared to make a move without the conviction that it would not meet with the opposition of Germany. When Russia, intoxicated with her victory over Turkey, dictated at the gates of Constantinople a treaty thought to be inimical to the interests of Europe, it was the fear inspired by Germany, not by England, that made the revision of that treaty possible.

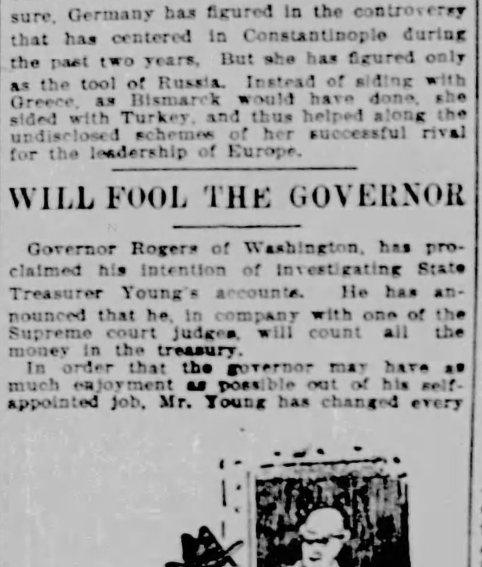
But since the retirement of Bismarck, Germany has slowly passed from the first to the second position. The young emperor, imagining himself to be another Frederick the Great, undertook to direct personally both the foreign and domestic policy of the empire. But the result has been disastrous. Instead of increasing the prestige of Germany, he has decreased it. The speeches that he made on various occasions disclosed to the world his true measure. They showed that he was an insufferable egotist. It had been Bismarck's policy to cultivate friendship with both England and Russia. The young emperor pursued a policy that alienated both. Toward Russia, he was particularly offensive. The hostile commercial policy that he pursued toward her threatened at one time to destroy the peace of the two empires. Taking advantage of his manifest incapacity, that power strengthened herself in the Balkan peninsula, where her influence is now dominant. She made a friend of the Turk and sought to conciliate England.

The result of this course is that Russia is to-day the foremost power in Europe. It is her opinion, not Germany's, that commands the attention of diplomatists. During the negotiations to which the Armenian massacres and the Cretan controversy gave rise, she has exercised a controlling influence. It was she that egged on the Turks to attack the Greeks; it was she, too, that prevented the Balkan states from siding against Turkey. To be sure, Germany has figured in the controversy that has centered in Constantinople during the past two years. But she has figured only as the tool of Russia. Instead of siding with Greece, as Bismarck would have done, she sided with Turkey, and thus helped along the undisclosed schemes of her successful rival for the leadership of Europe.

WILL FOOL THE GOVERNOR

Governor Rogers of Washington, has proclaimed his intention of investigating State Treasurer Young's accounts. He has announced that he, in company with one of the Supreme court judges, will count all the money in the treasury.

In order that the governor may have as much enjoyment as possible out of his self-appointed job, Mr. Young has changed every



A LARGE JOB.

piece of gold and paper currency in the treasury to its equivalent in silver cartwheel dollars. This will enable the governor and his assistant to bend their backs, lame their wrists and consume a good deal of valuable time in counting 120 tons of silver dollars. Moreover, Treasurer Young will not permit either the governor or the judge to enter the treasury without giving bonds.

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Warman.)

"Now a locomotive is, next to a marine engine, of course, the most sensitive thing a man ever made."—Rudyard Kipling in the August Scribner.

I.

I am not supersensitive, like Canada that throws
A fit and has hysterics when she's called a land of snows—
Which snow is half her glory, e'en as mine bides in my pull,
And push, and speed, and come and go; and yet my heart is full
Of grief and indignation. First off, you write me "he,"
And rate me 'long with stationary water boilers. We—
(I speak for all my sisters—all who wear the petticoat.*
For we are "ladies" every one, even to the Goat)**
We all are proud to have engaged the pen of one who may
At will depict the eagle less imposing than the jay;

II.

Who only needs to pause, and touch, or breathe upon the strings
Of the mute lyre, and lo, the songless slumberer wakes and sings,
And all the glad world listens to the songs that rise and swell.
Blame not my poor interpreter, for he, too, loves you well.
He loves your friend, McAndrews, too, who loved his engines so;
The engines Calvin might have made, "enormous," aye, but "slow."
My driver also loves me. He knows the sort of steel
Of which my wheels and ribs are wrought, and what it is to feel
My hot breath on his up-turned face; to test my speed and power;
While holding me against the night at eighty miles an hour.

III.

And you call these more sensitive who flounder in the sea,
Or drive the tug—or boil the glue—more sensitive than we,
Who show ourselves in half an hour in half a dozen towns,
And sound our bells by running brooks and whistle on the downs;
I thank you kindly, Kipling, for the kind words you have said,
I'd blush to seem ungrateful, yet when my driver read:
"Next to marine engine"—O! Nigger-stoked at sea!
Well, when it all came home to him, he shot one glance at me,
The sunset shimmering o'er my sides and on my burnished bell,
And white steam fluttering from my dome as we dropped down the dell.

IV.

We passed a ferry coughing low, and idling cross a stream;
The driver pulled my whistle valve and made me fairly scream;
"Wi! Wi! watch the world go by!" you should have seen his smile;
The clock hands marking forty-seven seconds to the mile.
I hope it was not vanity. The engine in the mill
That toils and runs from year to year, tho' always standing still,
Excites my pity. Like a fettered felon in his chains
She toils on patiently, while I go romping o'er the plains.
I'm sure the lumbering engine that rolls in a twisting sea
Would gladly, gladly come ashore and roam the earth with me.

V.

She knows there is a "world" somewhere that she has never seen,
She knows she has a boiler, too, somewhere below the green
Line of the ocean. Now the driver hooked my lever back
A notch, and, leaning, listened to the flutter of my stack.
We passed a little thresher engine, sweating in a field,
And how my heart went out to her, rust-red and half concealed
In smoke and dust. The driver lightly laid his hand on me,
And touched my throttle half a hair, 'n I felt the touch. Says he:
"Did you hear what that rooster writ, 'bout sensitive machines?"
"Yes," said the fireman; "that's a joke. 'Twas writ for the marines."

*Draft, or lifting pipe. **A yard engine.
—Cy Warman, Interpreter.

TREE THAT SLEEPS.

Near the western border of Dupont circle, in Washington, D. C., stands a tree that goes to sleep promptly every night at 7 o'clock. The tree is known as the albizzia julibrissan, having been christened so by an Italian botanist in honor of

IN THE DAY TIME.

the Albizzi family in Florence. It is, however, an original of Japan, and is known there as the silk tree, probably on account of the silky appearance of its blossoms. Soon after 7 o'clock in the evening a general motion is noticed in the foliage, a quiver or trembling of the bininnate leaves. Each leaflet begins to stand up on edge and pairs with the one opposite. They clasp each other tightly and then close up, so that each becomes

AT NIGHT.

a coverlet over half of the preceding one. The entire transformation takes place in about twenty minutes and usually at about 7:30 the respiratory organism of this tree hangs limp and drooping on the branches.

Small branches kept in a dark room promptly closes at 7 p. m.

THE EGYPTIAN BOY

Who Found a Most Remarkable Papyri at Behnesa.

Probably the most interesting archaeological discovery of the century was recently made by an Arab boy, near the picturesque little village of Behnesa, in Egypt. Members of the Egyptian Exploration Society were making an excavation and the boy, Sabr' Said, was among the workmen. Their labors resulted in the discovery of larger quantites

THIS BOY FOUND THE "SAYINGS OF JESUS."

of papyri than had ever before been obtained from one site. The discoveries included literary fragments, accounts, business contracts and numerous documents relating to the conduct of municipal affairs.

Many large rolls were obtained in perfect condition, and of these no fewer than 150 were presented to the Gizeh Museum. But the greatest treasure of the collection, and one of which it would be difficult to overestimate the importance, is a small leaf of papyrus about six inches long by four wide, upon which is written a collection of logia, or sayings of Christ. The leaf had evidently formed part of a book which in all likelihood contained a collection of "sayings" of our Lord.

It is probable that this collection was made before the second century; and the character of the writing affords incontestable proof that it cannot be of later date than the third. Hence it is at least a hundred years older than any known MS. of the Gospels, and consequently of the greatest interest to all students of the Scriptures.

An electric locomotive in a Canadian coal mine shows a saving over mules of $2,528 in 200 days, and an electric pump in the same mine shows a saving over steam pumps of $1,573 in 970 days.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The North Carolina Quakers are to establish a newspaper at Greensboro.

Single taxers in Washington are organizing all the 37 counties of the state.

The trees of Alaska are mostly evergreen, the spruce family predominating.

It is estimated that the value of France's 1896 vintage is about $235,000,000.

Arrests in Ohio for the year ended June 30 last, numbered 12,042, of which 1,000 were of women.

Boston is paying very dear for her new subway. So far it has cost $5,000,000 and fourteen human lives.

Francis W. Prescott, consular agent of the United States at Dover, England, receives $1.25 a year.

Sales of land along the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways are reported larger than in many years.

A Chicago company has been formed to manufacture an absolutely fireproof enamel, invented by a woman.

The value of the salmon taken from the Alaskan waters now amounts to twice the sum paid to Russia for the territory.

The Taylor Street Methodist church of Portland, Ore., has set aside a pew especially for the use of commercial travelers.

The government expects to save $35,000 yearly by running its own heating and lighting plant in the New York postoffice.

The value of the churches and the land on which they are erected in this country up to July 1, 1897, is estimated at $680,000,000.

A relic hunter stole the chair on which President McKinley sat while reviewing the Grand Army parade in Buffalo recently.

In ten years the school attendance in Buffalo has more than doubled, although the population has not increased in any such proportion.

Boise City, Idaho, is to pipe into its houses warm water of 170 degrees temperature from a subterranean lake 400 feet beneath the surface.

The British Board of Trade is the most powerful agency of the English government in the promotion of its foreign commercial affairs.

Of the whole import trade of Argentina, one-half, or about $43,000,000 worth annually, is from Great Britain. Germany holds second place.

Tea and coffee are very bad for the health in Alaska, and whisky is simply deadly. The only drink which can be taken with impunity is water.

It is estimated that more than 75,000 fishermen go out of New York every Sunday, and that they spend on an average of $2 each on the sport.

A number of Roman graves have recently been laid bare at Cologne. The place has been secured from spoliation by an extensive enclosure.

The whole Yukon region is afflicted by clouds of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, accompanied by a vindictive ally in the shape of a poisonous black fly.

Some of the consular offices of the United States have been held by the same men for twenty years, and Mr. Hardegg has been consul in Syria for 26 years.

Game and fur-bearing animals are rare along the Yukon, as it is an old hunting ground, and has been drained by constant traffic for more than half a century.

July 1 the decree re-establishing the tobacco monopoly went into effect in Nicaragua. No one may engage in tobacco growing without license from the government.

The longest stretch of straight railroad line in America is on the Lake Shore railway, beginning at a point three miles west of Toledo, and running 69 miles without a curve.

The volume of water issuing from the Yukon is greater than that discharged by the Mississippi. The Yukon discharges every hour one-third more water than the Father of Waters.

"When the little girl is naughty," says Miss Jessie M. Fowler, giving a mother directions for curing her small daughter's bad temper, "put on her best gown and you will see that she canot withstand its influence."

The winter of Sitka is milder than that of many European capitals, Berlin, Vienna or Copenhagen. The mild climate of the southern portion of Alaska is due to the Japanese current.

The navy department is investigating various grades of petroleum, with a view to its use for marine engines, and the experiment will soon be tried in one of the new torpedo boats.

The eastern slope of Nicaragua is a wild and unexplored country, covered with a dense and almost impassable virgin forest, and inhabited only by a few scattered bands of wild Indians.

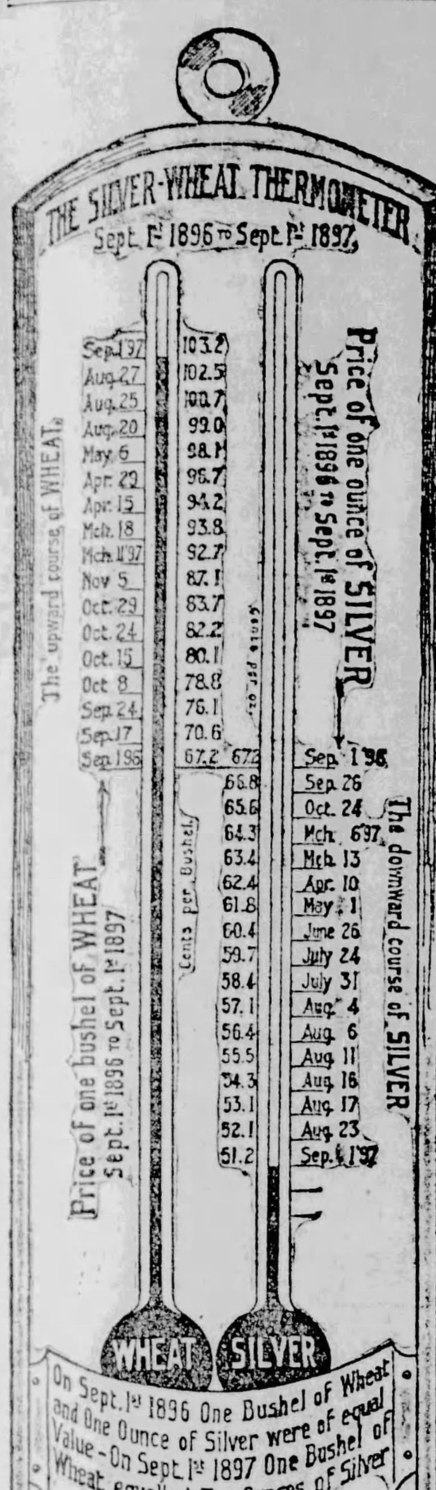
United States exports of lumber products for the year ending June 30 show an increase of over 100 per cent in ten years, of 60 per cent for the last five years, and of 24 per cent over 1896.

In the consular service of the United States the highest numbers of places are held by the following states: New York, 62; Massachusetts, 30; Illinois, 21; Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, 20; Ohio, 17; Maryland, 14.

It was estimated in 1884 that $100,000,000 would complete the Nicaragua canal, but since then there has been a great reduction in the cost of such work, and engineers now say the canal can be constructed and equipped for $75,000,000.

Metals become tired when excessively used. There are various instances proving that metals which did not show any appreciable wear literally fell to pieces without any assigned cause. A steel rail which had been used continuously on the Great Northern railroad in Great Britain actually disintegrated under the wheels of a coach. The breaking up was so thorough that scientists became interested, investigated and decided the rail had simply broken down in the manner of an overstrained animal.

In certain portions of the west, where water is used for the purposes of irrigation, experiments have been tried in first utilizing the water for power. Suitable pumps carry it to high reservoirs, where it is used to generate electricity. It acquires an enormous power by its weight and is in no wise injured for irrigating purposes. An ordinary spring constantly drawn from furnishes a very valuable power in this way and after the water has done its work either in the electrical plant or in the turning of wheels it goes on its way to refresh vegetation and make the ground productive. In this way it performs more than double office without detriment to itself or its original mission.



THE "LAST" FLY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last fly of summer,
Left buzzing alone,
All his busy companions
Are frozen and gone.
No pest of his kindred,
No insect remains
Disconsolate, clinging
To cold window panes.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one,
Annoyingly rife.
One smash, and I'll kill thee,
Thou pest of my life.
By ginger!—I've missed him!
He's buzzing again,
Or is it another?
Great Scott! There are ten.

And when, on the morrow,
A warmer wave comes,
Reviving by hundreds,
They'll chorus their hums.
Where flies go in winter
No fellow may know;
But worse is the puzzle:
How soon will they go?
—Detroit News.

Married in the Rain.

While the rain was pouring down in torrents a young couple of Caro, Mich., who attended a church social, were married in the open. On the lawn, which was wet with moisture, Frank Lawrence, the bridegroom, and Miss Sadie, the bride, took their positions, with an umbrella hoisted over their heads, and the clergyman pronounced them man and wife.

Publishers' Column.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 15 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
Fall of Petersburg, Va.
Battle of Opequan or Winchester, Va.

We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
Die Hermann's Schlacht.
Battle near Orleans.
Battle of Fontenoy.

Order by name of battle. Give plainly postoffice address for picture as well as for The Blade.
Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Reader of THE BLADE.

NO. 7185—LADIES' BLOUSE JACKET.

Many of the newest jackets designed for fall and winter wear show the full blouse effect, a fashion by the way, exceedingly becoming to slender or medium-sized figures. A stylish jacket of this description is here shown developed in the regulation cloaking of medium

7185—Ladies' Blouse Jacket.

weight. It is neatly finished with a double row of machine stitching and lined throughout with two-toned silk. The hat accompanying is of velvet in turban shape, and completes a serviceable and stylish costume.

The garment is simply fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams, lying smoothly across the shoulders and bust, with the fulness at the waist collected in gathers and sewed to a narrow belt of or casing. The upper portion of the right-front is reversed to form a wide lapel, below which the closing is effected by two large buttons, the right-front overlapping the left. The basque portion is joined at the waist line, the wide belt concealing the joining. The sleeves are two-seamed with the fulness at the top laid in box plaits. The neck finishes with a neat standing collar.

The mode is adapted to all manner of cloakings or heavier dress materials. Velvet or corduroy are frequently employed with satisfactory results.

To make this jacket for a lady in the medium size will require one and three-fourths yards of fifty-four-inch material, or two and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7185, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7188—MISSES' FRENCH BLOUSE.

The possibilities of this charming blouse are many, it being as well adapted for home as for street wear, the material selected alone making the difference in the use of the garment. Smooth-finished cloth in a handsome shade of russet-brown is here simp-

7188—Misses' Blouse.

ly but effectively decorated with rows of soutache braid. Brown felt hat with Tam crown of castor velvet, varigated quills and plaid ribbon furnishing the trimming.

The jaunty blouse is arranged over a fitted lining, the front of which is overlaid with a wide pointed revers that turn back from the front edges of blouse.

The circular basque is added at the waist line; the shaped belt hiding the seam. The coat sleeves have the regulation fulness at the top; notched cuffs finishing the wrists.

Stylish combinations can be developed by making the vest facing of velvet or silk, shirred, plaited or plain, or the revers and collar can be of a contrasting material. Serges, whipcord, camel's-hair, cheviot in plain or mixed varieties, light or heavy weight cloth, velvet, corduroy, bengaline, or silk-and-wool mixtures will all develop stylishly by the mode.

To make this blouse for a miss of fourteen years will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7188, is cut for misses of ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.

NO. 7181—LADIES' SEVEN-GORED SKIRT, WITH FAN BACK.

This stylish skirt is especially designed for a combination of materials. As represented it is made of a rich plaid, the predominating

7181—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt with Fan Back.

tone of which is green. The panels inserted on each side of the front gore are velvet in the same shade. Silk cord and large buttons are used for decorative purposes, and the front and side gores are outlined with a narrow piping of velvet. The skirt is shaped in seven gores; two in back, two on each side, and the front gore which flares apart gradually to disclose the panel beneath. The top fits smoothly well below the hips with the merest suggestion of a flare at the bottom, its sweep at the lower edge measuring three and five-eighths yards. The back gores are laid in back; the placket being finished at the centre seam, and the top completed into a belt. The skirt may have an interlining of half-cloth to the depth of from six to ten inches, according to the height of the wearer, and the panels should be interlined with crinoline.

This style of skirt will be found invaluable in remodeling as the introduction of side panels will prove a matter of economy where two materials are used. Silk and velvet, cloth and silk, or plaided and plain fabrics make effective combinations. It is also peculiarly well adapted to silk as only the back gore is sufficiently wide to require piecing, and that seam is completely hidden by the plaits.

To make this skirt for a lady in the medium size will require five yards of 44-inch material, with one yard additional for the panels. The pattern, No. 7181, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

NO. 7184—LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOUSE.

The stylish blouse shown in the illustration is designed for street wear but is equally appropriate for heavy cloth and suiting material. As shown, it is made of rough-surface cloaking in a warm shade of tan color, the revers faced with the same material in brown and trimmed with brown braid and olives. The fitting is effected by shoulder and under-arm seams, the blouse proper being seamed to the slashed basque portion at the waist line. The sleeves are two-seamed finished with deep cuffs and small in proportion to those worn in the gowns of the season. At the neck is a high flaring collar and at the waist is worn a belt of dark brown leather. The closing is effected invisibly at the center-front by means of hooks and eyes and the garment is lined throughout with plaid taffeta silk.

To make this blouse for a lady in the

7184—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse.

medium size will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7184, is cut in sizes for a 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38-inch bust measure.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 7171—LADIES' AND MISSES' WAIST.

The advantage of simple models for all gowns worn low at the neck is obvious and generally recognized. The bodice shown in the illustration has the merit of being adapted either to that style or to high neck and long sleeves. The yoke, which is a part of the high bodice, can nevertheless be wholly omitted, perforations in the pattern serving to indicate at just what point the rounded outline should be cut. For either the foundation is a fitted lining closing at the centre-front. On it are arranged the full body and the yoke which lap over and close at the left shoulder and leftside beneath the frill. At each shoulder is arranged a second frill forming an epaulette and the neck is finished with a high collar and upstanding frill. The two-seamed sleeves are snug-fitting from wrists to shoulders and are entirely omitted when the gown is made low. The basque portion is separate and seamed to the bodice beneath the belt, which in this instance is made of the material and trimmed in harmony with the waist.

The material used for the model is soft

7171—Ladies' and Misses' Waist.

cashmere, in the shade of gray known as chinchilla, with frills of cream lace and bands of ribbon velvet in a shade darker than the cloth. All soft wool stuffs such as challie and nuns' veiling as well as all silks that allow of soft folds are appropriate and can be trusted to give satisfaction.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7171, is cut in sizes for a 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7187—LADIES' CAPE.

Although there are other wraps that bear the stamp and have the charm of novelty, the cape is too faithful and useful a servant to be ruthlessly thrown aside. The style here shown is exceedingly attractive and comfortable and is adapted to any of the medium weight or double-faced cloakings now in vogue. Double-faced castor cloth is here stylishly decorated with inch-wide bands of satin-faced cloth stitched on each side and decorated with round pearl buttons. Hat of

7187—Ladies' Cape.

fancy chenille, with rolling brim, Tam crown of brown velvet and natural ostrich tips. A rolling box-plait is formed at each side of the center seam. It lies smoothly across the shoulders and falls in ripples over the sleeves, an underlying box-plait on each front being finished with the stitched bands of cloth on each edge. The collar is of the style known as "Lafayette" this season, being seamed to fit the neck comfortably, with the top finished in pretty tabs. The closing is invisibly made in center-front, a point strap at the neck being buttoned across for better protection.

Capes in this style can be handsomely developed in velvet, corded silk, moire velours and all kinds of medium or heavy cloth cloakings. Made of woolens to match the costume they are particularly becoming and can be either finished simply with tailor stitching or decorated with braid or passementerie.

To make this cape for a lady in the medium size will require one and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7187, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

THE FLIRT AND THE FOOL.

I am holding her wool in an attitude quaint,
Feeling just like a wooden-armed, stained window saint,
She is sitting at ease in a negligent pose,
As charming and fresh as the dew on a rose.
She thanks me for helping her out of her tangle
And calls me "so kind"
When I say I don't mind—
Why, to please her, I vow I would slave at a mangle.

Young Cupid, no doubt, in a mischievous vein
Is weaving a snare from that innocent skein.
For who could be blind to those dimples divine,
Those eyes that so roguishly glance up at mine?
I am longing with loverlike kisses to smother
That sweet little face—
But I know it's a case
Of a flirt at one end and a fool at the other.
—Golden Penny.

HAD HIS EYE ON HIM.

The Farmer Knew the Failing of the Merchant.

A well-to-do Georgia farmer invited a merchant friend to dine with him, says the Atlanta Constitution. The merchant was known for his crankiness, and had once or twice tried to shoot people for imagined wrongs. The farmer had considerable business dealings with him, and they were on the best of terms. However, the farmer always kept a wary eye on him.

Several days after the dinner at the farmer's house the merchant said to him:

"I cannot account for the queer feelings and impulses I have occasionally. For instance, the other day when I was dining at your table it suddenly came into my mind to kill you—though I had nothing in the world against you! I had a pistol in my pocket at the time, and once I had my hand on it, when the strange feeling passed from me!"

"Don't let that bother you," said the farmer. "I knowed all about your failin's in that line, an' I wuzn't asleep when I saw your hand to your hip. My son John wuz standin' in the hallway back of you with a shotgun levelled at you, an' you just did save your bacon by changin' your mind. Ef you hadn't he'd er blowed daylight through you!"

THEY BEGIN YOUNG.

A turtle conceals so much of himself that he is always mysterious and even when he is young is just as much of a sphinx.

This picture, which shows some baby turtles enjoying their first swim, is interesting, for it supports the theory that of all babies the human infant is the most helpless. Here are

TURTLES ENJOYING A SWIM AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE EGG.

these unique youngsters just escaped from the shell and they are as busy enjoying their swim as though they were one year instead of one minute old. Their methods of progression are amusing. A water weed is floating in the middle of their bath, but when the photographer caught them they were skilfully avoiding its clinging arms.

HISTORIC LOG CABIN.

The cabin in which Gen. Grant spent the anxious winter of 1864-'65 is crumbling away at the back of Lemon Hill, near Girard avenue bridge, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The cabin is one of the most interesting relics of the late war and is filled with associations of great doings by great men in great times. The cabin stood at City Point, Va., and was placed in the park by the late George Stuart, its owner, to whom it was presented

WHERE GRANT SPENT THE LAST MONTHS OF THE WAR.

by Gen. Grant. It was in this cabin that Grant wrote his orders to Sherman for his march through the Carolinas; from here he summoned Sheridan to the Army of the Potomac and sent the dispatches to Thomas that have provoked so much discussion, and it was from this homely shelter that he started on that campaign which ended in Appomattox and the salvation of the American Union.

KAOLA AND CUB.

The koala, or native Australian bear, is never seen in captivity owing to the fact that it lives almost entirely on the leaves of the eucalyptus, and it is impossible to furnish it

BABY GOES FOR AN AIRING.

with that bill of fare in zoological gardens or menageries. It is a most droll little animal, full of tricks and cunning ways. Mrs. Koala carries her baby about pig-a-back, which is great sport for the youngster.

GEN. CALIXTO GARCIA.

HIS PERSONAL SIDE PORTRAYED BY A COMRADE.

Will Probably Be Made First President of Cuba in the Event of Freedom From Spanish Arms.

When fate during the "10 years war" snatched Calixto Garcia from the jaws of a self-inflicted death, it must have been to spare him for a leader in the present revolution. The fall of Victoria de las Tunas was a severe blow to the success of Spanish arms and greatly added to the esteem and popularity which resulted in his appointment as commander-in-chief of the insurgent army. Victoria was the last remaining link in the chain of fortified cities connecting Puerto Principe, the capital of Camaguey, with the oriente or Santiago de Cuba. One by one (Cascoro, Guaymaro and Victoria de las Tunas) they have capitulated, and to Garcia belongs the credit of their capture.

A defensive or waiting policy does not satisfy Garcia. To attack and subdue the interior strongholds of Spain on the island has been his aim and desire from the beginning, but for many months he was prevented through lack of artillery. While passing near Victoria de las Tunas a year ago the column was subjected to a heavy fire from the forts for nearly an hour. Garcia gave orders that not a shot should be wasted in reply. Leaves of the forest trees, cut by mauser bullets, were falling around like paper snow in a theater. The position was a trying one to even Garcia.

Suddenly turning he said: "Just wait till I get possession of a few 12-pounders with which to answer those fellows, and I will return to give them all the fight they want. Not long ago he kept his word, and Victoria, with its 12 forts garrisoned by 1,500 men and defended by two Krup guns, succumbed in less than 48 hours.

A Natural Leader of Men.

General Garcia is by nature, socially, politically and on the field of battle, fitted to be a leader of men.

All Cuba prayed for his arrival on the scene of her great struggle, and blessed the day which brought him to command in the "Oriente." At the present moment he is by far the most imposing figure among all of the generals, Spanish or insurgent, connected with the war. Nearly, if not quite, six feet in height, of powerful build and iron muscle, General Garcia, although 60 years of age, is well calculated to make both men and women turn and gaze in admiration. The anxious, half-discouraged look so often seen on his face while in New York a year ago has entirely disappeared.

As the general wrote in a letter to his wife a few days ago: "Cuba has worked wonders for me.

"The beautiful climate of my native land has made a new man of me. I am 30 years younger than when you saw me last."

And it is true. His old friends would hardly recognize in the erect, easy carriage, the weather bronzed face, and bright, laughing eyes of the commander of the departments of Camaguey and the "Oriente," the emaciated, care-worn Calixto, banished from Cuba and supposedly waiting only for death to relieve him from the tiresome end of a wrecked and disappointed life.

When on his arrival from Madrid he presented himself to Estrada Palma, representative of the Cuban government in New York, he said:

"You may think, me perhaps, too old to take active part in the war, but if so I have brought my son. If I fail to stand the test of battle, he will take my place."

What Gen. Gomez Said of Him.

But Estrada Palma knew the great vitality of Garcia, as did General Gomez, who wrote to the delegation: "Send me but Calixto and cartridges and I will free Cuba." And they were sent. To-day father and son, Calixto and Carlos, are fighting, shoulder to shoulder, for that which is dearer to them than life and but few soldiers in the war have displayed greater activity and endurance than this same veteran, who once sent a bullet into his own brain rather than surrender to the arms of Spain.

General Garcia's operations in the "Oriente" have been fortunate from the beginning. So far he has not met with a single defeat. The nature of the country and the general's familiarity with it, having fought over the same ground from '68 to '78, has of course greatly aided his success. But we must not lose sight of the fact that during Garcia's long confinement in Spain he lost no opportunity to perfect himself in modern military tactics, or at least in that portion of them which might be of service in Cuban warfare.

To-day Calixto Garcia is probably the best organizer and tactician on the island. Thousands of raw recruits have been gathered up by him in Santiago de Cuba province; drilled under his direction, put through a few skirmishes and then sent on to Gomez in the west, where they proved very good soldiers.

Gen. Garcia is a man who impresses both the masses and the discriminating few. Consequently he is popular with all. He is a believer in display, but nothing so impresses the rank and file as an occasional glimpse of the pomp and glory of war. Gen. Garcia, either afoot or on horseback, will by his very presence awaken a degree of enthusiasm of which any leader might well be proud. His horse is always in the best possible condition. His uniform, which is of light, cream-colored linen, trimmed with blue, is of perfect fit and spotlessly clean. His wide-brimmed panama, in spite of sun and storm, is always in correct shape. No matter how short the stop, over his tent the flag of the republic of Cuba is always thrown to the breeze.

Direct Antithesis of Gomez.

Garcia is, in many respects, the direct antithesis of Gomez, and yet both generals are working for the same result and each in his own particular way is invaluable to "Cuba Libre." He is always affable and never averse to the discussion of his hopes and plans for the future of the new republic. He is ever ready to listen to stories of suffering and distress and his promises of assistance is as good as his bond. As a natural result, no man in Cuba has more friends and admirers than Garcia. During his operations in the Holquin district, both men and women stole out of the towns by hundreds to see and welcome Calixto Garcia. I saw over 50 women in the suburbs of Velasco all struggling at once to embrace him or seize his hand. With smiles and tears of joy they hailed him as "the savior of Cuba: the "liberator of the Oriente."

Even Garcia's enemies respect and admire him. When near the city of Holquin the commander of the Spanish forces sent the following message to Garcia:

"I have to-day given permission to more than 100 families to remove their personal effects and belongings to some place in the country where food may be obtained. I am told that you have plenty, and it is impossible for me to longer provide for them in Holquin. Some of them may entertain political sentiments unfavorable to your cause, but I trust that you will treat all with justice and toleration." This man, it is needless to say, was not a protege of Weyler.

While preparing for an expected battle, Gen. Garcia impresses one as being perhaps over-anxious, if not nervous, but the moment the first shot is fired and the engagement is really on, he seems to undergo a complete change of temperament. The thicker the bullets whistle by the more satisfied is his smile, and his coolness under fire would almost suggest that he thought death a huge joke.

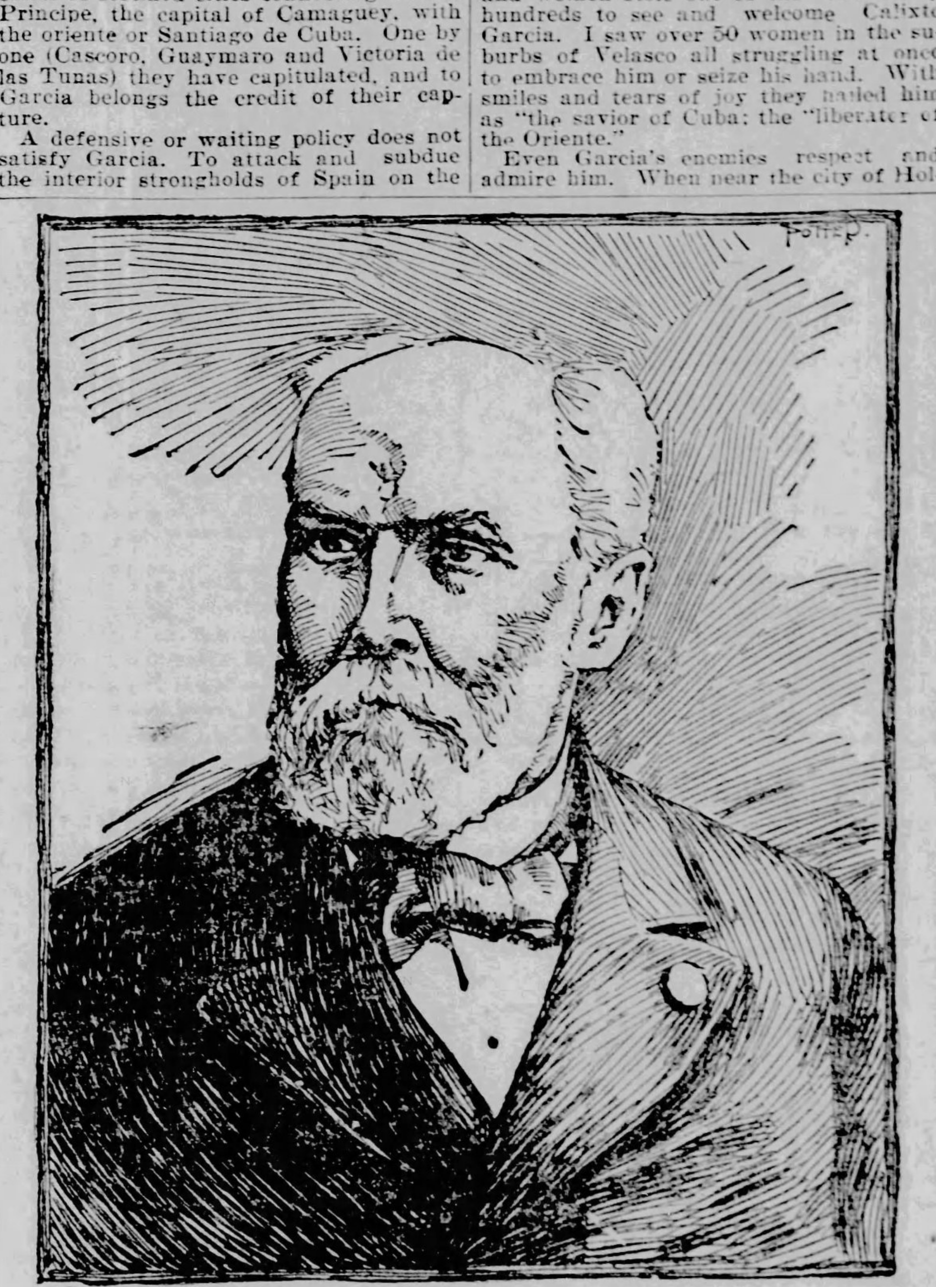
An illustration of this eccentricity was afforded one morning in July last. The general admonished me for taking a short cut across country to witness one of Rabi's famous machete charges. "Your horse," he said, "got tangled up in the thorns of a pina fence. You carried no machete and had not Chapeau come along and cut you free, you might have been killed or captured. I don't want to bury you in Cuba, so you will please me this morning, if you will keep close by me, or at least where I can keep an eye on you."

Ten minutes later we ran unexpectedly into a small convoy on its way from Gibara to Holquin. We had torn up the railroad. It was a surprise on both sides. They did not know our strength, or we theirs. The fight was short, sharp and hot as long as it lasted. Most of the struggle took place in the road between our advance guard and the convoy's rear. Gen. Rabi took a body of cavalry in a sortie to the right and Brig. Menocal another to the left. But in the meantime a detachment of 50 Spaniards had gained the crest of a little hill and were pouring a very hot fire from their mausers into the general's staff, which had halted in the highway. Gen. Garcia's dress and commanding appearance on horseback had attracted the enemy's attention, and they were making a target of him. I was just in the act of cutting into a beautiful juicy pineapple, the first of the season, when along came an accommodating mauser ball and sliced off a piece of the rind. The general saw it and smilingly called out, "Turn the other side of the fruit towards the enemy and they will peel it for you." I ate the fruit, but not until we got into a more sheltered spot.

How He Got His Wound.

While reconnoitering with a detachment of 20 men in the fall of '73, Gen. Garcia found himself suddenly cut off from the main body of his troops. Two hundred Spanish guerillas, led by a Cuban traitor, had completely surrounded the little band of insurgents. Volley after volley was poured into them until Garcia alone remained on his feet. He then discovered that the enemy were bent on capturing him alive. This meant torture, disgrace and an ignominious death. Rather than fall into their hands Garcia placed the muzzle of his heavy revolver beneath his chin and fired his last cartridge, intending to blow himself into eternity. His head was thrown a little too far back. The ball tore up through the throat and head, passing out through the center of his forehead. Two Spanish surgeons discovered a little life in his body. Inspired, not by sentiments of mercy, but by professional curiosity and pride, they bent all of their skill and energies to accomplish a cure. In spite of the awful wound Garcia recovered, and was sent a prisoner to Spain, from which country he escaped to the United States in the fall of '95 and joined the insurgents in Cuba soon after. The wound has completely healed, but the hole through the center of his forehead still remains. A piece of wadded cotton and sometimes plaster of paris protects the tissue of the brain from contact with the outside air.

The Cubans are rapidly placing themselves in a position to carry on the war indefinitely, or at least until Spain shall be glad to permanently withdraw her armies from the island. When that day comes Calixto Garcia can lay down his sword in honor, as one of the bravest heroes and ablest generals, who took part in the two wars for Cuban independence.



GEN. CALIXTO GARCIA.

Hood's Pills
Should be in every family medicine chest and every traveller's grip. They are invaluable when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness, indigestion and all liver troubles. 25 cents.

Partnership Declined.

Wallace—I have a chance to go into partnership with Tyler. Is he anything of a business man?

Ferry—From what I know of Tyler he is just about the kind of man who would try to start an ice route in Dawson City.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WOMAN POLICE CHIEF.

The board of police commissioners of Denver want a reform chief, and have practically decided to appoint this woman, Louise La

Velle. She is now employed as chief matron, and says if made chief she will have women policemen to assist in making Denver a model city.

A YELLOW FEVER IDYL.

By the gates of gold sat St. Peter, old,
Mid beams of refulgent light,
As he checked each soul off the mortal roll,
As they passed the portals bright.

And the line grew thin as they crowded in,
Till one lone figure frail,
With sunken cheek and an aspect meek,
Still stood without the pale.

Quoth the ancient saint to the shadow faint:
"Thy name, good soul, and town?"
The lingerer sighed and feebly replied,
"From New Orleans—I'm Brown."

Then the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed,
And the portals great careened,
While in letters bright, o'er the gates closed tight,
Flared the notice, "Quarantined."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

The San Francisco Argonaut is responsible for the following:

In a large grammar school recently, where an evening school had been begun the night before, Superintendent Babcock was present directing some arrangements and much fatigued with his evening school labors of the night before. To him came the principal with fire in her eye.

"Mr. Babcock," said she with much dignity, "see what one of those dreadful creatures did last night."

And leading the superintendent to a desk she pointed out to him an elaborate frame work done on a desk top with chalk, in the middle of which were the words:

THIS IS HELL.

"There," said the indignant principal, pointing to the offending inscription, "isn't that perfectly awful, Mr. Babcock?"

"Well, I don' know, Miss Blank," said the superintendent, reflectively rubbing his nose. "If you had been here last night, Miss Blank, you would have thought so, too!"

Hard Work the Only Way.

The learned Oxford professor, Max Muller, told me that he asked Vivekananda if Ramkrishna, a great Hindoo religious teacher, knew Sanskrit, says the Outlook.

The answer at first was evasive, but finally Vivekananda said: "When Ramkrishna was in the jungle as an ascetic, a beautiful woman came down from heaven and taught him the language."

"Nonsense!" was Mr. Muller's reply. "The only way to learn Sanskrit is to get a grammer and a dictionary and go to work."

Compensation.

"After all, old age isn't the worst thing on record."

"Why isn't it?"

"After a man passes a certain period in life his children get discouraged and quit picking him up on grammar."—Chicago Record.

NOT ONE CENT Wanted of Your MONEY

We mail a small lot of handsome Gold plated jewelry to sell among friends. When sold send money and we send you 6 plated table knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, one silver plated butter knife, one sugar shell, one pepper and one silver plated salt shaker, or keep half the money instead of the 28 pieces of full regular size tableware. By sending you agree to pay or return jewelry on demand. Write your name, Mr., Miss, or Mrs., or we wont send. Address, Dept. 25, N. Y. T. Co., 543 EAST 116th ST., NEW YORK.

THE LADIES' WORLD

is the best, cheapest, brightest and most practical ladies' magazine published in America. Each issue contains from 20 to 28 large pages, size of Harper's Bazar, and is enclosed in a handsome cover, printed in colors. Its departments embrace Fiction, Poetry, Special Helps, Housekeeping, Out-of-Doors, Artistic Needlework, What to Wear, Family Doctor, Boys and Girls, Mother's Corner, Etiquette and Home Decoration. It publishes original matter only, and its contributors are among the best of the modern writers. In order to introduce our magazine into thousands of new homes where it is not already taken, we will send it three months—including Thanksgiving and Christmas issues—to any address, prepaid, for 8 cents in stamps. This small sum will not pay us for the advertising, to say nothing of the magazine, but we are so firmly convinced that if you will give it a trial you will want it continued, we take this means of placing it before a large army of new readers, and expect to reap our reward in the future. Send along the stamps and give it a trial. You will be more than pleased with your small investment. Address

3 MONTHS FOR 8 Cts.

S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.

BED-WETTING CURED or no pay. Mrs. B. Rowan, Milwaukee, Wis.

A NEW YORK BEAUTY.

There has always been a popular idea that New York did not value beauty in its women as highly as style. Gotham's feminine types are perfect in their way, clear cut, high bred, well-groomed, and above all perfectly clad. But they are not, as a rule, pretty in the sense that a Southern or Western man would use the term. It is in the South that beauty reigns supreme and a girl on the other side of the

MARIE CHURCHILL.

Mason and Dixon's line, be she ever so rich, clever or stylish, is not a belle unless she has also the divine gift. But lately Gotham, untrue to tradition, has been imitating the Southern cities and worshipping at the shrine of beauty. Miss Marie Churchill is the honored object of this adoration. She is conceded to be the most beautiful woman in New York. She is prominent in the more exclusive social circles, is a woman of superior accomplishments and a prime favorite among the four hundred. When the picture printed here was taken Miss Churchill posed in the costume she wore at the famous Bradley-Martin ball.

Just in Season.

"Here!" said the editor disgustedly, "this joke has hair on it!"

"Yes," replied the ancient humorist; "you will observe that it's a foot ball joke."

Blade Porcelain China

A NEW THING.

Tea Sets and Dinner Sets

Still Another Reduction in Prices, and New Ware With Later Designs.

Briefly described, Porcelain, or Semi-Vitreous China, is a very high grade ware, being superior in color and finish to Iron Stone China, and VERY MUCH LIGHTER IN WEIGHT, nearly equal to china.

Our design is the VIOLET PATTERN, being very handsome and entirely new, and a marvel of beauty in shape and color.

Eighty, Fifty-Six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in four colors and gold bands. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration is reproduced from a photograph of our new offerings.

No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher, and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, $4.75 (former price $7) or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of seven subscribers and $7. The club of seven names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $3.00 (former price $5.50); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of six subscribers and $6, the club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $7.85; or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00. The club of 15 names to be sent all at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set, and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4.25; or we will present one of these assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE.—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we formerly sold, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy, first, our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you can order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

General Directions and Information.

ORDER BY NUMBER.—The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of the Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best Porcelain China in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want, and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the house of every reader of The Blade, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of six to fifteen for The Blade in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

THE COZY CORNER

PRINCE OCTOBER.

Have you seen him, Prince October,
In his garb of russet sober?
With his cap-plumes all a-flying,
Each with each in color vying?
Never sits he glum and museful,
All his days are bright and useful;
Friend of sinner and of saint,
Meeting none with chide or plaint.—
Best of comrades, Prince October!

Never comes he empty-handed:
Gorgeous vestments, rainbow-banded;
Apples red and green and yellow;
Grapes and pears, and peaches mellow;
Hours of tender, golden shine;
Air like crystalline old wine;
These the land will soon be sharing.
Here he comes! What kingly bearing!
Glad to greet thee, Prince October!
—Emma C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

It is the purpose of the editor of the Cozy Corner to give from week to week in this department short articles on different subjects of interest to the women who read The Blade.

Inquiries from subscribers will be received and answered, and suggestions of subjects to be touched upon are requested. This is especially a woman's page, and aims to be helpful in all things of interest to women.

Next week a brief article on "Easy Methods of Washing," written by Frances Howard, a frequent contributor to the Cozy Corner, will be given, and any other papers on the subject that can be received in time for publication will also appear.

In answer to an inquiry as to the proper method of planting bulbs, the best authorities say that they should be planted at least five inches below the surface of the earth; in this way is secured perfect exclusion of the light, and of surface heat so that the whole energy of the bulb is given to root-making.

In starting bulbs for the window garden this effect is produced temporarily by setting the bulb pots close together and covering them with soil, coal ashes, or any such substance, for six or eight weeks. This top covering is then removed and the plants brought to the light and warmth.

In starting hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses the glasses should be filled with water so that it will just touch the bulb. Colored glasses are generally used, and the additional darkness and coldness required is produced by placing the glass in a box that can be closely covered for the time necessary for forming the roots.

In potting bulbs, good drainage must be secured by placing bits of charcoal or broken pieces of crocks in the bottom of the pots, then half filling them with a light soil. In the middle of this, make a hole, by drawing aside the earth, put in a handful of sand and the bulb, placed in this with the broad side, which is the bottom and from which the roots start, down. It may be unnecessary to mention this to our flower-loving women in the Cozy Corner, but it is a fact well known to the professional florists that half of the women who purchase bulbs do not know that it makes any difference how they are planted.

October, the month of the Holy Angels, in the Roman Catholic calendar, seems this year to have absorbed all that is good and beautiful of the whole year, and is giving its gifts to us with a lavish prodigality that comes only from an unlimited supply.

The genial warmth of the summer days that are gone seems to return for a little while in the middle of the day, but in the mornings and evenings, when we find a little fire in the grate so comforting, we are reminded that of the cold winds of winter that are already on their way to take possession of the land.

In the country, away from the buzz and whirr of machinery and the constant going to and fro of many busy people, a hush and quietness that is most restful seems to pervade all Nature, and is only broken by the farewell songs of the birds who are now holding daily conferences previous to their departure for their winter homes, and by the many voices of the children who come in large numbers to gather the ripened nuts.

Even to us who must needs remain in the office and workshop, there is much in this month to persuade us that one need not belong to the Romish church to feel that we may be surrounded to a greater degree than usual by the presence and influence of the Holy Angels.

In the month of October many of our best and most noted men and women have passed from this, to the higher life, from their beautiful lives here, through the glory of the October days to the heavenly country where all of the days are beautiful beyond compare.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor Swing, Froude, the historian, and this year Neal Dow, the Apostle of Temperance, are among those whose earthly lives have closed during the month of the Holy Angels, leaving behind them the everlasting fragrance of helpful, well-spent lives.

Mrs. Laura Langston, while enjoying a summer outing, was thrown from a carriage and injured. Of course, we are all sorry that her pleasure had such an unfortunate ending, but I think we are all rejoiced that she has made such good use of her "enforced idleness" in writing to the Cozy Corner, and we invite her to come again:

After enjoying the mother's letters so long, I will try to send a few words to the Cozy Corner. Like Mrs. Nack, I am passing through a spell of enforced idleness, and must read and wri e to pass it pleasantly, especially on cloudy days.

A party of us started on an outing to the mountains and found the roads so bad that the wagon tipped us all out, and I came very near getting my right arm broken. We had a splendid time, barring the accident, and I want to go again some time, but rest assurred that I will never risk myself in a wagon again over these roads.

I have often thought of writing to the Cozy Corner, but, like many others, couldn't find the time. I feel sorry for "Weary Mother," and there are many like her. Women of a nervous temperament are not capable of enduring endless annoyance without giving way to either despair or irritation, and the solution of these vexing problems involves the solution of several greater ones. If we could all live in the country; live simple and easily, and let the children live out doors as much as possible, it would help us mothers very much. I live in town, and I always have a feeling as though I were in prison. I was raised in the country and loved to sing as loud as I pleased, but in town, when surrounded by critical neighbors, I can't sing, and I don't even feel the desire to do so. I feel a restlessness that will not allow me to enjoy myself as I would out of hearing of other people.

I am a Southerner, through several generations, and I love the happy, out-of-doors life they lead. I think that we would feel better if we spent more time out doors during the hot months. I think the Northern people remarkable for living indoors at all times of the year, and I sometimes think it is one of the causes of so much nervousness and melancholy.

Do not we all sometimes wish we could live our childhood over? If so, our wish is a perfectly healthy one, and not to be ashamed of. I really think children ought to have every contrivance for attracting them into healthy, active, romping, so that they will develop into healthier men and women. I want my daughter to be a tomboy, as they are always healthy and sensible, and generally not bothered with affectation. My boys, well, I want them to be as good as my daughter, for I love them just as well, the mischievous little nuisances. We must think of their future, and remember that it is only for them that we live; our happiness is in their lives, rather than our own.

So, after all their troubles, they are a great comfort, and oh, so dear to us. Don't you think so, mothers?

Our "Busy Bee" flew in this morning and expressed her opinion on the subject of the free use of wine for the purpose of "soothing" babies in the manner that many mothers do. At this time of the year when so many housekeepers are using the grapes for wine, it may not come amiss for us to heed these words, and think of the possible results of a too free use of "home-made wine," either for old or young members of the family.

If our editor will persist in placing before the mothers of the Cozy Corner matters of such vital importance she must excuse us if we come often to have our say about these things.

That letter by Mrs. S. W. B. about home made wine reminds me of something I have wanted to say for some time.

There is a great deal said nowadays (justly, no doubt) about "inherited appetite" for strong drink, but I think there is another way such an appetite may be formed, about which many mothers seem to be very careless or very ignorant. That is, by giving little babies warm sling, or sweetened wine, to quiet and put them to sleep when they have the colic or are cross from the effects of teething.

I heard one mother whom I met at the Ladies' Aid Society in our town, laughingly say (not seeming to realize in the least what a shameful thing it was):

"Why, I kept my babies drunk half the time when they were little."

When an old lady sitting across the room remonstrated with her she said:

"Well, they were so cross I had to do something. Then they would be good and sleep the rest of the day, but the next morning they'd be so cross and I'd give them some more."

"Yes," the old lady said, "almost anybody is cross when they are getting over a drunk."

This may be an unusual case, but I know of several others. Some years ago I was visiting a certain place and had with me my four-month-old baby. She was teething and took a crying spell from which I tried in vain to soothe her.

"Let me fix her a little wine," my hostess said. I suppose I must have looked horrified, as I hastily answered, "Oh, no, thank you," for she laughingly remarked: "Why it won't hurt her. I give mine some most every day. It puts them to sleep so nicely."

"Ah!" thought I, "a drunken sleep."

I know another lady who loudly bewails her husband's fondness for strong drink, who often sits down with a glass of sling for medicine when she is not feeling well, while her children stand around her knee saying, "Just give me one more taste mamma, that's so good."

By and by when her son, grown to manhood, finds he has within him a power he is not able to resist, and comes home in a state of intoxication, she will think, "this is a case of inherited appetite," or "It's that fast set he's been going with lately."

Now I must fly back to my hive, but before I go, let me beseech you, dear mothers of the Cozy Corner, not to put into the stomach of your child one drop of that vile stuff which has been proven over and over again to be a brand from the infernal regions.

Bookworm asks: Can a person read too much for benefit to themselves, provided, of course, they read nothing but good books? That depends upon the manner of reading in a great measure. You can judge of your own case by thinking of how much good you have obtained by reading many books, as I judge you have. All that we read beyond our capacity of assimilating, of understanding it thoroughly, and so getting from it all there is in it, is hurtful, rather than helpful.

A little, thoroughly appreciated and well used, reading is far better than a large quantity of "skimmed over" matter, of which we receive no lasting benefit. It is like getting dyspepsia from eating too much of even the best kind of food.

Sophomore—Can you tell me about how many books Oliver Optic wrote, and did he write anything except what appeared in book form?

I have seen it stated that he wrote, altogther about one hundred and twenty-five books, and it is certain that he contributed many articles to magazines and papers. I have no idea (in answer to your second question) what he was paid for his work.

Anxious Mother—You had better consult a reliable physician. It is not safe to experiment very much with a sick child, and sometimes a remedy that will be just what one child needs, may be worse than useless for another.

"We are, each one of us, in this sense, our brother's keeper, and just so far as we allow ourselves to become the slave to ungoverned passion of any kind, just so far are we injuring every other member of that body of which we form a part."
—Life's Gateways.

THE BLADE COOK.

A Western correspondent, one who has from time to time furnished the Cook with excellent recipes, writes thus: "Thanks for your 'bread' article. I found in it a recipe that I have long wished for, and I write to ask if you can give me a recipe for rye and Indian bread.

"Secondly, one member of my family has been forbidden by his physician to eat anything containing either sugar or starch, and my ignorance as to what articles of food contain these substances is so great that I write to you asking that you will tell me some of the things I may safely give him."

In reply to the second question, you can always use green vegetables, eggs and some kinds of fruit. Grapes are especially nice just now, and can be used freely. Chopped meat, especially beef, seasoned and broiled, or broiled beef or chicken come within the requirements. Turnips can be eaten, as they contain no starch. Nuts of all kinds except chestnuts, will be good, eaten with the chopped meats.

Hot water taken before meals, will be the best beverage, but if tea or coffee is used, it should be taken clear, without either milk or sugar. Stewed fruits and gelatine sweetened with sacharin instead of sugar, may be used for desert.

For the rye and Indian bread we have two recipes; the first for baked

Rye and Indian Bread.

Put 2 cupfuls of yellow corn meal in a bowl, and pour over it sufficient boiling water to wet it thoroughly; let it stand for ¼ of an hour, then add cold water enough to make a oft batter. When lukewarm stir into this ½ cupful or 1 cake dissolved, of yeast, ½ cupful of molasses; ⅓ teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of soda and 2 cupfuls of rye meal. Beat the mixture well and let it rise, in a warm place, over night, or until it cracks open on the top. Stir down, put it into a buttered tin, and when light again bake in a moderate over for 2 hours.—Mrs. Caroline Alden.

Steamed Rye and Indian Bread.

Sift 1 teacupful of soda with 2 cupfuls of yellow corn meal and 1 cupful of rye meal. To this add ½ cupful of molasses, 2½ cupfuls of sweet milk and 1 scant teaspoonful of salt. Stir together till there are no lumps of flour remaining, turn into a buttered mold or a closely covered pail and steam four hours. Remove the cover at the end of that time, and set the bread in the oven for a few minutes to dry the extra moisture—Helen Gibbs Clarke.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

Children's Number.

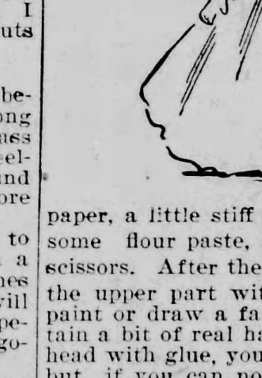
A number of requests having been received for some suggestions for the amusement of children; for little home-made favors for children's parties where no great expense is demanded, the editor gives this week some of the uses in which crimped tissue paper can be made very useful for these things, and now introduce to the younger readers of The Blade, Little Miss Clothespin.

The first illustrations show her before she has quite finished her toilet. She looks very common, and if it were not for the cotton that is used to give her a shape, and the crepe paper that covers

her small head, we should at once suggest that she was fit for nothing but an assistant to the Laundress, but in the second picture we see that she is, by the dressmaker's assistance, a very pleasant little lady, and she is not the only lady in the world who owes very much to her dressmaker.

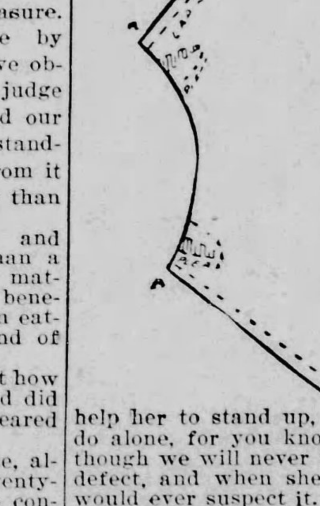
In No. 3 we see her in her street dress and we recognize at once that she knows nothing at all of the details of laundry work.

To bring about this evolution from a clothespin to a doll, all we need to have is the clothespins, some sheets of tissue



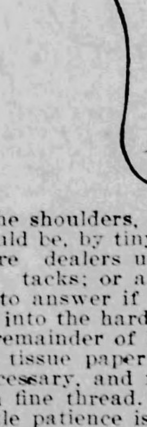
paper, a little stiff paste board for arms, some flour paste, and a pair of sharp scissors. After the body is padded, cover the upper part with white crepe paper; paint or draw a face, and if you can obtain a bit of real hair, and stick it on the head with glue, your dolly will look nicer, but if you can not do this, you must make her some "lead pencil hair"—you all know how to do that.

The next thing is to cut her a skirt from very stiff, white note paper. This stiffness is necessary that the skirt may



help her to stand up, which she can not do alone, for you know she has no feet, though we will never tell any one of that defect, and when she is dressed no one would ever suspect it. This skirt is joined with paste at "a" and "b," and is pinched in to fit the waist of the doll after it is placed upon her and is fastened with paste to her body.

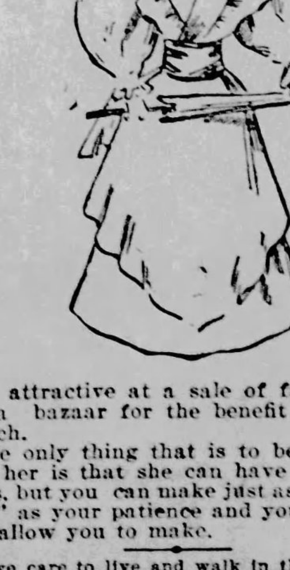
The arms are cut from paste board, after the pattern shown, and are fasten-



ed to the shoulders, or where the shoulders should be, by tiny little tacks, such as furniture dealers use, they call them "gimp" tacks; or a stout pin may be made to answer if you can manage to push it into the hard body.

The remainder of her dress is made of colored tissue paper folded as you may find necessary, and fastened and gathered with fine thread.

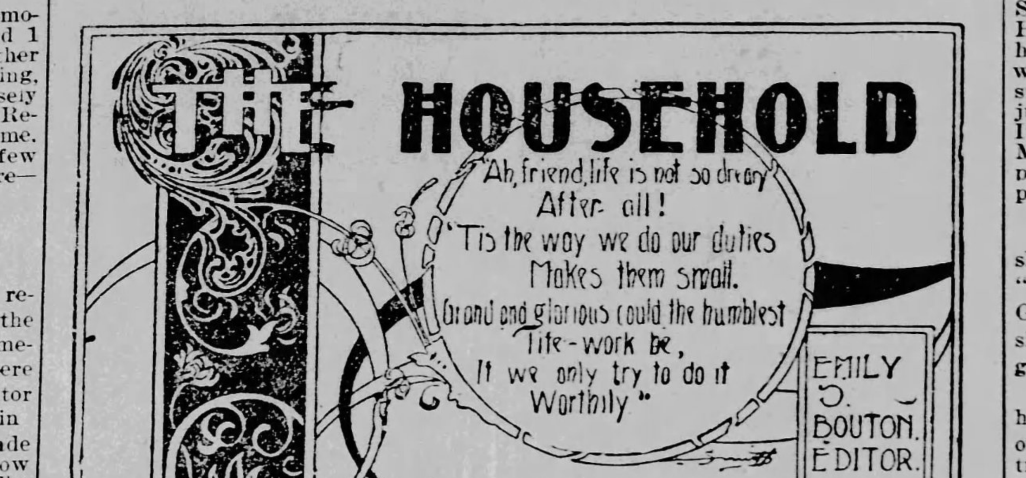
A little patience is all that will be requireed in order to make this young lady



very attractive at a sale of fancy work or a bazaar for the benefit of your church.

The only thing that is to be regretted for her is that she can have but one dress, but you can make just as many of "her" as your patience and your mamma will allow you to make.

If we care to live and walk in the Spirit, if we care to be receptive of heavenly forces and to taste the sweetness of the true, the beautiful and the good, we must make inward room for the best things; we must exercise ourselves to familiarity with the higher subjects.—C. G. Ames.



Gathered • Together

"MARIAN."

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homly dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And heal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

II.

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie.
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

III.

Such as she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.
—"In Selections."

Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the common era, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt, says the "Jewish Messenger." One day she ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it.

As in the story of Cinderella, the messenger finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls 2400 years later.

A writer in a current magazine makes so ghastly a comparison between the modern woman, with her bird-trimmed bonnet and a race of savages, called Dyaks, who are known as "head hunters," that the Audubon society will make recruits among all who read it. The Dyaks have an uncanny habit of cutting off the heads of their enemies and after drying them by some sort of a process using the hideous relics to decorate their homes. Another tribe dry the fingers instead of the heads and string them into necklaces, of which they are very proud. "When I see the bright feathers of birds slain that hats may be garnished for the thoughtless females of a higher grade of beings," concludes the writer, "I am reminded somehow of the Dyaks and of the wearers of the necklaces made of fingers."

There is a little girl living out on Tilden avenue who is rapidly causing her father's hair to assume the color of the driven snow.

The other day she looked up at him from between his knee, and asked:

"Papa, was it a wise person who said 'the good die young?'"

"Yes, said the musing man, "I guess so."

"Well," she went on, after thinking it over for some time, "I'm not so much surprised about you; but I don't see how mamma ever managed to get growed up."—Cleveland "Leader."

"The ox thou shalt not muzzle
That treadeth out the corn"
Is one express commandment
The modern puts to scorn.

It matters not how faithful
The laborers may be
Who build his fortune upward,
No interest has he.

One ox may fall exhausted
Upon his threshing floor
He knows, and smiles at knowing,
That there are plenty more.

The fact that milk has become extremely popular with all classes of physicians of late years is emphasized by a recent writer in the North American Review. Formerly a fever patient was forbidden to take the article, while in modern practice it is about the only food allowed, and a well nigh exclusive diet of that liquid is said to be very efficacious in diabetes. At the German spas, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, etc., a very little bread is allowed, the diet being mostly made up of milk, eggs, grapes and lean beef; a non-starch diet is the rule, bread, starchy vegetables and cereals being almost excluded. Rice is easily digested and an excellent food, except that it abounds in earth salts. Fruits are not only digested in the first stomach, but they have a large part of the nourishment already in a condition to be absorbed and assimilated as soon as eaten. The food elements in bread and cereals have to undergo a process of digestion in the stomach, and then be passed on to the intestines for a still further chemical change before being of use to the human system, showing the advantage of a diet of lean meats and fruits.

Hicks (from a quiet country village, watching the orchestra)—"Those musicians don't care anything about the conductor."

Mrs. Hicks—"How do you know?"

Hicks—"Why, because the more he shakes that stick at 'em the harder they fiddle."—Tit-Bits.

A life of such activity as most persons are subjected to in a large city should have a centre of deep repose. It is not necessary that there should be a constant rush after anything, either worldly or intellectual. It is in the restful moments that one gains strength to battle with conditions which so often confront all who are engaged in the every-day struggle of metropolitan life. An earnest application of excellent sense to the common duties of daily life is most desirable. The greatest success is not as a rule attained by those persons who are constantly in a hurry. Such individuals invariably lack method, and consume energy in their feverish haste, which, rightly expended, might be productive of great results.

It is said of a well-known Massachusetts woman that no one, in her home or elsewhere, ever saw her in a hurry. Her hair is never disarranged, and her toilette is always immaculate. Yet no name stands higher as a synonym of achievement than hers. She is prominent in every good work, and fills the highest social position successfully.—Boston Budget.

Oh—be merry—yes, be merry;
Sing your joys in prose or verse
For no matter what your worries,
Ten to one they might be worse.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

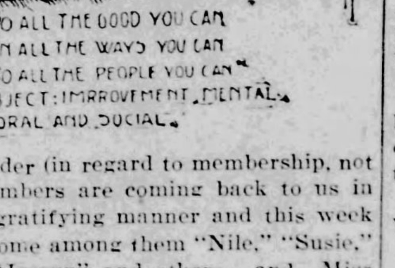
Canvas gowns are most useful on cool days during the summer. In really hot weather they are too warm to be comfortable; for although they appear to be so light they must be made up in heavy linings to be at all effective. What the color of the lining is makes no end of difference in a canvas gown, and silk or satin must be used. A stone-gray canvas gains beauty and style made up over a cream white or deep purple that it would never possess if it were lined with pink or red, while a blue made over green or red instantly has an effect that when seen over the same colored blue would never have seemed possible. A dark blue canvas made over green taffeta has a wide mesh that shows the green with great effect. The skirt is trimmed with quillings of blue silk put on very full and close together. The waist has tabs in the back extending beyond the waist-line; from either side of these tabs come black satin ribbons, which are tied under the blouse in front. The front is of thin green cloth, trimmed with bands of Eastern embroidery. A wide collar of black satin ribbon is finished in front with a double bow-knot. This is a very odd but exceedingly smart costume. A gray canvas made over yellow taffeta has a plain skirt finished only with a deep hem. The waist is of yellow taffeta, laid in tucks in front, with bands of the gray canvas, in which is white lace applique; and on the back of the waist, which is of the canvas, are bands of the same, but put on lengthwise. Collar and belt are of yellow taffeta.—Harper's Bazaar.

BE PATIENT.

O heart of mine, be patient!
Some glad day,
With all life's puzzling problems
Solved for aye!
With all its storms and doubtings
Cleared away;
With all its little disappointments past—
It shall be thine to understand at last.

Be patient; some sweet day
The anxious care,
The fears and trials, and the
Hidden snare,
The grief that comes upon thee
Unaware—
Shall with the fleeting years be laid aside,
And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Be patient; keep thy life-work
Well in hand;
Be trustful where thou canst not
Understand;
Thy lot, whate'er it be, is
Wisely planned;
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the key;
Thou well canst trust him and bide patiently.



Our older (in regard to membership, not age) members are coming back to us in a most gratifying manner and this week we welcome among them "Nile," "Susie," "Flo," "Jessup" and others and Miss Prudence hopes that their example will be "catching" so that still others will make her heart glad by a sight of their letters.

Do you remember "Sunflower Kid?" Of course you do, well, let me tell you that he is with us to-day and that he is modestly waiting just outside the door till I shall tell you he has changed his name and wishes hereafter to be known as "Indian Bill."

This name has not been chosen, I infer from his letter, for any "savage" motives but from the fact that he has changed his place of residence. Come in now, and make your bow as "Indian Bill."

Dear M. G. R's., do not think because I have not been with you so long, that I have lost interest in the column.

Your letters are so much more interesting and instructing than mine, that I think it my duty to leave the space to you.

I am again engaged in learning the "young ideas" "how to shoot," and have chosen a new field, the Indian Territory.

There is quite a contrast between the Indian of to-day and the Indian of a century ago. Look where you will, you can see cattle and horses grazing on the hillsides, and abundant crops of wheat and corn in the valleys. It has been truly a great stride toward civilization.

The children take a great interest in their studies, and I was surprised when I first heard them recite. They learn very readily.

I think a reading circle would be a beneficial addition to our column, and suggest that Miss Prudence name some book to be read, or name some subject that we could read upon.

"Susie" employs the few moments she has found to spare from her duties as housekeeper and home-maker, in writing to her M. G. R. friends:

Well, I have only just recovered my breath after the condescending way in which Isabel talked to me. "Wait until I get old enough—just listen—old enough to wash and scrub and iron, etc., and then I will enjoy washing dishes!" I had a hazy idea that I was old enough and that I had tried some, at least of those afore mentioned duties, but I presume 'twas all a dream and I am just a little girl after all.

I was so sorry I missed the picnic, but forgot 'till too late, that it came so soon. Was glad to know Addie was there. We have missed her letters since she married.

I like Miss Prudence's idea as to reading and commenting upon some book to be suggested by herself. I think we ought to be able to gain a great deal by such a proceeding and hope some such plan may be carried out.

Well Philosopher! I would talk about being modest, and then compare myself—along with that other philosopher—to the heads of grain which were so well filled!

Merle, Wisconsin:—As I gained admittance to your charming circle some time ago, I concluded to write again. So "New England" girl has chosen the one above all others, "till death do us part." I hope she made a good choice and will be happy all through life. Bonnie Burnie you seem to be one of the favorites. Jennie Harris, who wrote "White Lilies" you seem to have a good idea about home making. Did you ever think how much difference there is between housekeeping and home-making? A great many good housekeepers do not understand the art or science of making a perfect home. Their "idol" is their housework and the "homey" part of it is left out.

Some time ago I noticed what Zack Stubbs wrote about being left-handed. He said he guessed the reason he started his z's the wrong way was because he was left handed. I do not experience any such trouble and I am left-handed. I just read yesterday about Vivian's death. It seems so sad to think there is one less M. G. R., and we can many of us sympathize with the family, from our own personal experience in such trials.

Isabel comes asking where we think she should be placed in the catalogue of "trades and professions" of the Merry-Go-Rounds. Miss Prudence thinks she should be placed with the "all-around good girls":

Dear Miss Prudence: I hardly know how to reply to your request in column of September 30, for I am a "Jack-at-all-trades," and do not know which one I am best at. At home they depend on me to do the housework; of course, I do not do all of it, but all the hard and heavy part; for mother has heart trouble and can not do much.

My desire is that my brother may go to school and have an education, so I take his place when father has work that I can do; "kill two birds with one stone," you see; brother goes to school and saves hiring help. And that you may know what a good (?) hired man I am, I will tell you what father says. He says: "I would just as soon have Belle as any hired man I ever had;" then winking to the rest he further says, "for she is cheap and I can scold her all I want to and she never invites me to get another hand."

I can cook anything from a pudding to cornbread; do anything from wash windows and hang paper to scrub floors and black stoves; out of doors, anything from putting in the crops to harvesting them; can harness and hitch a team as quick as any man, and drive four horses, too.

Of course, I expect some girls would turn up their noses at my hands, for they are tanned, scratched and have two or three calloused places where the wash machine, churn, broom and pitchfork handle have put in their work, but I do not believe any sensible person will. Around my home, people seem to respect me just as much as any girl; in fact, I do not believe I have an enemy; if so, I do not know who it is.

Now, dear chaperon, do not think me self-conceited and bragging, for I am not. In my phrenology chart, self-esteem is marked only "full." I did not know how else to tell you my occupation.

Jessup, after a very long absence, comes with good suggestions and an amusing anecdote:

Please allow another long absent member to again enter the ranks. By all means, let us have the Teacher's Club, as the Chaperone suggests. There seems to be a large number of teachers in the "order," and why not have more discussions on educational topics?

Hoosere Puer Poeta music is all right in school, or most anywhere, but what's a person to do who can't sing?

Were I to try to sing, I'm afraid I'd be like Prof. H., of one of our state normals. He said he was attending a protracted meeting one night and was singing away at the top of his voice, thinking he was doing splendidly, when a little girl, one of his pupils, who was near him, listening, said: "Mr. H., you can't sing a bit, can you?"

Ten years of experience in wielding the "rod and crayon" has made of me a strong advocate of a compulsory school law. And I am truly glad that our state legislature, at its last session, passed such a law. The law as we now have it in this state (West Virginia) requires all children between ages of eight and fourteen years, to attend some public school in the state for at least sixteen weeks each year. Of course, there are exceptions and provisions, as there are in most all laws. And while this law is not as comprehensive in its scope as we would have it, yet we feel confident that much good will result and that our schools will show a marked improvement in the way of attendance.

Teachers, what do you think of the free text book proposition? I am inclined to believe that free books should go with the compulsory school law.

A new member from Pennsylvania brings a very important thought for our consideration, which we will all do well to heed; let me introduce her as "Dea":

Ten hundred and twenty-five! My! What a lot of us there be!

Dear M. G. R's, pause, think. What an army we are! What an instrument for good, or evil, when banded together. Never a day passes but that we use our influence for right or for wrong. Then, if each day each one of us influences some fellow-being to do right, or encourages him in his own so doing, our country must soon improve, for "in union there is strength."

There, I hear "the M. G. R. who doesn't like girls," saying: "It is easy to preach." But I won't mind him, because I find a strong bodyguard here; for I, too, am one of those numerous "necessary evils"—a teacher. I go, next week, to attend our county institute, which always means a week of pleasure as well as profit.

I second Hoosere Puer Poeta in wishing to hear from the teachers on the subject, "Music in the Common School Question."

If it can be made a reality in all cases, I am afraid my school will have to be excluded from the "all," or else you must give us all minor chords, for minor they are bound to be, if we attempt them.

For the reading circle I prefer that Miss Prudence suggest a book, to be carefully read and then discussed.

Nile sends greetings to the Saloonkeeper's son, and gives as a reason for her absence from the picnic, a badly swollen face, the result of the toothache, but she feared that from her appearance she might be mistaken for a prize fighter. She proposes a "Christmas Tree" and promises Miss Prudence a new waste basket if the plan carries, and a ribbon-decorated rolling-pin for Bonnie Burnie. Nile is one of our noble army of teachers and is working for a most worthy object, so we will all wish her success.

Red Bird sends the recipe for preserving flowers in their natural colors and with it she sends some pansies that have been pressed for more than two months. When she first took them from the envelope, Miss Prudence was very certain that they were painted, so bright and natural did they look.

Here is the "recipe" for which very many readers of The Blade will thank Red Bird:

Take 1 teaspoonful of the white of egg and a pinch of powdered alum, mix well and apply to the back of the flower, or leaf and press smoothly on a piece of good firm writing paper. That is all there is to it.

Several inquiries have been made recently in regard to the M. G. R. badge. It is a very pretty silver pin, made expressly for the M. G. R's., of the Toledo Blade, and is sold for barely enough to cover the expense of procuring them in a large quantity. They can only be obtained of this office and by members of the Merry-Go-Round.

It would be a means of identifying members of this society if each one would wear one of these badges. Price, 50 cents.

A correspondent writes to ask who is at the head of the Merry-Go-Rounds, and where does he or she reside." He also states that he has "read the M. G. R., columns with interest for some time."

If this is so, he surely must know what the object of the order is, and that Miss Prudence is the chaperone and editor, and that she "resides" in the editorial rooms of The Toledo Blade, a good part of her time.

Come and join us friend, and you will soon have a better acquaintance with us.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE WONDERFUL JIM.

A piece of old board is the back of the steed,
His saddle, old carpeting, gorgeous indeed,
His legs were the rounds of an old kitchen chair,
His tail is of leather instead of horsehair,
His head is a block, and his eyes are a pair
Of knots that most luckily chanced to be there.
On the old kitchen rockers he travels with vim,
And the name of this wonderful pony is Jim.

With Rex on his back, over carpet and floor,
He travels great distances, millions or more
Of miles over mountain and valley and plain,
Through Fairyland's Grottoes, past Castles in Spain,
To the limits of Playland and then home again.
No journey I know of is too hard for him,
No roads are too rough for the wonderful Jim.

And though he is old and his rockers askew,
He travels as well now as when he was new,
With Rex on his back and a string in his jaws
He starts not a bit from the toy tiger's claws.
In the Nursery Jungle there's nothing so grim
That it has any terror for wonderful Jim.
—Ralph Bergengren, in Youth's Companion.

PAT'S "BENEFIT."

Indeed it was a bright idea. Phil Wayne first suggested it. In fact, Phil was addicted to bright ideas. Often they were luminous with the light of heaven.

It was in the old Ringville school house that the merry company of boys and girls were assembled for an evening spelling match. It was dark without and there was yet no lamp within, but the open door of the square box stove sent out lurid rays which fell upon one face after another as the ever-restless children crowded about and tossed in their nut shells, and laughed as they crackled among the glowing embers. But the laughter, merry as it sounded, was of a half-hearted kind, which easily showed that little brains were grappling with weightier things.

"I say, what's up now?" said a newcomer. "There's something brewing, I'll bet a penny. You look as wise as a company of owls."

"How do you know, Tim Redway? You never saw an owl. They don't fly in the daytime, and you're afraid of the dark. Girls, which one of you'll see this feller home to-night?" and Dick Dedham vaulted on to the nearest desk and betook himself to chestnuts anew.

"I tell you, fellers, I'm awful sorry for Pat, and no jokin'," put in Burt Alden, whose mind reverted to the topic in hand in spite of sundry interruptions. "Any

one of us could better afford to have a broken leg than for him to. I don't care, you may call him Paddy or pauper, but there ain't a better chap in this crowd than he is."

"That's where you're right, Burt," shouted Ben Martin. "I've found out why he didn't go to the skating match last Saturday. He stayed at home to take care of the baby so his mother could go to town. I tell you, there ain't a thing that feller won't give up if he can accommodate somebody for it."

"Hooray! Hear 'em orate! Give 'em the floor. Ireland has got some champions now!" sneered Casper Creswell. "'Fore I'd rave over the virtues of a dirty little paddy whacker! But then, everybody to his taste. However, he ain't just such a feller as I want to associate with," and Caspar pulled out his gold watch and began to grumble about the master's being late.

Casper was the rich man's son of the district, but he was what Dick called "left-handed in his disposition." It had come to be a matter of course that he would oppose every project that he did not suggest himself, and in spite of his fine clothes and swaggering assumption, the children had learned to mind little about him. It was in the pause that followed his sneers that Phil Wayne spoke up.

"Shove up your sleeves, boys. Let's see your muscles. 'Pears to me we big burly fellows might do something beside sigh and say, 'Oh, dear!' 'Too bad!' 'Ain't it dreadful?' and whimper like a pack of girls. I say, let's give up the skating party next Saturday, and give him a benefit. We'll each spend the day in earning Pat a few pennies. I'll stump any fellow here to earn more 'n I will. I'll shovel snow, saw wood, carry messages, sweep wood sheds——"

"Pick geese, dress turkeys, clean hogs' troughs," broke in Dick.

"Catch a comet, climb a rainbow," piped up Burt.

"Hush your nonsense, boys! Come on, give me your hands on it," continued Phil, as he held out his own toward the crowd collectively.

"I, I, I," was the answer, and the boys crowded up, stretching out their hands in pledge of good faith, over the hot stove, over the low benches, even over the shoulders of the speaker himself.

"That's a grand suggestion, my boy. Here, take my hand on it first," and the master stepped forward, thrust his right hand into Phil's, while the other clasped his arm in the most cordial manner. One after another followed, until the compact was sealed by nearly every one.

Three days intervened before the appointed Saturday. Each boy devoted his leisure to laying plans for the day's work.

Parents sympathized and helped, and nearly every business man in the district deferred his little jobs until the Saturday when help should be plenty.

The very heavens favored the project. But though the sun shone out as it had not done for a week, the boys did not regret the skating match. They entered heart and soul into the getting of money.

"Have you got any work for me today Deacon Roberts?" asked Burt, who lifted the gate latch just as the old gentleman was seating himself in the midst of his wolf robes for a drive.

"Work enough," said the Deacon, as he buttoned up his fur collar and surveyed the boy from head to foot. "There's work enough to be done, but I don't know about your sort of fellows. You want nice, dainty little jobs and the most tremendous pay."

"I do want a lot of money, but I'll earn every cent of it," answered Burt.

"Well, then, if you'll drive my fat cattle to the butcher's this morning, and save my hired man's time, I can give you 50 cents."

Burt thanked him, and was off to the stables. No time was lost. He got 10 cents more for an extra little job at the butcher's, caught a ride home, and was ready for more work by noon.

To count up the little odd jobs that were done by boys that day would imply that Ringville had been much more disordered on that particular morning, and had enjoyed a sort of general house-cleaning before night. The old mill raceway was cleared of ice, the wrecks of the pavilion roof, which blew off in the gale, were removed from the common, Grange Hall was swept and dusted, private wood piles were worked up, icy crossings were hacked and sprinkled with sand, feeble roofs were cleared of snow, loose blinds were fastened, apples were sorted, cattle were treated to an extra brushing, and a thousand little things tending toward order and convenience were well and thoroughly done.

Nobody was late at school Monday morning. Far better than the skating party was the fun of comparing notes and counting up the money that was to be presented to Pat in the proper time and way.

And where was the master, Saturday? Nobody had seen him at work, but a bright $10 gold piece found its way from his hands into the common fund. How it was earned was for weeks a puzzle to the curious brains of the boys. It came out in time. A bright little sketch of the injured boy's life, his early green island home, his sweet, sunny temper, his self-sacrificing disposition, and the sad accident that befell him, appeared over the master's signature in one of the best-paying periodicals in the county, and its date showed it to have been the work of that very same Saturday's busy pen.

The boys took back their ungallant words about the girl's weak lamentations when Daisy Merton added the $3.10 which she and the rest had earned.

"I say, boys," said Dick's loud voice, "three cheers for the girls."

These were given with hearty good-will, and received with many dainty blushes by the girls. They had vindicated themselves. They had proved they could do something besides weep.

And who can tell of Pat's delight? He would have danced for joy if his poor splintered leg would let him. Deep down in his heart, however, he valued the good-will of his comrades as much as the gold. His poor tongue was utterly confounded, and knew no words to express his gratitude. His mother's warm Irish heart overflowed in behalf of her darling boy. She invoked all the blessings of all of the saints in her entire sacred calendar. But there was no need, for One who is greater than the holy saints had seen the kindly deeds of the generous young hearts, and was prompt in bestowing such blessings as are ever greater to those who give than to those who receive.—Christian Union.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHO IS HE?

He was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847. When he was 12 years of age he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk railway. At 16 years he studied telegraphy and secured a position at Indianapolis, Ind., as operator. At 17 he worked out an invention for receiving messages and transferring them to another wire. Many wonderful electrical inventions followed. He is justly considered the greatest intellect of modern times.

F. M. H.

2.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters:
My 8 6 1 5 9 7 is a small earthen vessel.
My 10 3 2 is a bird.
My 4 is a consonant.
My whole is an old favorite acquaintance of the reader, whose company is greatly enjoyed at this season of the year.

W. P. E.

3.—WORD SQUARE.

X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X

1.—To grip the hand.
2.—One who rides.
3.—To love intensely.
4.—To attend another at meals.
5.—A forked instrument used by tailors in dressing cloth.

B. VAN NORMAN.

4.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A piece of land containing 27.[illegible] acres, and bounded by three straight lines, lies in such shape that the sum of the three perpendiculars drawn from every point within it are all equal to each other, each being equal to 86.60254 rods. What is the perimeter?

MARLEY CRANFORD.

5.—QUERY.

What was the Curfew Tower?

NEW ENGLAND GIRL.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote

"A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness, overcomes."

MUDIE MAY.

Answers to Puzzles of September 23.

1.—Isham G. Harris.
2.—A Faul. Tenth commandment used.
3.—Bad, besom, kestrel, Woron, men, L.
4.—7 2-3 feet.
5.—Able was I ere I saw Elba.
6.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Chat.

Solution of N. Holt's problem, by A. Faul: From the square of the radius of the earth (16,000,000) take the square of the radius less 100, which gives 790,000. Multiply the square root of 790,000 (888.8183+) by 2 and the result, 1777.6366+, will be the answer.

Correct answers received from A. Faul, N. Holt, W. P. E., R. Davis, Marley Cranford and the Kansas Boy.

New work sent by Kansas Boy, W. P. E. and N. Holt.

Marley Cranford sends the following tribute to one of his "schoolmates" in the [illegible]:

"I wonder if I am not the next oldest scholar to N. Holt? I see that he is an octogenarian, and I am a sexagenarian. He is only two decades ahead of me in age, but he may be a century ahead of me in mathematical attainments. I can say of myself that my taste for mathematics increases with age. I honor N. Holt for the profundity of his thought, and the vastness of his mathematical research.

"With no desire to detract from the worth of other members, I must say that I consider N. Holt as the brightest scholar, the star mathematician of the Wonder Column."

A Faul: Your last letter has been answered by mail.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every edu-

CHARLES A. DANA DEAD.

Editor of the Sun Succumbs After Long Illness.

New York, Oct. 18.—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, died at his home, Glencove, Long Island, at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

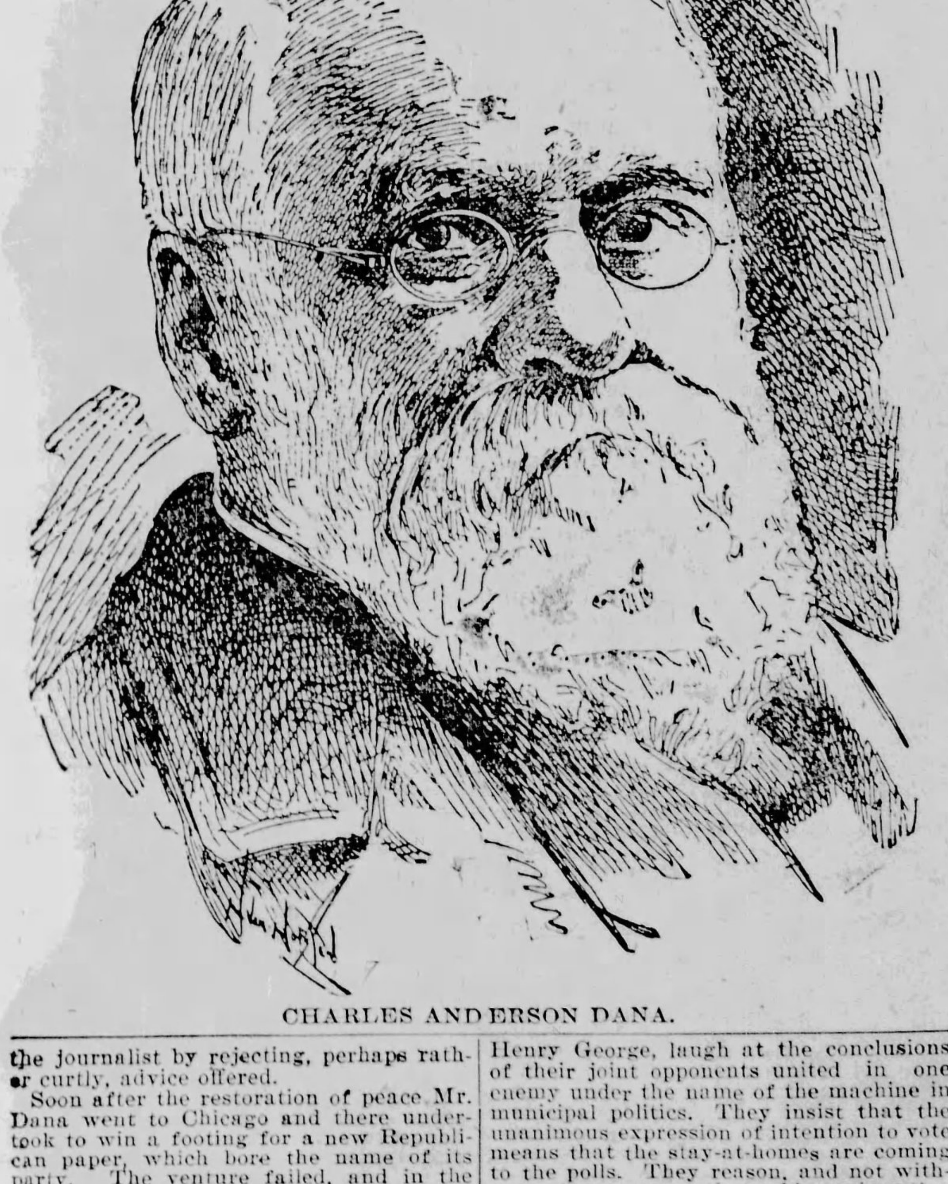
Paul Dana and his sisters, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Underhill and Mrs. Branan, were at his bedside when death came.

The cause of Mr. Dana's death was cirrhosis of the liver. On June 9 he was at his office apparently strong and healthy. The next day he was taken ill and he never afterward visited New York. He was 78 years old. Preparations for the burial have not yet been completed.

Mr. Dana's Career.

Charles A. Dana was born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, on August 8, 1819. He was given all possible educational opportunities, a part of his preparation for college being made in Buffalo, N. Y., where relatives were living. He entered Harvard University, then bearing a less pretentious title, in 1839, but his eyes failed so much that after two years he was forced to give up his college work. At that time Dana was an enthusiastic socialist. He followed Fourier with devotion, and when kindred spirits among the young dreamers of the time proposed the Brook Farm experiment in community life, he joined the movement ardently. That was in 1841. The famous enterprise at Roxbury failed, and its members scattered, but for a time the future editor of the Sun labored manfully to cultivate the community farm and keep up the other business of the literary brotherhood, which made the venture notable even in retrospect, and judged from very different points of view. At that period Mr. Dana wrote for the Harbinger, a weekly paper devoted to the Fourier type of socialism. He afterwards did some work for the Chronotype, a Boston periodical, long since dead. A trip to Europe had been sandwiched between the end of college life and the Brook Farm experiment.

All this experience of life and letters gave the young enthusiast excellent training for the kind of work which he began in 1847. In that year Horace Greeley, a native of the same state, and also an ardent idealist, in his way, invited Dana to become one of his helpers in the editorial conduct of the New York Tribune. There he remained for about fifteen years. The anti-slavery movement afforded plenty of opportunity for enthusiasm, and for a time the two New Hampshire radicals worked in harmony. Gradually the older man's comparative moderation opened a breach between them. Early in the civil war it became so great that Dana was forced to leave the Tribune. He was soon made assistant secretary of war. Most of his work for the department was done away from Washington, being largely observation of the field and reports made upon the conditions at the front, especially where Grant commanded in the West. It was during this period that Gen. Grant incurred the bitter and lasting enmity of the journalist by rejecting, perhaps rather curtly, advice offered.



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

Soon after the restoration of peace Mr. Dana went to Chicago and there undertook to win a footing for a new Republican paper, which bore the name of its party. The venture failed, and in the latter part of 1867 a very different undertaking was begun in New York. The Sun had been published there for many years as a one-cent newspaper of little note. Dana and others bought it and increased its size, raised its quality as a newspaper and made it more popular by far than it had ever been before. The circulation greatly increased, though the price was at once doubled.

It is nearly thirty years since Charles A. Dana became the largest owner and the editor of the Sun, and since then he was more and more identified with that paper. His work as its master was such that he was gradually lifted by common consent into the foremost place among American editors, some years before his death. He had begun as a Republican, but the Greeley movement found him quite ready to join the Democratic party, to leave it again when the Bryan campaign began. He defended Tweed, championed Tilden with great vigor, and attacked Grant and Hayes with a bitterness which might have been attributed more to partisanship if the same attitude had not afterwards been assumed in dealing with Cleveland, who was the head of the party the Sun claimed to serve. Through all this series of changes Dana's paper was made conspicuous for picturesqueness of phrase and originality of ideas. Its editor gathered able men about him, and its literary, musical, and art criticisms were valued by cultivated readers. It was always intelligent and in many things notably accurate. No other newspaper in the country had a more marked personality. It was Dana, but Dana was more than the Sun. He continued his patronage of literature to the end, and from time to time he delivered addresses, took personal parts in public movements, and deported himself as one of the foremost Americans of his day.

Shipment of Turquoise.

Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 15.—Another remarkable shipment of turquoise has been sent east from this city by Wells Fargo Express. It consisted of five cut stones, the weight of which respectively is 73, 50, 30, 23, and 22 carats, the combined value of which is $8,200. These gems came from southern New Mexico, but the exact location of the mines is a carefully guarded secret.

A Minister's Wife and a Church Debt

A minister's wife in Buffalo writes: "Our church was encumbered with a mortgage. The Ladies' Home Journal seemed to offer a chance to accomplish something for the work, and I took the matter to the Ladies' Aid Society. I proposed that each member should enter her subscription, and try to secure other names. My plan was received enthusiastically. In addition to our own members we obtained subscriptions from many not connected with the church. Everywhere we went we talked Journal and church mortgage. Soon we had subscriptions enough to reduce the mortgage considerably, and with very little work."

What this one woman did, thousands can do for their church or for themselves. Write to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK CAMPAIGN

Equal to That of Presidential Election.

New York, Oct. 18.—The registration in Greater New York has passed expectation. It shows a total so close to the vote of the presidential election that it is practically the same—only less by 6,783. It shows in plain, cold figures that the metropolis is stirred to its very foundations over the coming conflict and that no man, either in the class that votes for spoils or in the class that votes for the best interests of the city, is willing that his ballot shall be lost. The prospective vote is 568,568—a gigantic aggregation of citizens, surpassing all the other cities of civilization. It shows that the individual man is appreciating the obligation resting upon him in this combat between honesty and robbery, between independence and bossism. It seems that the whole population is to take a hand in the struggle, and the prevailing sentiment is expressed in the didactic declaration of Governor Black that "for any man to refuse to do his utmost now would be treason."

All Sides Make Claims.

The figures are being taken by each side to prove its particular fight is already won. Senator Platt and Richard Croker unite in claiming that the intense interest manifested in the registration shows that one of the machine candidates will win—Mr. Platt giving the victory to General Tracy and then to Judge Van Wyck; Mr. Croker granting the same compliment to Judge Van Wyck and after him to General Tracy. Both bosses argue that the voters registered en masse in response to the urgent call from the old line organizations.

The reformers, both Seth Low and Henry George, laugh at the conclusions of their joint opponents united in one enemy under the name of the machine in municipal politics. They insist that the unanimous expression of intention to vote means that the stay-at-homes are coming to the polls. They reason, and not without common sense, that a big registration invariably adds strength to the side standing for reform.

This talk all aside, sifted to the bottom and taken for all it is worth, there is yet no decrease in the certainty that on the face of the situation as it stands to-day Tammany Hall stands the best chance to win. If it is necessary Croker will be aided by the Platt machine and it is this combination of bossism that the honest people of the greater city are making a desperate effort to overthrow.

FOUR AT A TIME.

Mrs. Olmstead and the Babies Are Doing Well.

Troy, Oct. 15.—Mrs. William J. Olmstead, wife of a motorman on the Troy city railroad, recently gave birth to four children—two boys and two girls—at her home in Albia, a suburb of this city. The mother and children are all doing well.

The children weighed six and one-half pounds each. The mother weighs only 130 pounds.

Mrs. Olmstead was unable to care for all the infants, and two of her sisters came to her relief. One took two of the babies to Oswego and the other took one of them to Stuyvesant Falls, while the fourth was left with the mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead have four other children, the eldest being a girl of 16 and the youngest a boy of 5.

FOR LINCOLN TERRITORY.

Proposition to Divide the Great Alaska Country.

San Francisco, Oct. 14.—Special correspondence of the Call from Alaska brought by the revenue cutter Thomas Corwin, conveys the news that it is proposed to establish a new territory to be known as Lincoln, out of the northwestern portion of Alaska. Its boundaries have not yet been fully decided upon, but it will include the Yukon river country and extend north to the Arctic ocean. The new town of Weare, situated on the Yukon river, about half way between Dawson City and St. Michaels, has been chosen for the capital of the proposed territory. It is understood that Eli Gage, son of the secretary of the treasury, is a prominent candidate for governor in case a territorial organization is effected.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

Sudden Death of the Palace Car Magnate.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—George M. Pullman died suddenly of heart disease at 5 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Pullman's death occurred in his magnificent brown stone home at the corner of Prairie avenue and Eighteenth street, where he has resided for many years.

Mrs. Pullman, who was in New York, was immediately telegraphed for and is now on her way to Chicago.

Mrs. Pullman is expected to arrive in Chicago to-morrow morning on the Pennsylvania limited. She has been spending the season at the Pullman summer residence at Elberton, N. J., but went to New York city a few days ago preparatory to coming West for the winter.

Mr. Pullman, while in apparently good health recently, formerly had some stomach trouble, which he had attributed largely to the condition of his eyes. His belief was that about all the bodily ills were due to the eyes. The latter part of last week he gave the visiting officials of the Pennsylvania railroad a dinner at the Chicago Club and was in excellent spirits.

He leaves two sons—Sanger and George M., jr., and two daughters, Mrs. Carolan, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Frank O. Louden, of Chicago.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

George Mortimer Pullman was born in Chautauqua county, New York, March 3, 1831. At 14 he began life as a clerk in a country store, later associating himself with an older brother in the cabinet making business at Albion. He came to Chicago in 1859 and at first engaged in the business of raising buildings, elevating entire blocks a number of feet to bring them up to new street grades. While riding in an old-fashioned sleeping car from Buffalo to Westfield, N. Y., it occurred to him that there was a field for building comfortable sleeping coaches. From 1859 to 1863 he made a series of experiments on the Chicago & Alton and Galena roads. From the experiments he worked out detailed plans. A workshop was rented, skilled mechanics employed and Mr. Pullman threw himself into the task with the ardor of a man who moves from settled convictions. Although without mechanical training himself, he personally directed the work of others in all the minor details of putting the ideas he had originated into material form. The first car, the "Pioneer," was completed early in 1865, and immediately took rank as the most perfect railway vehicle the world had ever seen. This was the beginning of the Pullman system, which has grown to the present enormous proportion.

Mr. Pullman was identified with almost every public enterprise in Chicago.

The industrial town of Pullman within the city limits of Chicago, now contains over 11,000 inhabitants. Mr. Pullman was a brother of Rev. Dr. J. M. Pullman, of New York, formerly editor of the Christian Leader.

Mr. Pullman's fortune is variously estimated at from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000.

WINDSOR WIPED OUT.

More Than Three Thousand People Rendered Homeless.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 18.—Historic Windsor, one of the most beautiful towns in the province was devastated by fire yesterday morning. For six hours beginning shortly before 3 a. m., the fire, fanned by a violent northwest gale raged so fiercely that the local fire department was absolutely hapless to cope with it and within a half hour after its discovery the mayor began to call for outside assistance. Long before noon the town had been eaten up almost completely, the area covered by the flames being nearly a mile square and of the four hundred or more buildings occupying the section, barely half a dozen scorched structures remain.

Of the 3,500 people that inhabited the place few have homes. Over 3,000 have been taken in by residents of the surrounding country and neighboring towns, while the remainder of the sufferers have gone to Halifax or are sheltered in army tents. The origin of the fire is somewhat mysterious. A severe lightning storm passed over the town before the flames burst forth and some think the barn in which the fire started may have been struck by lightning, but many strongly suspect that the conflagration originated through the carelessness of some drunken man.

When morning broke the sight of Windsor was a scene of desolation with hundreds of frantic thinly clad and destitute men and women and children rushing back and forth through the smoky streets. Fortunately no lives were lost. Many horses and cattle perished in the flames, or were suffocated from smoke.

Relief measures were started in Halifax at an early hour and yesterday a train load of provisions, tents, blankets, etc., arrived from the provincial capital. Aboard the train were General Montgomery Moore, Governor Daly, Mayor Stephen and 100 men of the Royal Berkshire regiment and Royal Engineers, who were brought to attend to the erection of tents and aid in the relief work.

The total loss is estimated rouhgly at $3,000,000. While a number of the heaviest losers are partially insured and some of them pretty well covered, the insurance is calculated to be not more than half a million.

GOLD IN WASHINGTON.

And Plenty of Prospectors After It in Ruth Creek District.

San Francisco, Oct. 15.—There are 1,500 prospectors in the Ruth creek mining district in the northern part of the state of Washington a few miles from the foot of Mount Baker. H. B. Cornwall of this city is in receipt of letters to bear out this statement and also of samples of ore which tend to show that the labors of all prospectors will not be in vain for it is stated that gold-bearing quartz ledges of considerable extent have been found on R[illegible]h creek.

CEILING FELL IN.

Accident in Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 16.—About 8:50 last night as the performance at Robinson's Opera House began plastering began to fall from the center of the dome ceiling, forty or fifty feet above the heads of the people sitting in the parquet. This continued three minutes, causing a rush out of the house. The house and the galleries were partially emptied when the dome in the center of the roof, with its supporting timbers and trusses came tumbling down. This extended clear across the opera house and was about thirty feet wide. When it fell the ends of it struck the side of the gallery, crushing it and scattering timbers in every direction and landing in the center of the parquet. There was a rush from the gallery which was not very well filled. The balcony was soon emptied. Those in the dress circle retired as promptly as possible, and strange to say without an apparent panic. The crowding of these to the door obstructed the passage of people from the parquet, which accounts in a measure for the number of casualties.

The cause of the accident seems to be easily discovered. Among the first who entered the building after the dome had fallen was President George W. Rapp, of the Cincinnati chapter, American Institute of Architects. "It was not the dome that caused the trouble. The fault lies with the roof trusses. The house has been built more than 25 years, and the wood has shrunk until the bolts and nails afforded the smallest possible security. One of these trusses had rotted away from its fastenings; it has parted and thrown the two sections down, and they in their descent pulled the dome with them. These wood trusses are of pine, and they shrink very perceptibly in the course of years."

The scene in front of the hospital door was a sad one. Hundreds of people gathered there clamoring for the names of the injured. An attendant stood at the door with a list of those brought in and answered these anxious inquiries. Many names were inquired for that were not on the hospital list.

The dead are: Miss Lucy Cohen, Mrs. George Kleeman.

Dangerously injured: Mr. Goldman, Mrs. Stodder, Mary Stodder, Mary Haas, an unknown woman.

Seriously or slightly injured: Pearl Hall, Grace Conner, C. J. Weiss, Jacob Weyle, Mary Hess, John White, Amelia Weyle, Mary Howe, Ella Moorman, Della Algeir and her three children, Stanley, Joseph and John; Daisy Fairhead, S. E. Long, S. J. Fairland, T. E. Wiley, Frederick Jenks, William Moten, W. J. McCabe, Clint. Deal, Kate White, Maggie Stodder, Amelia Weyle, Samuel Rosenbaum, Clint. Steele.

HAPPY WEDDING.

Ex-President Garfield's Son Abram and Sarah Granger Williams.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 15.—Brightwood, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Porter Williams, at Glenville, was the scene yesterday of one of the most beautiful autumn weddings ever celebrated in Cleveland. The bride was Miss Sarah Granger Williams, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Williams, and the groom was Mr. Abram Garfield, son of former President and Mrs. James A. Garfield, of Mentor, O. There were 160 guests.

Promptly at noon Mr. Irving Garfield, as best man, advanced to the altar, where Rev. Dr. Hiram C. Hayden, pastor of the Old Stone church, was waiting. Miss Reba Williams, only sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and preceded her down the stairway. Next came the bride. She was met at the foot of the stairs by her father, who escorted her to the altar and gave her in marriage.

Of the Garfield family present was Mrs. Lucretia Garfield, mother of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. James R. Garfield, of Mentor; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Garfield, of Cleveland, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown, of Washington.

LUETGERT'S PLANS.

He Will Start a Saloon if Acquitted.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Luetgert has finally decided upon his plans if he is acquitted. Instead of exhibiting himself and the middle vat to the country as he had contemplated he is to purchase an interest in a down-town saloon or open one himself if a prominent location can be secured, and the vat, steam vat and great dane dogs will be exhibited as a sort of side show while Luetgert passes out beer over the bar. While getting ready to open a saloon Luetgert will exhibit himself in some local museum if he can find a manager willing to pay his price. Luetgert is now demanding $5,000 for a month's exhibition.

THE BUSINESS GOOD

And the Employes' Wages Will Be Raised Ten Per Cent.

Youngstown, O., Oct. 18.—The Youngstown Carriage and Wagon company closed down in part on Saturday night for the purpose of taking stock, and on Monday, November 1, will have all departments in operation. The employes in receiving their pay Saturday night were notified that on November 1 their wages would be increased ten per cent. The company is doing a prosperous business and stated it desired to share its prosperity with the employes.

YELLOW FEVER.

Dr. Sanarelli Explains More of His Discoveries.

Montevideo, Oct. 15.—During the course of a lecture yesterday Dr. Sanarelli, who has been experimenting for some time past with yellow fever germs, affirmed that the serum he has obtained from the animals with which he has been experimenting, is as effective against yellow fever as horse serum, and he added that it will very probably cure spontaneous yellow fever in human beings.

DRY BRONCHITIS.

(From Dr. Hunter's Lectures.)

In previous articles I have described several forms of chronic bronchitis. There is still another form, called dry bronchitis, in which the matter expectorated is neither profuse, nor watery nor purulent. It is a glutinous kind of stuff, of a bluish white or pearly gray color. The chronic inflammation which causes it thickens the mucous membrane, thereby narrowing the tubes through which we breathe and shortening and oppressing the breath. Sometimes tubes of considerable size become completely clogged by this tough phlegm, causing great difficulty of breathing.

Of all the forms of bronchitis this is the most common. "In the most favored parts of France," says Laennec, "fully one-half of the people are found, on careful examination, to have thickening of some portion of the mucous lining of the lungs, caused by dry bronchitis." It is the most insidious of lung complaints. Those suffering from it have at first only a slight cough; it may be only a trifling coughing spell in the morning; they have a chilly sensation in the afternoon, and toward evening are slightly feverish, get out of breath more easily than formerly.

There is always a feeling of more or less tightness and oppression in the chest, which is relieved from time to time by coughing up a quantity of the tough jelly-like matter before described. Sometimes the cough comes on in paroxysms, attended by great oppression and distress, like asthma. On inquiry of a person so affected if he has any lung trouble he will almost certainly answer No—and yet during your conversation, will perhaps hack and raise this jelly-like mucous half a dozen times.

Here we have a lung disease which directly tends to consumption, and has most of the symptoms of that disease, and yet is not consumption at all. When it ends fatally, as it often does, an examination of the lungs reveals neither tubercles, ulceration nor the bacilli of tuberculosis.

In such cases death generally results from suffocation caused by a sudden attack of congestion, which, supervening on the chronic disease, fills the lungs with viscid mucus that the patient, in his weakened condition is unable to raise.

Bronchitis is not generally treated with success, because the proper remedies are not applied directly to the inner surface of the diseased tubes within the lungs. I had the good fortune some years ago to discover and remedy this evil by introducing and successfully applying a local treatment for this and other lung complaints. I make the air which the patient breathes the carrier of the remedies which are necessary for this cure. Instead of sending them on a roundabout way through the stomach and general system, I introduce them directly into the airtubes and cells of the lungs, where the disease and all the danger lies, and I know by ample experience that this treatment is the only hope there is for the cure of any form of bronchial or lung diseases.

(To be Continued.)

Signed. ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
Specialist in Lung Cases,
No. 117 West Forty-fifth st., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of The Weekly Blade who are interested in Dr. Hunter's work will receive his books FREE by addressing him as above.

RADICAL IDEAS

At the Coming W. C. T. U. Convention in Toronto.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 18.—The headquarters of the Toronto W. C. T. U. is at present the scene of great activity, in preparation for the gathering of the world's white ribboners. The hospitality committee have almost completed their arrangements for the entertainment of the delegates. The best homes in Toronto will be open to the visitors.

Miss Elizabeth Greenwood, of New York, is to preach the convention sermon in Massey Hall as the substitute for Lady Henry Somerset, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 24.

Chicago, Ill. Oct. 18.—It is said on good authority that in her annual address to the forthcoming World's and American Woman's Temperance conventions at Toronto and Buffalo respectively Miss Frances Willard will take even more strong and radical grounds on the liquor and allied questions than this noted reformer has done in previous years. In the two speeches she will touch on no less than 75 topics, temperance, philanthrope and reform, and on many of which, according to one of her right-hand helpmeets, she will take a "fearless and radical" position. The national committee of the Prohibition party and the woman suffragists will be interested in the development that she will declare for total prohibition by law, by politics and by woman's ballot, and while there is no intimation that the relations between herself and Lady Henry Somerset are at all strained, it is significant that she will take issue with the recent new departure of her English sister by emphatically declaring in favor of total prohibition of any form of regulation of social vice.

It was Lady Somerset's quasi indorsement of this regulation in India that has exploded a dynamite bomb in the English association. Miss Willard will also declare for total prohibition of gambling, whether public or private, in the parlor or on the race tracks. On the labor question she will declare that the World's and National associations believe in a living wage, in an eight-hour day, the courts of conciliation or arbitration, in justice opposed to greed or gain, the development by evolution, not by revolution, of a universal brotherhood. She has a kind word for Wilson Barrett's Sign of the Cross, and will take the ground that Christian people must develop an intelligent discrimination in their relations to the drama of the future. The new "Princeton Alumni" hotel, and the banquets where wine is furnished in that goodly Presbyterian stronghold, will come in for some strong talk. Finally Miss Willard will declare in opposition to all compromises, that the keynote of the world's womanhood must always be caught from the trumpet of the gospel, and that no patriot serves his country so well as he who sets before it the highest moral ideal.

QUEER STORY.

Story of a Ten Dollar Bill and What Happened With It.

Massillon, O., Oct. 16.—The old 14-15 puzzle created nothing like the disturbance which is now agitating Massillon, all because of the following proposition:

"A banker saw a $10 bill on the curbstone. He picked it up and took the numbers in order to find the owner. While at home his wife remarked that the butcher had sent in a bill amounting to $10. The only one he had with him was the bill he had found, which he gave her. The butcher paid it to a farmer for a calf, and the farmer paid it to a merchant, who in turn paid it to a washerwoman, and she owing the banker a note of $10 went to the banker and paid her note. The banker recognized the bill as the one he had found, which up to that time had settled $50 of debt. On a more careful examination he found that the bill was a counterfeit. Now, will somebody tell what had been lost in transacting this business, and by whom."

SENATOR PEFFER

Wraps His Whiskers Around His Neck and Seeks Law Violators.

Topeka, Kas. Oct. 15.—A red-hot war on the violators of the prohibitory liquor law is in progress in Topeka. Former United States Senator Peffer is an ardent prohibitionist, and to satisfy himself started out last night to see if he could buy liquor by the glass.

As he entered a well known resort he wrapped his long whiskers about his neck underneath his collar and called for a glass of beer.

"We don't sell drinks here," replied the bartender, and the former Senator departed.

Although disguised the Senator's features were recognized and he returned to his home no wiser.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BLANCO SAILS FOR CUBA.

He Will Use More Money Than Bullets.

Madrid, Oct. 19. — Marshal Blanco started for Cuba to begin the work of pacification. No money will be spared to buy off the chiefs of the insurrection or to make their departure from the island easy, though all such proceedings will be denied officially. The new governor general has been given full power, subject to certain instructions, a part of which have been kept secret even from most of the members of the cabinet.

The reserved instructions cover all international aspects of the Cuban question, especially Spain's relations with the United States, the treatment of American citizens in strict observance of the treaties of 1785 and 1877 with the United States, respect for foreign-owned property, and possible negotiations with a view to leading to the submission of the insurgents. Such negotiations, according to the time-honored precedents of Spanish civil wars, even on the Peninsula, will be conducted behind the scenes, if entered into.

General Blanco was selected to govern Cuba partly because he was backed by a powerful military clique who thought him entitled to some compensation for his recall from Manilla and for the severe censure passed on the glaring shortcomings of his policy during the first five months of the Philippine insurrection. He is backed, too, by Marshal Campos, who was elected to remain in Spain to be ready in case of need to defend the monarchy and the present dynasty against the Carlists and Republicans.

Reasons for Selecting Blanco.

General Blanco was also selected on account of his experience in Cuban affairs, as he held high commands in that colony, and because in the four years he was governor general there he steered a course pretty well between the old Spanish party and the Autonomists and Separatists, though he had some trouble with the latter, which his more energetic lieutenant, General Polavieja, stopped sternly at Santiago Province.

The last, but not least, reason why General Blanco was chosen is because the Spanish government no longer wants a man of action there, but a steady, conciliatory, lenient ruler, with some soldierly qualities.

He is accompanied by General Parrado, who will be second to him in command in Cuba; Generals Pando, Salcedo, Bernal Aguirre, Figueroa, Valderrama and Ceballos and 70 staff officers. The first detachment of the new reinforcements will go on the same steamer. Five thousand troops are to be sent to be sent to the island before the end of October and 15,000 in November.

The intention is to keep the army in Cuba up to 145,000 men for the present. This is considered essential until pacification is completed.

Weyler's Amnesty.

Havana, Oct. 14.—General Weyler, the retiring Captain-General, has granted amnesty to 46 more political prisoners, including several women, who have been incarcerated on the Isles of Pines.

It is reported in official circles that a filibustering expedition, including Jose Loreto Cepero, an American citizen, and 14 others, has been landed at the entrance of the river Arimao, Province of Santa Clara, and has succeeded in joining the insurgent forces commanded by Rego.

More Troops for Cuba.

Madrid, Oct. 15.—Reinforcements of Spanish troops for Cuba are being hurried forward by the military authorities. About 5,000 additional soldiers will leave Spain for that island before the end of the present month.

BIMETALLIC SCARE

Is Now Over and Business Men Feel Better.

London, Oct. 18.—The afternoon papers to-day echo the opinions of the morning newspapers in congratulating the government upon "finally disposing of the bimetallic scare," and expressing regret that it should "ever even have seemed to receive support in high quarters."

Hugh C. Smith, governor of the Bank of England, said to-day to a representative of the Associated Press: "The bank is a private company without any government control and is not responsible to the government, except in the terms of its charter. The government cannot issue any orders relative to the bank's reserves. At the same time, the government is the bank's best customer, and, the court of governors being composed of law-abiding citizens, whenever the government makes a request we do our best to comply. The government must be presumed to know what is best for the country.

"The press has been filled with misstatements. The government wrote asking if the bank was willing to renew its offer made at the Paris monetary conference, in 1881, regarding its reserve. I replied in the same tenor as the memorandum which the bank sent to that conference, though more guardedly. That is all that happened. The statement that the bank has been coquetting with the American commissioners is pure rubbish. Excepting what I have read in the papers, I have never heard of those gentlemen."

SEAL QUESTION.

Great Britain Still Wants to Talk It Over.

London, Oct. 15.—The British foreign office to-day intimated to the United States ambassador, Col. John Hay, that a meeting of seal experts of Great Britain, Canada and the United States will occur, as agreed upon by the Marquis of Salisbury.

It is learned that Prof. Darcy Thompson, the seal expert of the British foreign office, starts for the United States immediately.

The Review of Reviews says that Editor Stead while in Washington recently discovered that unless the sealing question is speedily settled the United States government will order the destruction next season of the entire herd of seals on the whole of the Prybiloff Islands.

AN ARBITRATION TREATY

Likely to Be Again Under Negotiation.

London, Oct. 14.—The Daily News says this morning:

"There is a good prospect of the speedy conclusion of a general arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. We have reason to believe that President McKinley will propose a clause in the treaty providing that before any subject is finally referred to the court of arbitration such reference shall be approved by the Queen on one hand and by the American President on the other. It is expected that such a proviso will induce the Senate to ratify the treaty and it is improbable that any objection will be raised on this side."

BRITISH ENGINEERS.

Still On Strike and No End is In Sight.

London, Oct. 16.—The engineering dispute is in a state of complete deadlock. All attempts at reconciliation seem hopeless. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, have both declined invitations to mediate. Mr. Ritchie, president of the board of trade, disgusted by the rejection of his previous offers, refuses to accept further responsibility for bringing the disputants together and throws the whole affair on the cabinet. The matter will come before the cabinet council.

Edward Langtry Dead.

London, Oct. 16.—Edward Langtry, the husband of Lily Langtry, the actress, died last night in the asylum for the insane at Chester, to which he was recently committed by a magistrate, having wandering in a helpless condition in that vicinity. It is supposed that Mr. Langtry was suffering from concussion of the brain, due to falling down the gangway of a steamer on which he traveled from Dublin to Holyhead.

HOPE OUT OF DESPAIR

This is the story of a woman who suffered and despaired. Not a romantic tale of an imaginary woman, but the plain unvarnished facts about a wife and mother, whose final triumph over misery and hopelessness teaches this indisputable truth: neither nature nor the Creator of nature ever intended women to be all their lives incapacitated and worn and racked with continual aches and agonies.

Women who drag along in weakness and wretchedness a large share of their time, get into the habit of thinking that

"MY HUSBAND WAS IN DESPAIR."

there is no help for it; that it is all part of their inevitable destiny. They become discouraged with the failure after failure of unnatural drugs and unscientific practitioners to bring them any permanent relief. They settle down into the despondent conviction that there is no way of escape from the fateful weakness which drags them backward.

But the remarkable experience here narrated shows beyond question that this is wrong and a mistaken one. There is hope for every suffering woman; there is a way of escape from all their prostrating weaknesses; there is a perfect and unfailing remedy which has restored more than ninety thousand pain-racked, weary, despairing women to complete health, strength and bouyant cheerfulness:—"My life is

A STORY OF MISERY

for the last three years," this lady writes. She is Mrs. Alonzo Rathmell, living at the corner of Meade and Almond streets, in Williamsport, Pa. "Up until the birth of my boy I had health that I often boasted of. I married in my twenty-fifth year, and two years afterward my boy was born. Then the health I boasted of was suddenly gone. Pen or tongue can never describe the awful suffering I endured for a year and a half. I was so miserable I longed for death to relieve me, when a kind neighbor came in and asked me to try a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I said despairingly, 'Oh, it's no use; I can't ever be any better.' She insisted, and my husband, who was in despair, got a bottle, and I took it just to please him. I had not taken half a bottle when I was able to walk across the room without feeling faint or having any palpitation of the heart. Oh, what a God-send your medicine is to suffering humanity. We had spent two hundred dollars with the leading doctors without any benefit whatever.

"Last December I had a baby, and, thanks to your 'Favorite Prescription,' I stood the confinement well and have a fourteen pound baby girl. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I hate to even think of how I felt before I began to take your medicine. I could not stand on my feet but it seemed as though I would fall through myself; and to walk was simply torture. But to-day I can hardly believe that I ever was so miserable. I know that I induced a number of friends to try your 'Favorite Prescription' and have heard of no failures."

The inventor of this remarkable remedy is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who as chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of that city, for thirty years, has been known as America's foremost specialist in the treatment of women's diseases. His "Favorite Prescription" for women is known the world over as the one remedy of its kind which is based upon natural principles translated into a perfectly scientific and marvelously effective formula.

It completely rejuvenates the womanly organism; it gives internal health and vital force; it reaches the innermost sources of disease in the organic tissues and life-sustaining nerve-centers. It purifies, heals, strengthens. It creates a physically new womanhood, as no other medicine ever has or can.

It prepares women for motherhood, and robs that trying ordeal of all its accustomed terrors. Taken during the expectant period it banishes all danger and nearly all pain; comforting and sustaining the mother and giving healthy vigor to the child. It is the only proprietary medicine for women which is prepared by an educated physician and sanctioned by competent Medical authority.

Thousands of women have written grateful letters to Dr. Pierce, testifying to the help they have received from his wonderful remedies.

Mrs. M. E. Farrar, of Scottsville, Albemarle Co., Va., writes: "I wrote to you last May explaining my case to you and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's medicines. At that time I had been a wreck for six years and continued getting worse every day. Could not walk across my floor without suffering almost death. My case was of long standing; womb disease, dyspepsia, heart trouble and nervousness. I grew worse all the time. I tried different physicians who said they could not cure me. When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I only weighed ninety pounds. I took five bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and four of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' When I commenced, the doctor said I would not live a month. To-day I am a well woman and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. It has been eight months since I stopped taking the medicines and I have no symptoms of a return of the disease."

DOCTORS MAKE MISTAKES.

The average doctor, even, doesn't properly diagnose these cases. He doesn't understand them. When a woman complains of being sluggish, dizzy, nervous, despondent and weak he attributes these symptoms to heart trouble or disorders of the liver. He isn't right once in ten times. The real sickness is in the organs distinctly feminine and no help can come till they are made perfectly strong and healthy in both structure and function.

The woman herself usually realizes the true nature of her trouble. But she does not like to confide a trouble of this delicate nature to some home doctor who is likely to make her case the subject of discussion in a local medical society and to insist upon obnoxious "local examinations" and "applications." Right here is where a wise and good, sympathetic husband could be of invaluable aid. No woman will hesitate to confide fully in her husband if she is sure of his goodness of heart, sympathy and wise advice.

WISE ADVICE.

Such a husband can advise his wife not to entrust her case to the average careless easy-going doctors. He can tell her that she should consult some eminent specialist of national reputation. If he is a well informed man, he should know that the "local examinations" and "applications" from which a modest woman shrinks, are generally entirely unnecessary. If he is a man who reads the newspapers, he should be able to tell his wife that there is a sure, safe and speedy remedy for all troubles of this description. That remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on a woman's special organism and makes it strong and healthy. It allays inflammation, ulceration, stops debilitating drains, soothes pain, and invigorates and vitalizes her whole system. It gives the tortured nerves rest and tones and invigorates them. It restores the glow of health to the cheek, the flash of wit to the eye, the charm of amiability to the manner and the grace and spring of health to the carriage. It transforms weak, sickly, irritable, nervous and despondent invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers.

Miss Matilda Lee, of Laplata, Charles Co., Md., writes: "I think it is my duty to write, with a heart full of gratitude to state the great benefit your wonderful medicine has conferred. I appreciate it above all other medicines. My mother was in bad health for two years. She suffered untold misery. She has been a great sufferer with cold and numb feet and hands, with fainting spells, headache, and pains in both sides and in shoulders, also pains in the top of her head. I heard of Dr. Pierce's valuable medicine, and wrote you. You gave me a prompt reply, and my mother began to take your medicine. After taking five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and some of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' she was cured. If it had not been for the goodness of God and your grand medicine my mother would have been in her grave. Please add this to your testimonials, so that others who suffer like she did will find relief."

Every woman should own a copy of Dr. Pierce's great thousand page book, The Common Sense Medical Adviser. It will be sent absolutely free paper-bound for 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. Or send 31 stamps for a handsome cloth-bound copy.

ADDITIONAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Philippine Demands.

Madrid, Oct. 16.—The government has received information from Manilla that the insurgents of the Philippine Islands have replied to the overtures of Capt. Gen. Primo de Rivera, who has been trying to induce them to submit, demanding extensive amnesty to begin with and a full pardon eventually.

Turkey and Bulgaria Combine.

London, Oct. 16.—The correspondent of the Standard at Constantinople says that all the preliminaries have been agreed upon for an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Bulgaria and Turkey, under which the governor generalship of Roumania becomes hereditary in the family of Prince Ferdinand.

Britain Wants More Soldiers.

London, Oct. 16.—The Daily Chronicle this morning says it understands that the budget of 1898 will propose an extra grant of £1,500,000 to provide 11,000 additional men for the army and "some amelioration for the soldiers' lot, with a view of attracting recruits."

New Russian Port.

Vladivostock, Oct. 15.—The foundation stone of what is intended to be the greatest commercial port of Russia in this part of the world was laid to-day with considerable ceremony.

TWO HUNDRED LOST

In the Wreck of the Steamer Triton.

Havana, Oct. 18.—The gunboat Maria Cristina, which left this port Saturday for the scene of the wreck of the coasting steamer Triton, which sank Saturday morning between Dominica and Mariel, has returned, accompanied by the tug boat Susie, which went with her, the gunboat having on board 19 and the tugboat 23 of the members of the lost ship's crew, of whom thirteen are civilians and soldiers. The whereabouts of the others of the company is unknown. The Triton struck the rock during a heavy rain storm. Her cargo shifted and fifteen minutes later she sank in 120 fathoms of water. A scene of terrible confusion and panic ensued. In a wild struggle the passengers rushed for the boats. The first boat lowered capsized immediately and all of its occupants were drowned in the whirling waters. The next was struck by an enormous wave, and turned over, drowning twenty, but the frail craft righted again, and eight who had been thrown out regained the boat. Some were good swimmers and kept themselves afloat for hours. Four soldiers on planks whom the strong current carried east of Havana, were saved by a pilot boat. They declare that Saturday evening there were many others near them on planks, but when morning came all these had disappeared. Some of them probably became food for sharks.

Those who were rescued tell heartrending stories of the scenes during the terrible quarter of an hour before the Triton sank. An army captain, his wife and daughter went down together locked in a last embrace. A mother with twins fifteen months old, drifted helplessly away on the crest of a great wave. All the other ladies and children were drowned.

Just as the Triton was sinking Capt. Ricardo, her commander, committed suicide by shooting himself with his revolver. It is impossible to give the exact number of those lost, but it is estimated that there were no fewer than 150. No passenger list has been found. The consignee says that the vessel, which carried a general cargo, was not insured.

The forty-two rescued persons suffered severely from the exposure. All of them were more or less bruised, and many were badly wounded.

To Fight Mormonism.

Mankato, Minn., Oct. 18.—At the session of the state Presbyterian synod the following resolution was passed:

"That a committee be appointed to act as a bureau of information to publish information to counteract the pernicious doctrines of Mormonism which are being quietly and very persistently taught in different parts of the state."

Miners' Strike Settled.

Cincinnati, Oct. 18.—A Pomeroy, O., special to the Times-Star says: The coal miners' strike in the Pomeroy Bend has been settled at $2.12 per 100 bushels, which is highly satisfactory to the miners. All the mines and salt works will resume operations at once.

WASHINGTON.

UNITED STATES MINT.

Directors Report On the Work of the Year.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The director of the mint has submitted to the secretary of the Treasury his report for the fiscal year 1897, covering the operations of the mints and assay offices together with the statistics of the foreign countries relative to production, coinage and the monetary condition of each.

The value of the gold deposited at the mints and assay offices during the fiscal year 1897, cents omitted was $129,105,-500, of this amount $87,003,337 were original deposits, and $42,102,162 re-deposits.

The original deposits were classified as follows:

Domestic bullion	$60,618,239
Mutilated and uncurrent domestic coin	1,015,314
Foreign bullion and coins	22,559,534
Old plate and jewelry	2,810,245

The coinage value of silver bullion received during the year was $9,725,022; of this amount $9,470,623 were original deposits, and the remainder $254,398 re-deposits.

The original deposits were classified as follows:

Domestic bullion	$4,961,799
Uncurrent domestic coin	2,856,018
Foreign material	940,272
Old plate and jewelry	612,532

The purchases of silver bullion for subsidiary silver coinage, under the provisions of section 3,526, revised statutes of the United States, aggregated 259,248 fine ounces, costing $171,455.

The face value of uncurrent domestic gold coin, received at the mints and assay offices, was $1,025,121; of this amount $623,751 was transferred from the Treasury for re-coinage, and the remainder, $401,370, was deposited by individuals, the total coinage value of which was $1,015,314.

The coin executed during the year was as follows:

Gold	$71,646,705
Silver dollars	21,203,701
Subsidiary silver	3,124,085
Minor	984,509

The silver dollars coined were from silver bullion on hand purchased under the act of July 14, 1890.

The total coinage of silver dollars from bullion purchased under that act from August 13, 1890 (date the law took effect), to July 1, 1897, has been 68,748,-477 pieces, containing 53,172,650 ounces of fine silver, costing $51,532,154, giving a seigniorage of $17,216,322.

Of the subsidiary silver coinage $30,-042,489 were coined from uncurrent silver coin transferred from the Treasury for re-coinage, and $81,595 from bullion purchased under the provisions of section 3526, revised statutes, for the subsidiary silver coinage. On the latter the seigniorage was $42,322.

The balance of silver bullion on hand at the mints for the coinage of silver dollars and subsidiary silver coins July 1, 1897, was:

Purchased under act July 14, 1890, 115,438,461 fine ounces, cost $104,336,-312; for subsidiary silver coinage, 1,348,-353 fine ounces, cost $1,641,090; at United States assay office, New York, for payment of deposits in fine bars, 505,-098 fine ounces; cost $512,785.

Including the balance on hand at the mints July 1, 1878, the net seigniorage on the coinage of silver from that date to June 30, 1897, was $84,822,821.

The value of the gold and silver bars manufactured at the mints and assay offices during the fiscal year was:

Gold	$54,511,109
Silver	6,598,751
Total	$61,109,861

Quotations.

The highest quotation for silver, 0.925, in the London market during the year was 31½d, equal to $0.69051 per ounce, fine, United States money; the lowest quotation was 27½d, equal to $0.60357. The average quotation for the year was 29 9-16d, equal to $0.64794 per ounce, fine.

At the average price of silver for the year the commercial ratio between gold and silver was 1 to 31.94; at the average price of silver for the year $1 would purchase 741.65 grains, equivalent to 1.54 ounces.

The net imports of gold were $44,609,-841, as against $78,904,612 net exports for the previous fiscal year.

The net exports of silver were $32,-636,835, as against $33,262,258 for the fiscal year 1896.

The product of gold and silver in the United States for the calendar year 1896 was, gold, $53,088,000; silver, coining value, $76,069,236.

The value of the precious metals employed in the industrial arts in the United States during the calendar year 1896 was:

Gold	$11,395,934
Silver	10,204,243

The stock of gold and silver in the United States on July 1, 1897, is estimated to have been:

Gold	$696,270,542
Silver	634,509,781
Total	$1,330,780,323

The total metallic stock and uncovered paper of the world, compiled from the latest reports, is estimated to have been on January 1, 1897:

Gold	$4,359,600,000
Full legal tender silver	3,615,800,000
Limited tender silver	652,500,000
Total metallic stock	$8,627,900,000
Uncovered paper	$2,569,200,000
Total	$11,197,100,000

The world's product of gold and silver for the calendar year 1896 was:

Gold	$204,396,600
Silver (commercial value)	109,406,800
Silver (coining value)	215,242,700

The coinage of gold and silver by the various countries of the world so far as reported was:

Gold	$195,899,517
Silver	153,335,140

The director of the mint, in his report, reviews the decline of silver since 1873, and attributes the decline to the great increase in production.

RAILWAY STATISTICS.

Figures From Interstate Commerce Commission.

Washington, Oct. 13.—The ninth statistical report of the interstate commerce commission for the year ended June 30, 1896, gives interesting information concerning the mileage, equipment, number of employes, capitalization and valuation, accidents and earnings and expenses of railways in the United States for the year named. One hundred and fifty roads representing 30,475 miles of operated mileage, were in the hands of receivers on June 30, 1896, a decrease of 18 from the previous year. The capital stock represented by the railways controlled by receivers was $742,597,698, and the funded debt was $999,733,766.

The total railway mileage on June 30, 1896, was 182,776, an increase of 2,119 for the year, Georgia showing the largest increase, viz., 233 miles. The number of locomotives in service was 35,950 and of cars of all classes 1,297,649, an increase of 251 locomotives and 27,088 cars. Of the total cars and locomotives 448,854 were fitted with train brakes and 545,-583 with automatic couplers. The number of freight locomotives fitted with automatic couplers was 3,373 out of a total of 20,351, and the cars in freight service fitted with train brakes was 379,058 out of a total of 1,221,887.

An interesting feature of the report is a summary showing the amount of compensation paid to the railway employes of the United States who aggregated 826,620; their aggregate compensation amounted to over 60 per cent. of the total operating expenses of all railways, a slight decrease from the preceding year. Much data on the capitalization and valuation of railway property is contained in the report. The amount of railway capital, it is shown, was $10,566,-865,771, which, assigned on a mileage basis, shows a capital of $59 610 per mile of line, and, if current liabilities be included as part of capital, $63 068 per mile of line. The amount of capital stock was $5,226,527,269, of which $969,956,692

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was preferred. A fraction of over 70 per cent. of the capital stock paid no dividends. The total dividends amounted to $87,603,371.

Increased Business.

Passengers carried during the year numbered 511,772,737, an increase of over 4,000,000 compared with the previous year, which, however, showed a decrease of 33,266,837, as compared with 1894.

Freight tonnage amounted to 765,891,-385, the largest ever reported for railways in this country and an increase of nearly 70,000,000. Gross earnings amounted to $1,150,169,376, an increase of nearly $75,000,000, resulting in a net income of over $23,000,000 larger than the previous year.

Nearly 1,900 employes were killed and almost 30,000 injured during the year, an increase of 50 in those killed and over 4,000 in the number injured. One hundred and eighty-one passengers were killed and nearly 3,000 injured. The number of persons "other than employes and passengers" killed was 4,406 and those injured 5,845. These figures include casualties to persons reported as trespassers. For every 444 men employed on railways one was killed, and for every 28 men employed one was injured. One trainman was killed for each 152 trainmen employed, and one trainman was injured for each ten men employed.

The number of passengers carried for one passenger killed was 2,827,474, and the number of passengers carried for one passenger injured was 178,132.

THEIF IN THE TREASURY.

Trusted Employe Has Stolen Largely From Uncle Sam.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The United States Treasury has been robbed of a lot of its silver dollars. The nation's strong box has been tampered with. Just how much money has been taken has not yet been ascertained, but it may reach into the thousands.

The trouble is that the thefts, each small in amount, have been going on for years, how long nobody knows. The probable seriousness of the robbery may be imagined from the fact that a force of 50 clerks is now engaged in counting piece by piece the entire contents of a vault in which 100,000,000 dollars were stored for the sole purpose of finding out how many of them have been stolen. This work was commenced a week ago, and the force has averaged a count of 700,000 coins a day. At this rate the job will last about six months and will cost at least $25,000.

When a new United States treasurer is appointed it is always deemed necessary that the amount of money on hand should be counted and a receipt given by the new man to the retiring Treasurer. The bags of silver dollars are each supposed to contain 1,000 coins, and they are usually counted by weighing each sack on a pair of scales. This method was at first used in the present case, and for the last four months a force of trusted clerks and laborers has been employed in handling the heavy bags. One of the colored laborers would get on top of the piled up heaps of bags of coin and pass the sacks from the top to his assistants in front.

The man who did this work was John Martin, one of the most trusted employes in the office. One day he was discovered in the act of opening one of the bags, abstracting a handful of silver dollars, and substituting a few lumps of lead of the same weight in their place. A short investigation disclosed the fact that he had performed the same operation on several bags in the compartment upon which the gang was then at work. When searched 36 silver dollars were found upon him. Martin was questioned closely, but he strenuously denied having taken more than that amount, saying that he had yielded to temptation for the first time on the day he was caught in the act. This statement appeared to satisfy those in charge of the count, and the work progressed, but without Martin's assistance. He was indicted and is now out on bail pending trial.

The officials are very reticent as to the exact sum lacking. Treasurer Roberts, when asked about it this afternoon, admitted that the unusual piece by piece count now going on was the result of newly discovered thefts, but he refused to tell what had been the developments. It is known they have been enough to make ex-Treasurer Morgan feel very uncomfortable.

APPOINTMENTS.

Washington, Oct. 13.—The President has made the following appointments:

To be consuls of the United States:

Talbot J. Albert, of Maryland, at Brunswick, Germany.

William A. Prickett, of New Jersey, at Rheims, France.

To be collectors of customs: John S. Bethell, for the district of Richmond, Va.; Jesse W. Elliott, for the district of Newport News, Va.; William B. Shepard, for the district of Apalachicola, Fla.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The President made the following appointments to-day: Consuls of the United States, John A. Barnes, of Illinois, at Cologne, Germany; Leonard B. Smith, of Maine, at Curacoa, West Indies. William F. Sands, of the District of Columbia, secretary of the legation of the United States at Seoul, Korea. Thomas B. Needles, of Illinois, commissioner to negotiate with the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Muscogee and Seminole Indians, vice Alexander Montgomery, resigned.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The secretary of the Interior has appointed E. B. Reynolds, of Hagerstown, Ind., special Indian agent.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The President to-day made the following appointments: Frank C. Partridge, of Vermont, consul general at Tangier, Morocco.

Consuls—Chester W. Martin, of Michigan, at Amherstburg, Ont.; Joseph I. Brittain, of Ohio, at Nantes, France.

EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURES.

One Theory of the Free Traders Exploded.

Washington, Oct. 18.—There appears to be no check to exports of American manufactures under the new tariff law. The treasury figures for August, the first full month under the new law, show the largest exports of domestic merchandise of any August in the history of the country. They were $79,490,264, as against $66,689,981 for August of last year, and this in the face of the contention of the free traders that the exportations of American manufactures was greatly facilitated by low tariff. For the first eight months of the year 1897 the exports were over $61,000,000 in excess of those of the first eight months of 1896, so that the treasury officials are predicting that the exports of this year will far exceed those of last year, which itself was a record breaker in the matter of exports. Our first month's trade under the present tariff with Europe gave a balance of upwards of $40,000,000 in our favor.

The present indications are that exports of this character will amount to nearly $300,000,000 for 1897, as against a little over $250,000,000 for 1896 and $200,000,-000 for 1895. Although to this time the exports of manufactured articles have held up wonderfully, it is thought here by close observers more than likely that this exportation will fall off to some extent in view of the fact that American manufacturers are running overtime to supply goods for the American market.

POSTAL REVENUE.

Annual Report of Business by Gen. Merritt.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The annual report of the Third Assistant Postmaster General John A. Merritt for the fiscal year just closed is made public.

The postal revenue for the year from all sources was $82,665,462; expenditures, $94,077,242; excess of expenditures over receipts, $11,411,779.

Through bad debts the Postoffice Department last year lost $19,799. The estimates of appropriations for the service of the third assistants' office for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, aggregates $1,269,000. The total number of postal cards issued was 523,608,200. The weight of second class matter sent in the mails during the year, not including free matter within county of publication, was 310,658,155 pounds; postage collected thereon $3,106,581. Estimating that 15 per cent. of all second class mail is sent free of postage within counties of publication, the total weight of the second class matter mailed is estimated at over 182,740 tons.

General Merritt says he has concluded that the Postoffice Department ought to have complete control over the manufacture and issue of its stamps. He says the Postoffice Department should have its own engraving and printing establishment for making its stamps and its own vaults for their safe-keeping, and that these stamps should be issued by its own agents direct to postmasters and through its own exclusive machinery. Recommendation is made for the discontinuance of newspaper and periodical stamps.

THE CISNEROS AFFAIR.

Incident Will Not Lead to Any International Complications.

Washington, Oct. 13.—The rescue of Senorita Evangelina Cisneros from a prison in Cuba by the agents of a New York newspaper is regarded in diplomatic circles here as the most dangerous piece of business that has occurred during the whole course of the war in Cuba. Secretary of State Sherman is one of the few men of prominence in the state department who regard the release of the Spanish woman with complaisance. Mr. Sherman declared to-day that he was glad, as a man, that the young woman had been taken from the prison, and he felt, as the head of the state department, that no harm would come of it.

He was asked what this government would be likely to do if Spain made a demand for the surrender of the American citizens who were concerned in the release of the young woman, and he answered that there is no danger of Spain's making any such demand. Mr. Sherman appeared not only to be glad of the rescue of the young woman, even though it was accomplished through an agency that sought only self-advertisement, and may possibly lead this country into serious diplomatic controversy with Spain, but he appeared to exult in the outwitting of the Spanish authorities.

"The young woman had committed no overt act," said Mr. Sherman, "and the whole thing will blow over. I am glad that she has been released."

SHERMAN REPLIES.

Somewhat Astonished at Britain's Attitude on Seal Conference.

Washington, Oct. 13.—Secretary Sherman has written a reply to the note of Lord Salisbury expressing Great Britain's declination to take part in a Bering sea conference, in which Russia and Japan are to participate.

The answer states that the United States government views with astonishment the determination of Great Britain not to participate in a conference including Russia and Japan, and the statement is made that up to the 23d of last month the United States authorities had fully expected that the conference would proceed with Russia and Japan, as well as Great Britain present.

In the meantime preparations for the conference between the United States, Russia and Japan are progressing. The Japanese delegates now en route from San Francisco will reach Washington next Sunday. Two of the Russian delegates are here, and the third is expected soon. While no exact date has been fixed for the conference, the expectation is that all the delegates will be here in time to bring them together on Wednesday, October 20.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Treasury Statement for the Month of September.

Washington, Oct. 16.—The treasury statement of the merchandise and currency imports and exports of the United States during September shows the exports of domestic merchandise to have aggregated $103,360,669 as compared with $83,746,362 for September last year. This brings the increase of such exports for the last nine months over the same period last year up to over $80,000,-000. The imports of merchandise during September amounted to $42,410,018, of which over 50 per cent was free of duty, a loss in total exports as compared with September, 1896, of $8,400,000. For the nine months an increase is shown of $66,-660,853.

The gold exports during September amounted to $54,787, and the imports to $4,244,383. The exports of silver aggregated $4,572,594, and the imports $646,-548.

JUSTICE FIELD'S RETIREMENT.

It is Formally Announcel by the Supreme Court.

Washington, Oct.14.—It was announced at the Supreme Court to-day that Justice Stephen J. Field, of California, had notified President McKinley of his intention to retire as a member of the court, and had informed his colleagues of this fact.

The members of the court after adjournment at 4 o'clock to-day will call in a body on the retiring justice to pay him their respects. It is expected that his successor will be nominated by the President immediately after the convening of Congress in December, and that Attorney-General McKenna, also of California, will be named for the office.

Justice Field, it is learned, notified the President last April of his intention to retire, but the President did not acknowledge it until October 9.

Admiral Worden Dead.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Admiral John L. Worden, retired, died in this city today. He commanded the Monitor during its engagement with the Merrimac in Hampton Roads during the late war. In 1886 he was retired with the full rank and pay of an admiral, the only instance of the kind. He also received the thanks of Congress for his gallantry in the war.

Reciprocity Agent.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Mr. John A. Kasson, formerly member of the House of Representatives from Iowa, and ex-minister to Austria, has been appointed a special agent of the Department of State for the negotiation of reciprocity arrangements under the Dingley tariff law.

THEODORE DURRANT.

The Notorious Murderer Shows Signs of Collapse.

San Francisco, Oct. 18.—Theodore A. Durrant, the convicted murderer of Minnie Williams and Blanche Lamont, whose fate depends on the action of the supreme court of the United States, is reported to be breaking down.

Within the past few days he has betrayed signs of nervousness and irritability. It is the impression of the jail officials that he will collapse completely if the decision of the supreme court of the United States should prove adverse to him.

SENATOR HANNA

Denounces the Wild Story of the Union Pacific Deal.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 18.—The Republican enthusiasm at the mass meeting at Music Hall Saturday night, the great attendance, for there were eight thousand people there, the unity of feeling demonstrated—these have no other significance than that of being the harbingers of a rousing campaign, a large vote, an overwhelming victory in Cuyahoga county and in Ohio, for as Cuyahoga goes so will the other counties go. From start to finish not a single flaw marred the perfect success of that great demonstration. If there were factional lines before they were obliterated. No one could have attended that meeting and then gone away unimpressed by the striking fact that the Republicans are standing shoulder to shoulder in this fight as they stood shoulder to shoulder after the Zanesville compact was made.

Music Hall was crowded from floor to roof, literally crowded, for many were obliged to stand during the entire meeting. Standing room even was at a premium. The platform was handsomely decorated. On the speakers' stand were draped the stars and stripes. About it were clustered huge bunches of palms and potted plants.

The addresses were splendid in every sense. They were splendidly delivered; splendidly received. Such applause has not been heard in Music Hall since the campaign of last fall, and then only rarely. There was a sincere spontaneity about it that was the best proof of its genuineness.

The feature of the meeting, however, was Senator Hanna's speech denouncing as false the wild story started a few days ago by the New York World to the effect that the National Republican committee had last fall, in consideration of $2,000,-000 for the campaign fund, agreed to turn over the Union Pacific railroad to Collis P. Huntington and his associates for a nominal sum, thereby enabling the latter individuals to clear $3,000,000 to $40,000,000.

Mr. Hanna's words were exceedingly plain, vigorous and emphatic. His answer to the charges was as follows:

"Standing in the presence of my own fellow citizens and neighbors, I feel that I can deal a little in personality. I feel that I have a right to refute all the slanderous attacks and malicious falsehoods that have been heaped upon me during this campaign.

"I do not believe in dealing in personalities in political discussion, and for a long time I held my breath and waited and waited, hoping that some decency would yet pervade the enemy's camp, but now I propose, every time I face an audience in my own state where I was born and where I have always live (and not in Washington, D. C.), I am willing to stand before the people of Ohio and admit that by the virtue of necessities of the situation I am a candidate for the United States Senate. (Great applause.)

"In reply to the numerous charges which have appeared through the columns of the newspapers I am prepared to say that they are false, every one of them, and for proof I refer to the people who know me where I have lived for 40 years. If I may be permitted to quote one newspaper article I will make a sample of it; it is the latest, and I should judge by the heading, the most colossal. It appeared in the New York World a day or two ago, and was copied into that virtuous sheet, the Cincinnati Enquirer and circulated among the people throughout the state free of cost to anybody who would break open the wrapper.

"Speaking of what it calls the great plunder of the government treasury, the sale of the Union Pacific railway, it goes on to state that last summer I made a deal with the capitalists in New York that if they would furnish me a large amount of money I would agree to carry through this colossal steal.

"Well, I don't know as it is worth my while, and I will not read any part of it because I can make but a partial statement. It goes on to say that I did levy a contribution on the bankers of New York city, who were to be part of this syndicate, to steal this railroad property, and in consideration of that I was to give that measure my hearty support.

"Now, the facts are with regard to that that I never heard of the measure or of the syndicate until early in July last, one year after the time in which this plot was laid. I do not even know who the members of the syndicate were. I never had any conversation with any of them in regard to it. I was never called upon by them for my influence one way or the other. It was a contract made on the part of the government by Grover Cleveland's administration, and the only part of it, as I see by the papers, as that is my only method of information, is that the contract has been agreed to on their part, that they should give $5,000,000 more for it, and the rest is a lie." (Great applause.)

OHIO IS REPUBLICAN.

Manifestations of the People of the State.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 18.—Hon. D. D. Woodmansee arrived home on Saturday after a speaking tour through the state. He was accompanied by Hon. T. J. McCleary, of Minnesota. Mr. McCleary, who has several times represented the Second Minnesota district in Congress, and will represent that district as many more times as he desires, was Mr. Woodmansee's guest and speaking associate on this tour of Ohio. They spoke Friday night at New London, and Saturday night Mr. McCleary closed his list of speeches by an eloquent address at Hamilton, making the thirteenth speech of his tour of the state.

"No ill luck will come to me or to the party by reason of my closing my campaign of Ohio with speech No. 13," said the distinguished visitor with a smile. "Thirteen is my lucky number. I received my first nomination as a candidate for Congress on the thirteenth day of the month and on Friday.

"How do I find the outlook throughout the state? Excellent for the Republican party. The people are taking a great interest in the campaign. We have had good audiences, and the temper of these audiences has been altogether encouraging. Ohio will give her usual Republican majority, in my judgment. Indeed, I regard victory as a certainty.

"Now and then the people forget how much they owe to the safe, conservative administration of affairs by the Republican party; forget that in the application of the principles of Republicanism to their government is alone safety. Then they make a change, only to repent it later. That was the case in 1892. They did not remember the condition of the country when the Republicans took charge of it thirty years before, and redeemed it from threatened ruin. But a very short period of Democratic supremacy proved a caustic reminder, and they have no disposition to have another experience of it in either state, local or national affairs.

"I have been much pleased with my reception in Ohio, and I leave the state perfectly sure of the loyalty of her people to the great principles of Republicanism."

Mr. Woodmansee was equally encouraged by his contact with the people out in the state. "There is no doubt about Ohio's Republicanism," said he. "The state is safe. We have only to carry Hamilton county by her natural majority to repeat our glorious victory of three years ago, to add glory to our victory of last fall."

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W.H.PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

A PECULIAR REMEDY

Something About the New Discovery for Curing Dyspepsia.

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress at all after eating and again after long years can sleep well." Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idalia, Colo.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remarkable remedy, not only because it is a certain cure for all forms of indigestion, but because it seems to act as thoroughly in old chronic cases of Dyspepsia as well as in mild attacks of indigestion or biliousness. A person has dyspepsia simply because the stomach is overworked; all it wants is a harmless, vegetable remedy to digest the food and thus give it the much needed rest.

This is the secret of the success of this peculiar remedy. No matter how weak or how much disordered the digestion may be, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, whether the stomach works or not. New life and energy is given not only to the stomach but to every organ and nerve in the body. A trial of this splendid medicine will convince the most skeptical that Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles can be cured. The tablets are prepared by the Stuart Chemical Co., of Marshall, Mich., but so popular has the remedy become that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can now be obtained at any drug store at 50 cents per package. Send for book on stomach diseases free.

HAS BRYAN A ROMANCE?

Members of His Party Relate a Strange Incident.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19.—Is there a romance in the life of William Jennings Bryan which he has kept secretly guarded from the world? That is what is being asked by members of the party who accompanied Mr. Bryan on his tour of Kentucky last week.

At Loretto there is a school for girls, in charge of the Nazarine sisters. When the Bryan special reached Loretto the school girls gathered to greet the silver leader. Then the sisters in charge pressed forward. One by one they clasped his hand and passed on. The sixth stopped, raised her cowl, and, looking up, said:

"Mr. Bryan I knew you long ago." Mr. Bryan was startled. He leaned forward, and a name was whispered in his ear. He still clasped the hand of the nun, whose cowl had fallen back, and revealed a face that showed traces of great beauty. There was a whispered conversation, but not until the train moved slowly away did they break their hand clasp.

"I knew her long ago," was all the explanation Mr. Bryan gave to his party.

LOOK OUT!

Disasters for Next Year Predicted by "Old Moore's" Almanac.

London, Oct. 15.—Advance sheets have been issued to the press of Zadkiels, "Old Moore's" and other prophetic almanacs, that for over a century have yearly professed to forecast the most important events to happen in the world during the ensuing twelve months. Many of these forecasts, which are claimed to be based on astrological signs, have from time to time been realized, and it is a notable fact that last year Old Moore's forecasted to the very month the terrible fire in the Charity Bazaar in Paris, that caused so appalling a loss of life. According to the advance sheet, Old Moore prophesies for 1898 there will be a terrible civil war in the United States, the death of the czar of Russia, and the successful kidnapping of the young king of Spain. It is also forecasted that during or about the second week of November, 1898, communication will be established between this world and the planet Mars.

FATE OF LUETGERT

Is Now in the Hands of the Twelve Jurymen.

Progress of the Case.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—After a trial lasting more than eight weeks the fate of Adolph Luetgert was placed in the hands of the jury at 6 o'clock last evening. Luetgert is the millionaire sausage manufacturer charged with the murder of his wife, and the trial has been the sensation of the continent.

Up to the time of going to press a verdict had not been returned, although expected at any moment.

EXPERT OPINION

On the Prospects for Gold Output in Alaska.

Denver, Oct. 18.—Mr. H. Bratnober, the noted mining expert who is returning to London from Alaska, where he spent several months investigating the gold fields for the Rothschilds has left Denver for New York. Mr. Bratnober, speaking of the prophecy that the Klondike will produce $50,000,000 within the next year said: "The district will probably produce $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 during the twelve months we are now entering upon. Considering the age of the camp and the stupendous difficulties to be overcome $6,000,000 will be highly creditable to the camp and that means that the prophesied $50,000,000 may materialize in the course of a few years." Mr. Bratnober advises all persons going to Alaska to go in the spring and says prospectors must not expect too much as some claims are exceedingly good and others even alonside of exceedingly valuable ground are worthless. He says the claims already located can be worked out in five years.

NEW COMET

Discovered by the Astronomers at Lick Observatory.

San Jose, Cal., Oct. 18.—The following message has been received from Lick Observatory:

"A comet was discovered about 9 o'clock Saturday evening by C. D. Perrine. It is situated in the constellation Cameleopardalis, 17 hours and 45 minutes Greenwich mean time. The position was right ascension 3 hours and 36 minutes. It has a declination of north 66 degrees 47 minutes and has a daily motion westward in right ascension and nearly two degrees northward. The comet is of moderate brightness and can be seen in a telescope of three inches aperature. It is about two minutes across with a stellar nucleus of the 12th magnitude and has a short tail. The orbit will be computed here as soon as three observations at sufficiently long intervals can be secured. (Signed)

"G. H. SCHAEBERLY."

TORPEDO BOAT.

Sinks at Her Dock in a Mysterious Manner.

New York, Oct. 15.—The Holland submarine torpedo boat sank in a most mysterious manner in her slip at Nixon's shipyard, Elizabethport, N. Y. It puzzled all those connected with the boat to decide how the accident could occur.

The watchman employed at the shipyard heard what seemed to be an explosion between 3 and 4 o'clock and was greatly astonished to find that the Holland was sinking rapidly out of sight. She parted her hawsers owing to her great weight, and sank to the bottom of her slip. It is claimed by those interested in the boat that there will be serious loss, as the machinery has been greatly damaged.

LOSSES AND GAINS.

Comparisons Will Be Made With Last Fall's Figures.

Columbus, O., Oct. 15.—The comparison of losses or gains at the coming election will be made on the McKinley-Bryan vote of last fall. This agreement has been made between the Democratic and Republican state committees by correspondence between George J. Karb, secretary of the Democratic state committee, and John R. Malloy, secretary of the Republican state committee.

MRS. MERRIMAN

Failed to Pay a Count for Marrying Her Daughter.

Boston, Oct. 15.—A peculiar case on trial in the supreme judicial court before Judge Knowlton Tuesday was the suit in which the plaintiff, Luigi Caranco, an Italian nobleman, seeks to recover from the estate of his mother-in-law, deceased, some $30,000, alleging that the sum was promised him as a dowry upon his marrying the daughter of the alleged promissor, Mrs. Emily Merriman.

The daughter, Miss Caroline Merriman, met the count in Italy in 1877, and was subsequently married to him, and the couple are now living happily together. According to the testimony, Mrs. Merriman promised to pay the count 150,000 lire, or $30,000, in a certain number of years after the marriage, but she never did so. Neither did she pay the count an annual sum, which, it is alleged, she agreed to give him.

Mrs. Merriman died in 1890, leaving a will giving her entire estate to her daughter, chargeable with certain legacies which, it is asserted, amount to more than the value of the entire estate. The plaintiff seeks to have his wife enjoined from interfering with the estate, and the administrator also enjoined from paying any legacies. Countess Corano is not opposing her husband in this suit, but singularly enough, is favorable to it, the object being to defeat the legacies in the will. Decision was reserved.

FEMALE DOCTOR.

Miss Grier the First Negress Admitted to Practice in Georgia.

Atlanta, Oct. 15.—Clizo Ann Grier, a coal-black negress, has been licensed to practice medicine by the board of state medical examiners.

The board of the white physicians were astonished when the negress presented herself for examination. It was the first application made to the board by a woman of her race, and she is the first colored woman admitted to practice in the state. She presented a diploma from the Woman's Medical college of Philadelphia, and was found to be thoroughly informed in her profession.

Dr. Grier said to The World correspondent:

"When I saw colored women doing all the work in cases of accouchment and the fee going to some white doctor who merely looked on I asked myself why should I not get the fee myself. For this reason I have qualified. I went to Philadelphia, studied medicine hard, procured my degree and have come back to Atlanta, where I have lived all my life, to practice my profession. Some of the best white doctors in the city have welcomed me, and say that they will give me an even chance in the profession. That is all I ask."

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Will Make a Special Effort to Increase Membership.

Chicago, Oct. 16.—Every one of the 18,000 chapters in this country and Canada of the Epworth League have this week received a pastoral letter from the international president, Bishop William X. Ninde, and Dr. E. H. Shelle, the general secretary, urging renewed effort to the end that the next convention may show a great increase in membership. It states that on the rolls of the senior and junior chapters there are now 1,650,000 names. The announcement is made that the proposition submitted at the recent international conference of the league at Toronto to co-operate with the Christian Endeavor in the use of joint prayer meeting topics in 1899 has been cordially accepted. It is further announced that a special convention for the young colored people of the South will be held at an early date and that Irving G. Penn has been assigned by the board of control for special work in the colored conferences which number 18.

Markets and Crops.

INCREASED EMPLOYMENT.

The Best Symptom of the Business Situation.

New York, Oct. 16.—R. G. Dun & Co. says:

Foreign trade in September, the heavy increase in corn production and consumption and the largest payments through clearings ever known in October are indications which outweigh hesitation in some marts. The increase in the employment of labor has continued with further accounts daily of works opening increasing force of hands, or raising of wages and at every point where actual production can be tested it appears greater than ever before. Efforts by the Bank of England have delayed further gold exports, but with a cotton movement rising large shipments to this side are deemed certain and not distant.

More gold, however, means less just now than more iron.

The output of pig iron October 1 was 200,128 tons weekly, against 112,782 a year ago, the increase since July 1 having been 22 per cent. Unsold stocks have been reduced at the rate of 40,271 tons weekly in September, indicating a consumption exceeding 232,000 tons weekly. Prices of pig hold steady, though the production has been further increased since October 1 and prices of finished products gradually rise with especially heavy demand for plates, rods, bars, while another contract has been taken by the Illinois Steel Company to deliver 30,000 tons steel rails for Japan, and the Pennsylvania Company has bought 35,000 tons. Ore shipments on the lakes surpass all records, and the Rockefeller Company has contracted for another steamer with two consorts to carry 20,-000 tons, the largest ever built for the lakes. Wire nails are 5c higher, the average of iron and steel products rising 6 per cent. for the week to the highest point since April 8. Tin plates are cheaper at $3.10, with enormous production, and copper at 11.22 cents for lake, with lead at 4.10, but tin is fairly strong.

The cotton mills are producing as largely as cheap cotton invites, and with moderate demand print cloths are lower at 2.44 cents, and some grades of other goods are slightly reduced. Sales of wool for speculation have decreased, but manufacturers do not find that current prices are warranted by their market for goods, though it is strong and advancing.

Sales of wool for two weeks have been 200,331,600 pounds at the three chief markets, of which 15,397,390 were domestic, and while quotations are maintained large lots previously withdrawn by consigners are now offered.

The demand for spring goods is limited, but the prices of some qualities have advanced a shade further. There is also some light contracting already for heavy weights. Wheat has been fairly steady, but moving more largely than last year from the farms and from the country. Western receipts were 15,167,054 bushels in two weeks of October, against 14,235,-016 bushels last year, and Atlantic exports 6,463,401 busnels, flour included, against 4,747,845 bushels last year, while corn exports were 3,262,387 bushels against 2,309,925 bushels last year. September exports of wheat surpass all records amounting to 25,868,838 bushels, against 17,646,815 bushels last year, owing to high prices, the statistics being over 100 per cent. larger for all breadstuffs. The price of wheat has declined ¾ of a cent, and corn 1 per cent. with the government of a yield exceeding 1,-800,000,000 bushels. Cotton has declined three-sixteenths to 6.31 cents for spot, some houses of repute having published estimates that the yield will be 9,500,000 bales, but the movement is yet retarded by the fever.

Failures for the week have been 233 in the United States against 328 last year, and 36 in Canada against 40 last year.

Monthly Crop Report.

Washington, Oct. 14.—The monthly report of the Agricultural department on the European crop situation, summarizing the reports of European correspondents to Statistician Hyde, was made public to-day. Following is an abstract.

"Recent information, while it may in some cases modify the crop estimates for particular countries, does not essentially change the situation as regards the deficiency in the principal cereal crops of Europe.

"The outlook for wheat in the Australian

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INDIGESTION,
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TORPID LIVER,
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colonies continues good, but the prospects in Argentina are somewhat less bright, owing to drought and frosts. Accounts from India are quite favorable.

"The annual estimate of the world's wheat and rye crops issued by the Hungarian Ministry of Agriculture gives the following:

"Total wheat production of both importing countries in 1897, 2,142,577,000 bushels; in 1896, 2,339,541,000 bushels; net deficit in 1897, 202,895,000 bushels; in 1896, 130,534,000 bushels.

The world's rye crop is put down as follows: 1897, 1,163,457,000 bushels; 1896, 1,203,-185,000 bushels.

"Against the net deficit of approximately 203,000,000 bushels of wheat estimated by the residue of from 145,000,000 to 170,000,000 bushels out of the former crops, leaving in round numbers from 58,000,000 down to 33,000,000 bushels as the quantity by which it would be necessary to curtail consumption of these estimates, should they prove to be correct. Notwithstanding the liberal quantities of Russian grain coming forward for shipment there is evidence tending to show that the crop of 1897 is considerably below the average.

"The markets of Europe will apparently be very inadequately supplied with good clear barley suitable for malting purposes, complaints on this score being common among growers in large parts of Germany, Austria-Hungary and other countries, including the province of Ontario.

"The European potatoe crop is apparently a short one and the fruit crop also is deficient."

Trade.

Trade during the week just closed was of good volume, and in several lines a gain has been made.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Oct. 19, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 19.	Oct. 13.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	127	127
U. S. 4's (new), registered	126	126¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	115¾	115⅞
U. S. 5's, registered	115	115⅞
U. S. 4's, coupons	113⅜	113⅞
U. S. 4's, registered	112½	112⅞
U. S. 2's, registered	98½	98½
Pacific 6's of '98	102¼	102¼

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

At the opening to-day in the outside markets wheat was a trifle lower, but soon started upward in the face of lower Liverpool and Paris cables. Paris advanced ⅛c on opening figures, the strength being imparted by drouth news and comparatively light Northwestern receipts. Toward noon there was a break of ⅝c from best figures, but at noon the markets had recovered to within ¼c of the highest point for December and about the same price as on yesterday. May wheat was firm at noon at an improvement of about ¼c on preceding day's prices. The markets were dull.

This afternoon wheat closed a little easy at prices but slightly altered as compared with the close yesterday. After 'change 24 loads were reported for export, although not confirmed.

Liverpool wheat quiet, but steady and ¼@⅜d lower than previous close.

Primary receipts: Wheat, 1,030,000 bushels; same time last year, 1,303,000. Shipments, 618,000 bushels; same time last year, 619,000. Receipts of corn, 878,000 bushels; same time last year, 914,000. Shipments, 816,000 bushels; same time last year, 758,000.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	93⅝	94⅛	93⅜	94
Chicago	90⅞	91⅝	90⅝	90⅞
New York	93⅝	94¼	93⅝	94⅛
St. Louis	95½	96¼	95½	95⅝

October wheat at Chicago, 90½c; May, 88¾c, 89⅝c, 88⅝c, then 89⅛c. At New York May wheat opened at 91⅝c, rose to 92¼c bid, fell to 91¾c, rose to 92⅛c, and eased to 92c bid.

Export clearances of wheat to-day, 298,032 bushels, flour, 62,767 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 580,484 bushels.

Puts at Chicago at 1:30 on December wheat, 90½c; calls, 91½@91⅝c bid.

Oats at Chicago for December, 18⅜c; high, 18½c; low, 18¼c; close, 18¼c; May, 20⅜c; high, 20⅞c; low, 20⅜c; close, 20½c.

Pork for October at Chicago, $7.70; December, $7.80; high, $7.85; low, $7.70; close, $7.75.

Lard for October at Chicago, $4.30; December, $4.32; high, $4.35; low, $4.27; close, $4.32 asked.

Corn was dull and easy at the opening, and declined a fraction as trade proceeded. At noon the markets were ⅜@½c under the preceding day, and weak. Cables were lower.

This afternoon corn closed ¼c below the close of the preceding day, with prices about ⅛c above lowest point and steady. At Chicago October corn opened at 24⅛c, high, 24⅛c; low, 24⅛c; close, 24⅛c; December, 25⅝c; high, 26⅛c; low, 25½c; close, 25⅝c; May, 29⅝c; high, 29⅞c; low, 29⅝c; close, 29⅝c. At New York December corn opened at 31c; close, 30⅝c; May, 34⅝c; low, 34⅛c; close, 34⅛c nominal.

Paris wheat closed 25@30 centimes lower; flour, 20@30 centimes lower.

Antwerp wheat steady to 12½ centimes lower.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: Wheat, 739,247 bushels; on track, 1,190 cars; same time last year, 1,537 cars.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Higher.

Cash and October wheat was ¼c higher at the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day as compared with yesterday. Trade dull excepting December, in which the volume of business was fairly good. Prices closed steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 92½, then 93. No. 3 soft red, 90@90¼, outside to close.

October wheat nominal, 93. December, 93⅝, 94⅛, then 94. May, 93; close, 94¼.

Corn—Active, Lower.

Corn was active to-day with prices ruling weak at a decline of ¾ to 1c, the latter for cash. No. 2 mixed corn, 24½; December, 26¼; May, 30.

Oats dull, steady; No. 2 mixed, 18¼c; No. 2 white, 21½c; No. 3 white, 20½c.

Rye dull, steady; No. 2, 47c; No. 3, 45c.

Clover seed active, steadier; prime, cash and October, $3.37½; December, $3.40; March, $3.45; No. 2 seed closed at $3.20; buckhorn, $3.15. Receipts, 1,940 bags; shipments, 775.

Inspected in to-day: Wheat, cars—No. 2 white, 1; rejected white, 1; No. 2 soft red, 54; No. 3 soft red, 12; smutty, 8; rejected No. 1 red, 3; wheat and rye mixed, 2; No. 2 red and white mixed, 1; No. 3 red and white mixed, 3; no inspection, 1; no grade, 5; total, 71. Corn, cars—No. 2, 13; No. 3, 1; No. 4, 1; No. 2 yellow, 5; No. 3 yellow, 9; total, 29. Oats, cars—No. 3 white, 4; No. 3, 1; rejected, 1; no grade, 2; total, 8. Rye, cars—No. 2, 4; No. 3, 3; no inspection, 1; total, 8.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade fairly good to-day. Butter holds firmly, but prices are without change. Eggs steady but firm. Vegetables have undergone but little alteration. Meats steady.

Butter—Elgin creamery, 21@23c; Ohio and Michigan creamery, 20@21c; dairy, 15@17c.

Cheese—Full cream, 10@11c; part skim, 8½c; full skim, 6c.

Vegetables—Cabbages, doz., 20@30c; onions, bu., 35@40c; beets, bu., 25c; carrots, bu., 25c; parsnips, bu., 35c; turnips, bu., 20@25c; potatoes, bu., 50c; celery, doz. stalks, 15@35c; squash, doz., 50c@$1.50; peppers, bu., 25c; cauliflower, doz., 35c@$1.00; rutabagas, bu., 30c.; lettuce, lb., 5c; onions, bu., 30@40c; tomatoes, bu., 40@50c for ripe and 25c for green.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 10@11c; turkeys and ducks, 12½@14c per lb.

Fruits—Apples, bu., 40@75c; pears, bu., 50@60c; peaches, peck baskets, 15@30c; cranberries, bu., $2.25; quart, 9c; lemons, box, $3.00; oranges, box, $4.50; grapes, basket, 10@16c; pound, 2c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; veal, lb., 7@8c; mutton, lb., 6@6½c; lamb, lb., 7@7½c; beef, lb., 4@7½c.

Smoked Meats—Ham, sugar cured, heavy, lb., 9½c; light hams, lb., 10c; mess pork, bbl., $8.00; short mess, $9.00; short clear, $10.00; breakfast bacon, clear, 9@10c; bologna sausage, lb., 5c; pork sausage, lb., 5@6c; home made country sausage, lb., 6c.

Timothy Seed—$1.60@1.75, as to quality.

Lard—No. 1 kettle, cans of 3, 5 and 10 lbs., 7c; 50 lbs., 6c.

Hay—Car lots, choice timothy, ton, $8; No. 1 hay, $8; No. 2 hay, $9.

Straw—Car lots, bright rye, $5.00 per ton; wheat straw, $4.00; oat straw, $5.00.

Feed—Bran, per ton, $11.00; middlings, $12.00; chop feed, ton, $14.00; No. 2, $12.00; coarse meal, $12.00.

Hides—Green, No. 1 coarse and light hides, lb., 7½c; No. 2's, 6½c; heavy steers, No. 1 7c; bulls and No. 2's, 6½c; green calf, No. 1, 11c; No. 2's, 9c; kip, No. 1, 9c; No. 2's, 7c; cured, No. 1 hides, 9c; No. 2's, 8c; No. 1 calf, cured, 12c; No. 2's, 10c; sheep pelts, 25c@$1.00.

Rock Salt—Ton, $7.50; pork packing salt, 200-lb. bags, 80c; Eastern salt, bbl., $1.00; Michigan salt, bbl., 75c.

Flour—Spring patent, bbl., $5.30@6.00; winter patents, $5.50@6.00; winter straight, $4.50@5.00.

Petroleum—Prime white, Ohio test, 7½c; eocene, 10½c; stove gasoline, 9½c; 63 test naphtha, 7½c.

Tallow—Per lb., 3@3½c.

Beeswax—Per lb., 20@22c.

Wool—Course and medium, unwashed 13@18c; washed, 20@22c; fine unwashed, 12@14c; washed, 15@18c.

Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—Closing: Wheat—October, 90½c; December, 90⅞@91c, old 87½c; January, 90c; May, 88⅞@89¼c. Corn—October, 24⅛c; December, 25⅝c; May, 29⅝c. Oats—October, 17⅝c; December, 18¼c; May, 20⅛c. Pork—October, $7.70; December, $7.75; January, $8.72. Lard—October, $4.30; December, $4.32; January, $4.47. Ribs—October, $4.35; December, $4.47; January, $4.55. Barley—Cash, No. 3, 25@42c. Rye—Cash, 45c; December, 46½c; May, 48¾c. Flax—Cash, 97½c; cash, northwestern, $1.01½; December, $1.00; May, $1.03¼. Timothy—Cash, $2.65; October, $2.65; March, $2.87½.

New York, Oct. 19.—Butter, receipts, 6,995 pkgs.; quiet; Western creamery, 14@22c; Elgins, 23c; factory, 9@13c. Cheese—Receipts, 9,660 pkgs.; quiet; large white and colored, 9c; small white and colored, 9¼@9½c; part skims, 6¼@7c; full skims, 3¼@4c. Eggs—Receipts, 9,110 pkgs.; quiet; state and Pennsylvania, 16@19c; Western, 17c. Sugar—Raw nominal; granulated, 5¼c. Coffee—Dull.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Oct. 19.—The cotton market opened steady with prices unchanged to 2 points lower. Liverpool news was very disappointing, but with moderately good foreign buying orders in hand and an indisposition of local bears to add to their short interest. Our market showed a fair degree of strength at the start. Indications of a heavy port movement and selling orders from the South caused the bull crowd to go slow later in the morning, and for a time the feeling was easy. Renewed buying, however, believed to be for the account of domestic spinners, caused a turn in the course of the market, and at 11 o'clock prices showed a net gain of 1@2 points. Sales to that hour were 56,000 bales. Futures opened steady; sales, 7,900 bales. Opening prices: January, $6.05; February, $6.10; March, $6.15; April, $6.18; May, $6.22; June, $6.26; July, $6.29; October, $6.00; November, $6.00; December, $6.03. Spot cotton dull; middling uplands, 6 3-16c; middling gulf, 6 7-16c.

Live Stock.

Kansas City, Oct. 19.—Cattle—Best natives strong, others steady to 10c lower; Texas steers, $2.00@4.15; Texas cows, $2.00@3.00; native steers, $3.65@5.15; native cows and heifers, $1.00@3.85; stockers and feeders, $2.90@4.30; bulls, $2.00@3.25. Hogs—Market weak to 5c lower; bulk of sales, $3.55@3.65; heavies, $3.50@3.65; packers, $3.45@3.65; mixed and lights, $3.50@3.70; Yorkers, $3.65@3.70; pigs, $3.65@3.70. Sheep—Market firm; lambs, $2.50@5.25; muttons, $3.00@4.00.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—Hogs—Official receipts yesterday, 37,089; shipments, 8,690; estimated receipts to-day, 26,000; left over, 2,000; estimated receipts to-morrow, 36,000; good hogs steady, others weaker; light, $3.55@4.00; mixed, $3.60@4.05; heavy, $3.35@4.00; rough, $3.35@3.45. Cattle—Official receipts yesterday, 20,352; shipments, 4,049; receipts to-day, 5,000, including 2,000 Texans and 3,000 Westerns; market steady to strong; beeves, $3.90@5.30; cows and heifers, $2.00@4.60; Texas steers, $2.70@3.75; Westerns, $3.25@4.40; stockers and feeders, $2.80@4.45. Sheep—Official receipts yesterday, 14,091; shipments, 2,269; receipts to-day, 17,000; strong; the demand was good and values ruled strong; receipts were short of expectations several thousand and an early clearance was made; native sheep sold at $2.50@4.35; Westerns, $3.25@4.20; native lambs, $3.80@5.90; Westerns, $4.25@5.40.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 19.—(Eirick Bros.' report, exclusive to The Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts, 2 cars; market firm. Hogs—Receipts, 7 cars; market active and higher; Yorkers and mediums, $4.15@4.20. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts very light; market unchanged.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, O., Oct. 19.—Bower & Bower say: Hogs—Receipts, 16 cars; market sold and dull; Yorkers and lights, $4.05; mediums and heavies, $4.00; pigs, $3.50@3.75; stags and roughs, $3.00@3.50; closing quiet. Sheep and Lambs—Steady. Cattle—Unchanged.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

New York, Oct. 19.—The markets for securities opened strong and higher, the international stocks leading in sympathy with better prices in London. The gains extended from ¼ to ¾, the latter in New York Central. Chicago Gas opened heavy and extended its losses to ¾ in the first few minutes of trading. Pullman opened off 5¼ points at 170, and soon fell an additional point, on the death of the head of the company.

Chicago Gas receded further to 92¼, which served to check the improvement in the list. Consolidated Gas was conspicuously weak also and fell 1¾ per cent. Sugar rallied to 142⅝, and exerted a beneficial effect on the general market. Pullman also received support at the lowest, and recovered to 171¼. Near 11 o'clock the pressure on the market was renewed, and Chicago Gas yielded 2¼ to 91⅝, and the whole list fell below last night's level.

Pullman after its substantial rally from the opening decline, was attacked again in the second hour by bear traders. The price broke to 167½, a net decline of 7⅝. This and the coincident weakness of Chicago Gas were what broke the market and wiped out early gains, the fall extending to a point in Burlington, New York Central and Sugar. Prices hardened again before noon on a very dull market, Pullman recovering 1½. Sales of stocks to noon, 148,500 shares.

Dealings in bonds were on a very small scale, but prices were firm.

New York, Oct. 19.—Money on call nominally 2@2½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange easy, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.84¼ for demand, and at $4.82@4.82¼ for 60 days; posted rates, $4.82½@4.83½, and $4.85½; commercial bills, $4.81. Silver certificates, 57½@58c. Bar silver, 58⅛c. Mexican dollars, 44⅜c.

Corrected daily by Kuhn & Co.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Del. & Hudson	116	[illegible]	[illegible]	116
Jersey Central	94⅞	94⅞	94⅞	94⅞
D. L. & W.	156⅜	157	156	156
Reading	24⅝	24⅝	24¼	24⅜
Tenn. Coal & Iron	28	28⅜	27⅞	28⅛
Atchison	13⅞	14	13⅞	14
Atchison pfd	30	30⅜	29⅝	30⅜
C. B. & Q.	94⅝	95¼	93⅞	93⅞
Mo. Pacific	30⅝	31⅛	29⅞	31⅛
Northwest	124⅝	125	123⅝	125
Nor. Pacific pfd	52⅝	53⅛	52½	53
Omaha	79⅝	80⅝	79⅝	80
Rock Island	87	87⅝	86⅝	87⅝
St. Paul	93⅞	95	93⅞	94⅝
Chicago Gas	93⅜	94¼	91⅝	94
Gen. Electric	34¼	34⅞	34¼	34⅞
Leather pfd	63⅝	65	63⅝	65
Lead	35⅝	36⅝	34⅞	35½
Sugar	141⅜	143⅝	140⅞	143⅛
Am. Tobacco	81⅞	82⅝	81⅝	82¼
L. & N.	57⅞	58¼	57⅞	58⅛
Manhattan	101⅛	102⅝	101⅛	102¼
K. T. pfd	35	35⅜	34½	35⅛
Southern Ter	32⅜	32⅝	31⅝	32⅝
C. & O.	21⅞	22	21½	22
Pacific Mail	33⅛	33⅝	33¼	33⅝
Western Union	88⅝	89⅝	88⅝	89
Wabash pfd	19⅝	19⅝	19⅝	19⅝
C. C. C. & I.	36	36	35⅜	36
Can. Southern	55⅛	56⅝	55⅛	56⅝
N. Y. C.	109⅛	109⅝	108⅞	109⅝

The Oil Market.

Tiona oil	$0.73
Pennsylvania oil	.65
Barnesville oil	.53
Corning oil	.48
New Castle oil	.40
North Lima oil	.46
South Lima oil	.41
Indiana oil	.41

Wool.

Dun's Review of the past week's wool market: "With a decline of speculative excitement, sales of wool at Boston have fallen off nearly 60 per cent. and total sales near 40 per cent since October 1st, amounting at the three markets to 24,331,600 lbs. in two weeks, of which 15,397,390 were domestic. But much more than half this quantity still represents speculative operations only. Manufactures are buying sparingly, as they do not find prices for goods as yet justify paying current price for wool. Quotations are said to be strongly maintained, notwithstanding the inactivity, but it is noted that a good many consignors, who have refused to sell hitherto, have now consented. The National Association of Wool Manufacturers have issued its estimate of production in 1897, making it 259,153,251 lbs., which is 80,000,000 smaller than in 1893, but estimates that with imports the supply available since January 1, has been 702,568,428 lbs."

Bradstreet's says: "The market shows a quieter business doing, but values maintain a strong tone, with no weakness in any line. Boston's sales for the week were 4,000,000 pounds, including about 2,100,000 pounds territory, Texas and California grades. These best wools are selling on the scoured basis of about 50c for fine medium and fine, with medium at 45c. Fleece wools continue slow, but the market is firm at 28@29c for washed XX and above Ohio, with delaines sold at 30c for Ohio and 27c for Michigan. Fine wools are taking the lead at present and meet with best demand. Australian wools are firm, with best clothing and combing grades quotable on the scoured basis of 65@72c. London market holds firm. Latest reports note about 1,200 bales bought in London for America. Melbourne sale opened October 13, with prices 5 per cent higher and poor selections on offer."

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Oct. 19.—There has been great activity during the past week in the tobacco market, with large sales. There was an opening off in fine burley in good colory leaf, but high quotations on colory trashes and red tips and leaf, with small receipts. The quality of burley offerings was inferior. Dark tobacco strong and offerings large. Large sales of Green River fillers have taken place